Nov. 19, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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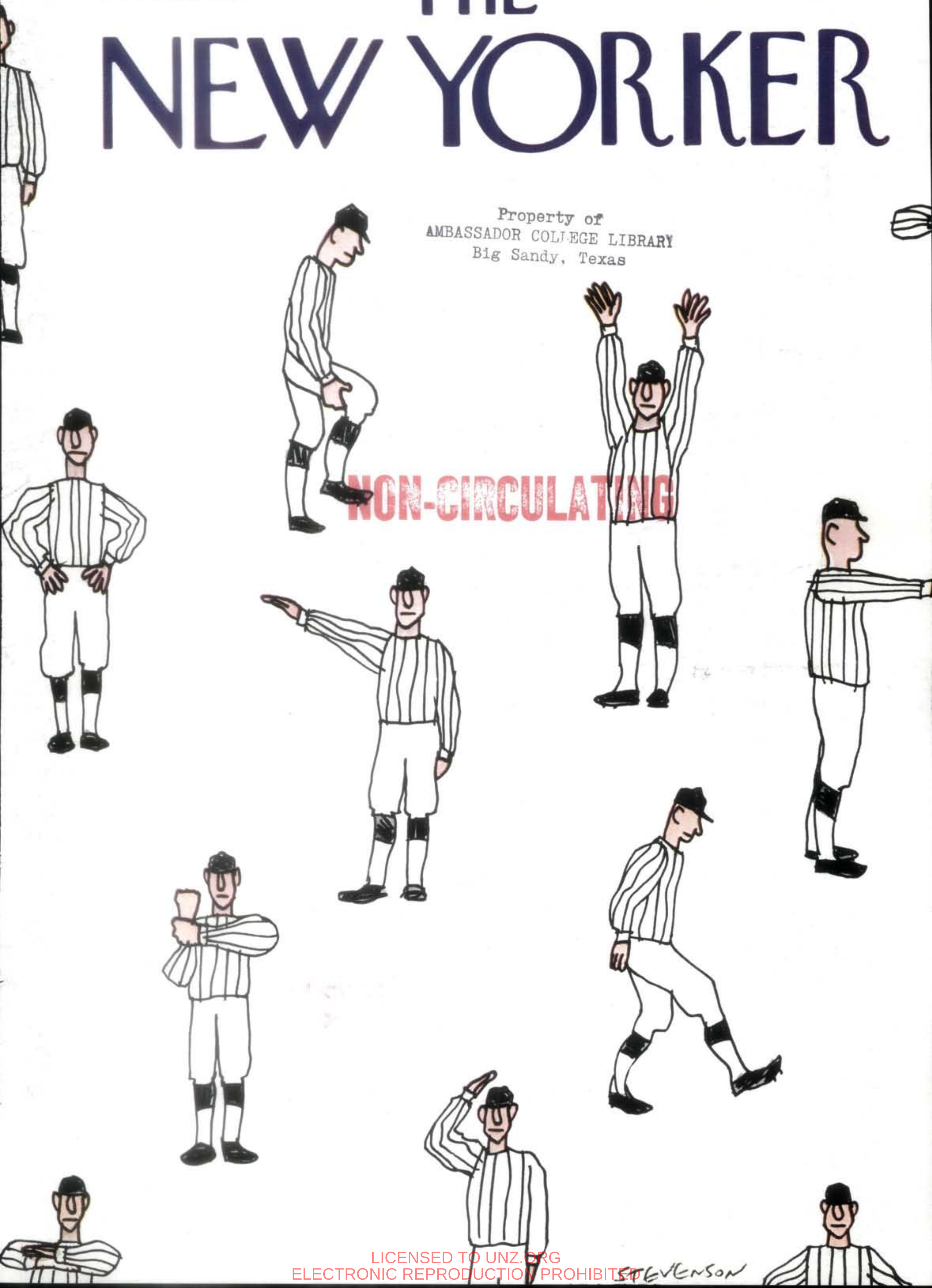

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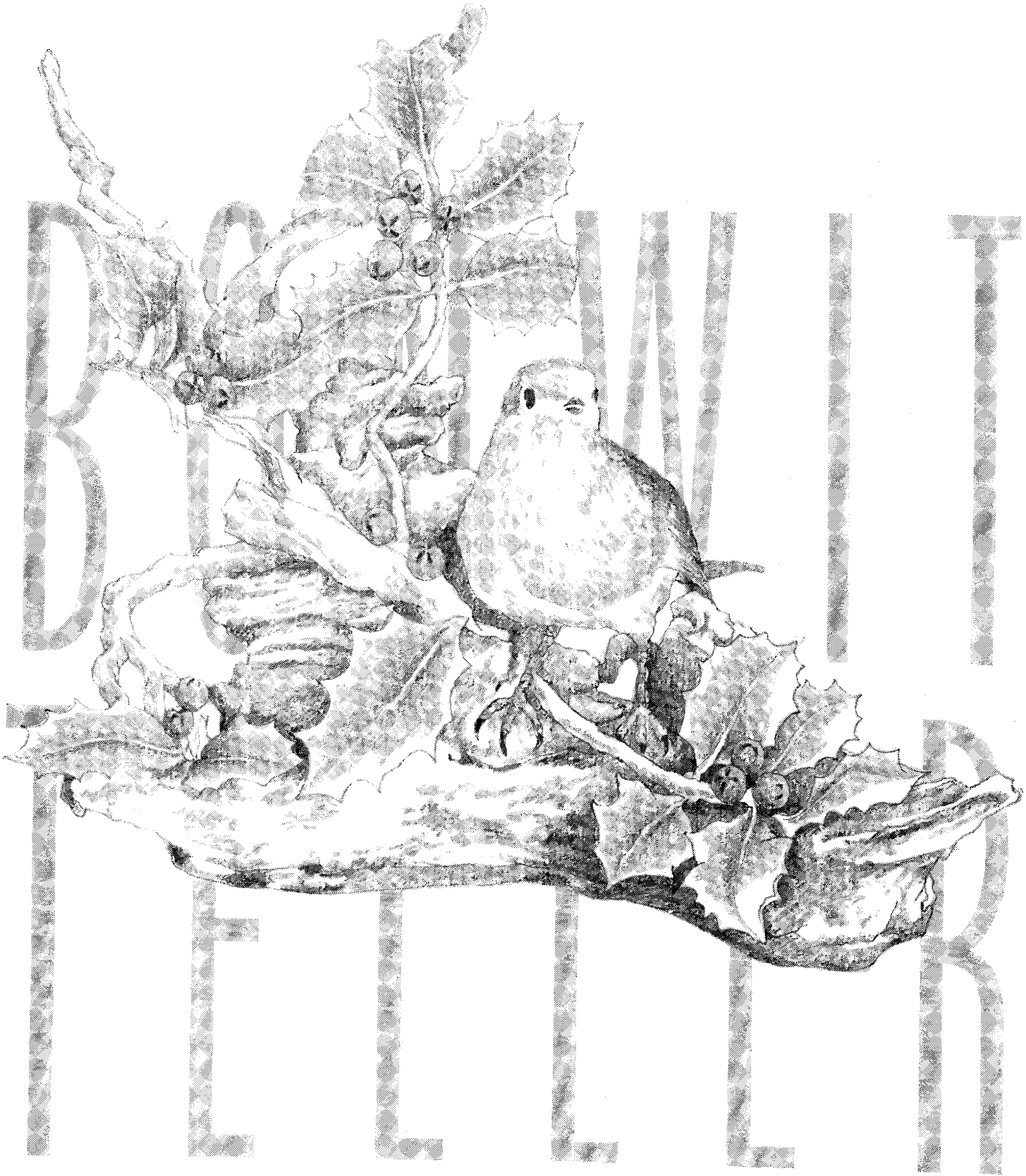

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 22. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Black Theatre Alliance Festival—The final performances in a three-week showcase (plays, musicals, vaudeville, poetry readings) by sixteen groups. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 7:30: Brownsville Lab Theatre. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 7:30: New Heritage Repertory Company. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 7:30: The East River Players. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: Theatre Black. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 7:30: Urban Arts Corps. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8: Afro-American Singing Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Boom Boom Room—An eloquent new play by David Rabe, brilliantly acted by Madeline Kahn, Robert Loggia, and a large cast. Directed by Joseph Papp. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

A Breeze from the Gulf—Mart Crowley is the author of this pointless arrangement of episodes about a drunk, his drug-addicted wife, and the son they use and abuse. Scott McKay, Ruth Ford, and Robert Drivas are good actors, poor souls. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Contractor—David Storey's hypnotic play about some Yorkshire workmen who erect a tent on their boss's lawn and then take it down. The acting, under Barry Davis's direction, is flawless. With Kevin O'Connor, Joseph Maher, Neil Fitzgerald, and John Wardwell, among other stalwarts. (Chelsea/Manhattan, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crown Matrimonial—How the Empire survived the crisis brought about by Edward VIII's determination to marry an American divorcée. Royce Ryton's play is well made and so are the costumes worn by Queen Mother Mary, that old tatar, well played by Eileen Herlie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Enclave—A play written and directed by Arthur Laurents, with incidental music by Stephen Sondheim. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 14. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 15, at 6:45. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of CALL ME MADAM (music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse) is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Faggot—Al Carmines, resident pastor of the Judson Memorial Church, has applied his prodigious talent for music and lyrics to a humorous and merciful oratorio on the subject of homosexuality. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 674-8420. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

The Father—Robert Lansing plays the title role in this revival of Strindberg's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 2.)

The Foursome—A London play by E. A. Whitehead. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Full Circle—A play by Erich Maria Remarque, adapted by Peter Stone. Hokum on a level that television would certainly disdain. Bibi Andersson is very good as a German widow grimly getting through the last hours of the Hitler regime. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gigi—Lerner and Loewe's new musical version of any number of film, stage, and literary predecessors. With Alfred Drake, Agnes Moorehead, Maria Karnilova, Daniel Massey, and Karin Wolfe. Directed by Joseph Hardy. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 14, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thursday, Nov. 15, and Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

Good Evening—An English comedy revue with music, created by Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, who make up the entire cast. Directed by Jerry Adler. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 14. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Saturdays at 9; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3; special matinées Thursday, Nov. 15, and Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by

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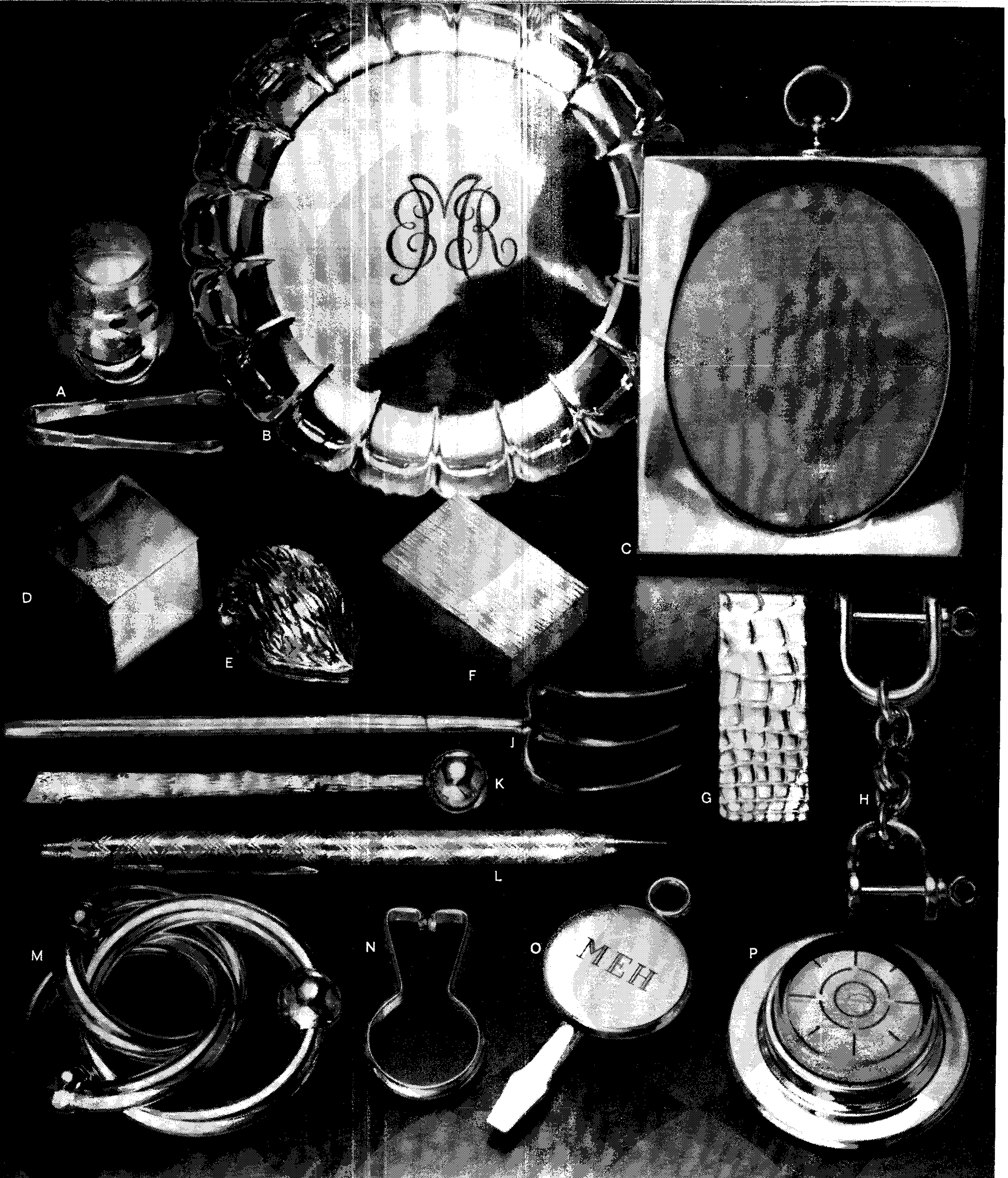

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bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them fairly inexperienced, shine, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

House Party—A play by Ed Bullins, with music by Pat Patrick and lyrics by Mr. Bullins. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8; on Thursday, Nov. 22, at 6:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 24.)

Irene—Debbie Reynolds, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly are so charming and energetic that they make this simple-minded curiosity of a musical seem first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Nov. 26, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Little Night Music—A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mein Mama der General—A Yiddish musical. (Burstein, 250 W. 43rd St. 354-5616. Wednesdays, Fridays—except Nov. 23—and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Special performance Thanksgiving at 8.)

Molly—A lumpy gruel of a musical, starring poor Kay Ballard. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—A play, by Michael Weller, that originated in London and was seen last year on Broadway. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Nourish the Beast—Steve Tesich's comedy, formerly known as "Baba Goya," about an eccentric family in Queens. At times, the humor seems strained, but when Mr. Tesich is funny, he is funny indeed. The acting, under Edwin Sherin's direction, is good. With Olympia Dukakis, R. A. Dow, and Randy Kim. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

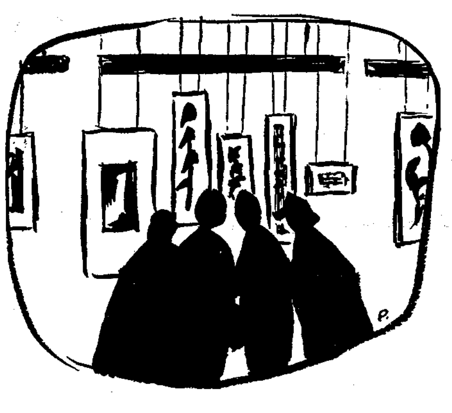
Raisin—A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is superlative, as their materials are not. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

Religion—A new oratorio by Al Carmines, with a cast of more than eighty. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. GR 7-0351. Friday through Monday at 8:30. Closes Monday, Nov. 19.)

Seesaw—Several handsome production numbers almost make up for the shaky lonely-man-and-lonely-girl story, which ought never to have been blown up into a musical. With Patti Karr and John Gavin. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—An able production of the Williams classic, starring Lois Nettleton and Alan Feinstein. The director is Jules Irving. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Veronica's Room—A valiant cast, headed by Eileen Heckart and Arthur Kennedy, trapped in a thriller that fails to thrill. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)



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The Waltz of the Toreadors—Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, William Roerick, and many other able actors in a spirited but not very credible production of Anouilh's superb comedy about how awkward amorousness can be in middle age. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,641 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS:** The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright, nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays, except Nov. 18, at 2.)... **THE RIVER NIGER:** Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)... **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Gilford and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. Starting Tuesday, Nov. 20, Lou Jacobi will replace Mr. Levene. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

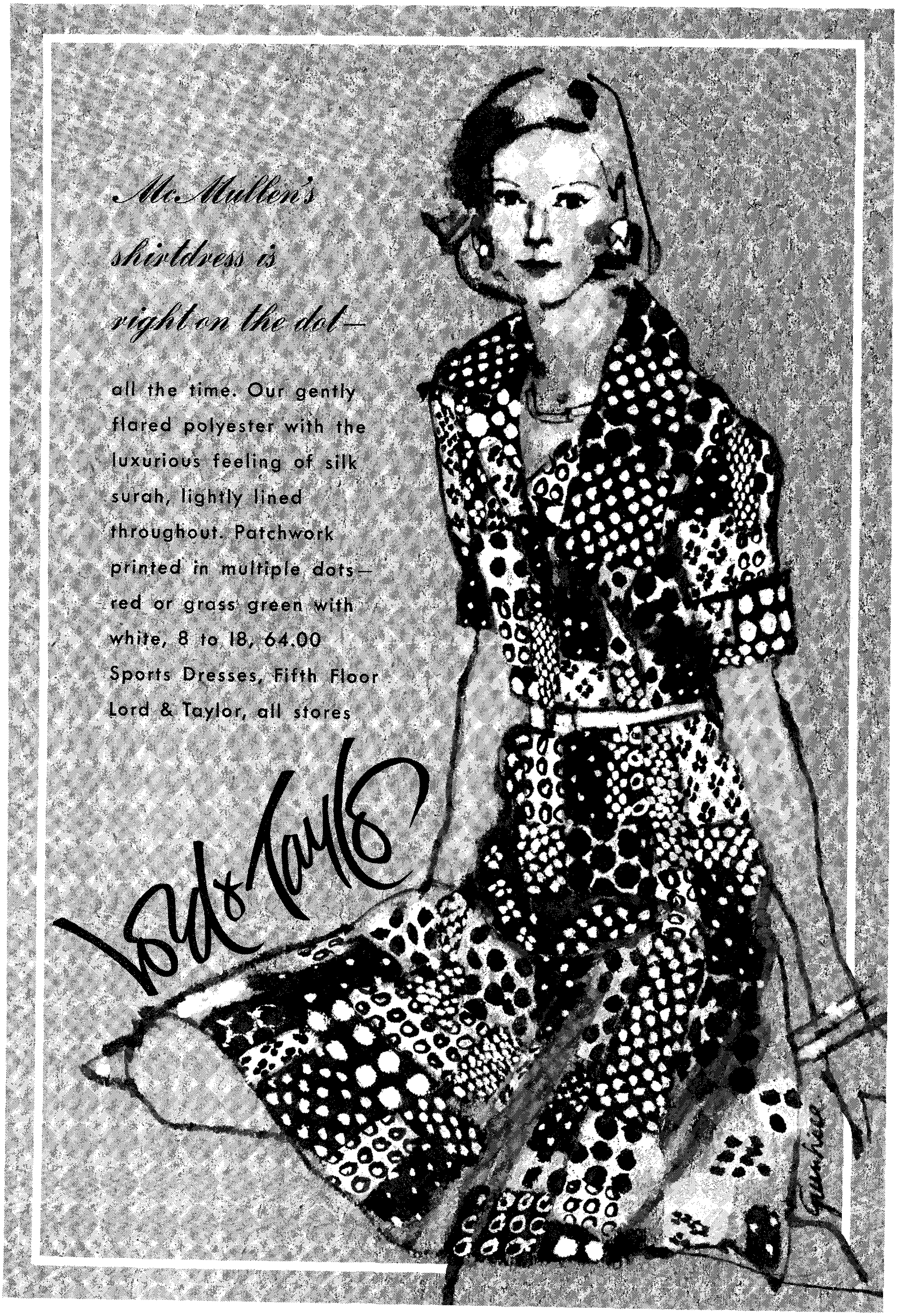
New York City Ballet—Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Duo Concertant," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Duo Concertant," "The Concert," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "Harlequinade," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 18, at 1: "Concerto Barocco" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 18, at 7: "Scotch Symphony," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Duo Concertant," "The Song of the Nightingale," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Dim Lustre," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo / Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Duo Concertant," and "The Song of the Nightingale."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8: "La Source," "Four Bagatelles," "Concerto Barocco," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Scotch Symphony," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," and "Dances at a Gathering." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Inbal—The Dance Theatre of Israel, a troupe of sixteen dancers, singers, and musicians, in a one-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—Thursday, Nov. 15, at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2: "Madrigalesco," "Quartet," "After Eden," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, at 8: "Recital for Cello and Eight Dancers," "In Retrospect," and "Scotch Symphony." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Kathakali—Sacred dance dramas by the all-male Kerala Kalamandalam Company from India. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Mahabharata."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 22, at 3 and 8: "Ramayana." (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459.)

Inner City Repertory Dance Company—"Songs of the Disinherited," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Caravanserai." (Brooklyn



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 23, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Blossom Dearie—Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080). Singing at the piano, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Fridays (black tie on Fridays).

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Cyril Haynes, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Jim Hall—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar, with bassist Jay Leonhart, from nine to one, through Saturday, Nov. 17.

Woody Herman—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Clarinet and alto and soprano saxophone, leading a sixteen-man band. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 14-16, from nine-thirty, and Saturday, Nov. 17, from nine.

Earl Hines—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Piano, with a quintet, from eight to one-thirty, except Sundays.

Keith Jarrett—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano and soprano sax, leading a quartet. From ten, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 20.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, at nine and eleven-thirty, except Sundays.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Frank Loesser on Sunday, Nov. 18, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five.

Nellie Lutcher—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, along with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Junior Mance—Top of the Six's, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662). Piano, with a trio, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

Marian McPartland—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, leading a trio, from nine to one, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 20.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, with a quartet. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 14-17, from nine to three.

Sonny Rollins—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quintet, at nine-thirty (Saturdays at nine). Beginning Monday, Nov. 19.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sunday and Monday.

Zoot Sims—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 20, at nine-thirty.

Clark Terry—Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721). Trumpet, leading an eighteen-piece band, from nine to three, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 20.

Dick Wellstood—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with clarinettist and soprano saxophonist Kenny Davern and drummer Panama Francis. From nine to one, through Saturday, Nov. 17.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seagoing vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew consists of pianist John Foster's trio Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

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Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Two jazz organizations that were erected on solid rock offer uncomplicated, enjoyable sets: Flugelhorn player Chuck Mangione and his band stay through Monday, Nov. 19, and pianist Chick Corea and the Return to Forever quartet—drummer Lenny White, bassist Stanley Clarke, and guitarist Bill Conners—take up where the Mangione band left off, starting Wednesday, Nov. 21. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser-known performers. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—An assortment of able and talented musicians whips up a variety of jazz. Joe Newman, an alumnus of the Basie brass section of the fifties and currently a leader of jazz groups and causes (Jazz Interactions), heads up a group that includes guitarist Ted Dunbar, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and drummer David Lee. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. Pianist Cedar Walton brings in a quartet on Wednesday, Nov. 21. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

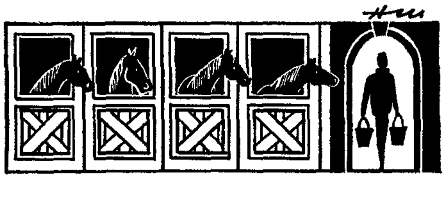
Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and music constructed by pianist John Bunch and bassist Mike Moore, through Saturday, Nov. 17. Beginning Monday, Nov. 19, Mike Abene takes over the keyboard to play with Moore. The hours are nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays from nine until one, the forceful bop pianist Al Haig, who used to play with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, performs with a bassist.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is the prized fixture here, and his songs—mostly from the thirties, mostly world-weary—summon up a generation's view of itself. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. The music begins at nine-forty-five. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A bright, crowded spot with musicians tucked away so that they're hard to see, and sometimes hard to hear. Young stride pianist and vocalist Brooks Kerr ably recreates sounds from the thirties, with the help of trombonist Mathew Gee. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Unflappable Nellie Lutcher, the Victor Borge of Lake Charles (La.) blueswomen, has returned, singing and playing the piano with the assistance of guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards. She's occupying the center of the room from eight to one nightly except Sundays, when Dick Hyman plays. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances. Those chances are improved considerably when, from Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 14-18, the first installment of a folk festival (harking back to the old, purist Folk City) kicks off. Participating are folksingers Ed McCurdy, who carries on Canadian and American folk traditions; Brother John Sellers, whose style is rooted in spirituals; Phyllis Lind; and Anita Sheer, who plays flamenco-style guitar. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Closed Mondays.



Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with rattan shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. Ellis Larkins, Al Hall, and all their admirers gather in this amiable setting Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 18, the duo will play an all-Frank Loesser concert from five-forty-five until seven-forty-five, before their usual sets begin. Mondays through Fridays, Tad Bruce sings at the piano from six to nine. Singer Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bass accompaniment on Mondays. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, and spacious, the new quarters of this recently reopened club are quite a contrast to its former home, where musician and listeners alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. The highly respected Jim Hall and his bassist Jay Leonhart perform them with quiet fervency through Saturday, Nov. 17. Karl Finger and Neil Linden, a guitar duo partial to the blues, work out twelve-bar fantasies Sunday and Monday, Nov. 18-19. The Sam Brown duo begins work on Tuesday, Nov. 20. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

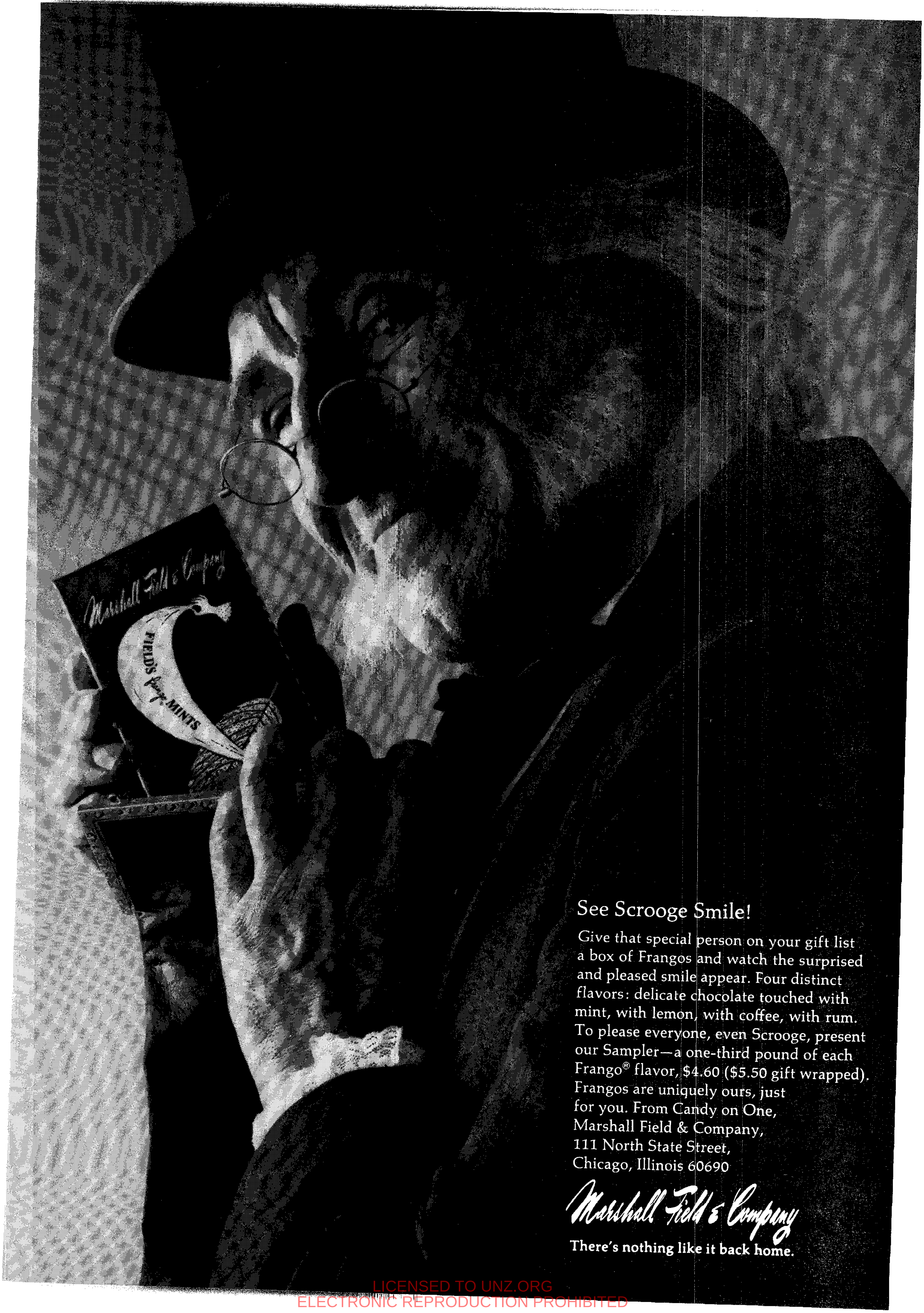
Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is offering two groups each night. Woody Herman, still blowing, vocalizing, and pattering, and the Young Thundering Herd, his latest orchestra, have added some recent numbers—e.g., "It's Too Late" and "Summer of '42"—to their storehouse of standards that start with "Woodchoppers' Ball." Their massive sound alternates with singer Mel Dancy's duo—Dancy on piano, with a guitarist—through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Dancy and company also perform on Sunday, Nov. 18, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.) Starting Monday, Nov. 19, the great hard-driving, crisply melodic tenor master Sonny Rollins pays a rare visit. Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds (along with bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—As farsighted as it is far-out, this club seriously cultivates the very best younger musicians working in the city, and some older, more established ones, too. Vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson leads a quintet through Sunday, Nov. 18. On Tuesday, Nov. 20, wily trumpeter Clark Terry begins mugging, squeaking, and mumbling it up with his rousing eighteen-piece band. Music from nine until three. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Cyril Haynes, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Barry Harris, a pianist of substance, works above the din with bassist Lawrence Evans Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Just outside the **52nd Street Room**, downstairs, hangs a large portrait of that street as it looked in the forties, reminding one how different the clubs—the Three Deuces, the Onyx, the Famous Door, and others—were then. Inside the big rectangular room, the serious-minded Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band blasts forth heavyweight arrangements nightly (except Sundays) at nine and eleven-thirty. Their young, promising, and versatile singer Dee Dee Bridgewater, who can handle the blues like Joe Williams and songs such as "Butterfly Dreams" in her own, introspective way, also attracts attention. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar gives off explicit uptown vibes, but the back room—characterized by jammed-together tables, neck-craning youths, and a general lackadaisical folksiness—is positively from downtown. Song stylist and guitarist John Lucien performs with his band through Sunday, Nov. 18. Easygoing Jerry Jeff Walker sings and strums material from the South and the Southwest from Tuesday, Nov. 20. Music Tuesdays through Sundays, starting at nine-thirty. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. J. F. Murphy & Salt delivers tightly knit rock through Sunday, Nov. 18. On Wednesday, Nov. 21, Kinky Friedman, a simple country boy, and the Texas Jewboys return to prove that there's always a market for bad taste. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffeehouse atmosphere. The instrumental outfit Oregon, which favors raga rock and other hybrids, experiments Thursday through Tuesday, Nov. 15-20. On Thursday, Nov. 22, Mount Airy shows up to play countrified tunes. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Wednesdays, new talent is uncovered.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Dick Wellstood, a fine pianist who took ragtime seriously (but not too seriously) long before its current popular revival, heads up a trio that comprises clarinettist and soprano saxophonist Kenny Davern and drummer Panama Francis, from nine to one through Saturday, Nov. 17. Keyboard whiz Marian McPartland (she can take off on a Beatles' tune and, before you realize it, she's playing a Two-Part Invention) arrives with her trio on Tuesday, Nov. 20. Sometime clarinettist and Renaissance man Woody Allen participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. Ray Bryant is on piano with his trio Thursdays through Saturdays from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. CH 2-1366)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Novella Nelson sings in a dramatically effective way, and she has acquired, it seems, a snowballing following. Her two-week stint here is shared first (through Saturday, Nov. 17) by Andy Bey, a pianist and a fine, unusual singer, whose diverse experience has been with bop (he likes to scat Charlie Parker compositions), with the spaced-in music of Chick Corea, and with the outback dynamism of Gary Bartz. Singer-pianist Mel Dancy begins his stay on Tuesday, Nov. 20. Shows begin at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five. Pianist and humorist Edward Morris fills any gaps from eight-thirty to two. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080)—In the Gallery, the forthright, uncomplicated, low-keyed Blossom Dearie is presenting concert-styled performances at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays. Black tie is a Friday-night requirement.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, draws on a repertory that includes works by Villa-Lobos and Ellington and Strayhorn through Saturday, Nov. 17. On Tuesday, Nov. 20, he is joined by tenorman Zoot Sims to renew their lyrical collaborations. From nine-thirty to one.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Music is furnished by flutist Richard Clay's quartet on Fridays and Saturdays. The music is featured from ten to three-thirty. Snacks.

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Top of the Six's, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662)—This thirty-ninth-floor Stouffer's is replete with Early American knickknacks—china-filled china closets, hunting trophies, tapestries, and large dried-frond-filled urns. The funky blues of Junior Mance and his trio keep things lively from nine-thirty to one. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—This venerable fortress is now featuring Sivuca, a Brazilian guitarist, from ten-thirty. On Wednesdays, harpist Daphne Hellman and trio join in. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable thirty-nine-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. Religiously fiery saxophonist Gary Bartz and his sextet uplift contemporary, aware listeners through Sunday, Nov. 18. On Tuesday, Nov. 20, the acrobatic and innovative young pianist Keith Jarrett begins swapping ideas with his fine quartet: drummer Paul Motian, bassist Charlie Haden, reedman Dewey Redman, and percussionist Guillerme Franco. The music begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue-in-cheek and more tongue-*and*-cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Mr. D. will be away Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 14-15, and Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 19-21. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

BIG DEAL

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** the Earl Hines quintet, featuring vocalist Marva Josie, alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio. Dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad prevails Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, pianist Lou Kovack plays for cocktails Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Leoni Page, a brand-new caroller from England, will appear in the **PERSIAN ROOM** through Saturday, Nov. 17. Monday, Nov. 19, brings along pianist-singer Jacques Kayal. At ten Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Barry Levitt and René Martel are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, for dancing, from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **PALM COURT** Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Singer Bobby Rydell is the dinner-and-supper tenant in this well-run mountain resort. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting the piano team of Johnny DeMaio and Fred Silver in a musical-comedy repertoire, Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—These nights, at dinner and supper, the **MAISONETTE** affords the songs of Julie Budd. The Anthony Terini orchestra does the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** a quiet glade, is dispensing violin-and-piano music, with vocal accompaniment by Russian singer Aelita, from eight to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The final night for pianist-singer Hugh Shannon in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** is Saturday, Nov. 17.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Rhythm-and-blues singers Gladys Knight and the Pips are presenting the dinner and supper shows in the **EMPIRE ROOM.** Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra all evening. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Theodore Argeropolos—Paintings and prints by a formalist; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Ariane R. Berman—Plastic constructions and paintings in acrylic, both with simplified figures. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eugene Berman (1899-1972)—Paintings and drawings done in Hollywood from 1940 to 1945. Through Dec. 1. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Constructions and sculptures. Through Dec. 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pol Bury—Kinetic sculptures, plus related graphics. Through Dec. 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Button—Sunsets over cityscapes. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Cézanne (1839-1900)—Sixteen watercolors. Through Friday, Nov. 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Martin Chirino—Forged-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ad Dekkers—Wood reliefs and incised-wood pieces. Through Nov. 30. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Avel de Knight—Paintings suggestive of landscape, some with figures. Through Nov. 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Josef Drapell—Huge abstract canvases. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

William F. Draper—Realistic paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jud Fine—Sculptures in stone, bamboo, string, and other materials. Through Nov. 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

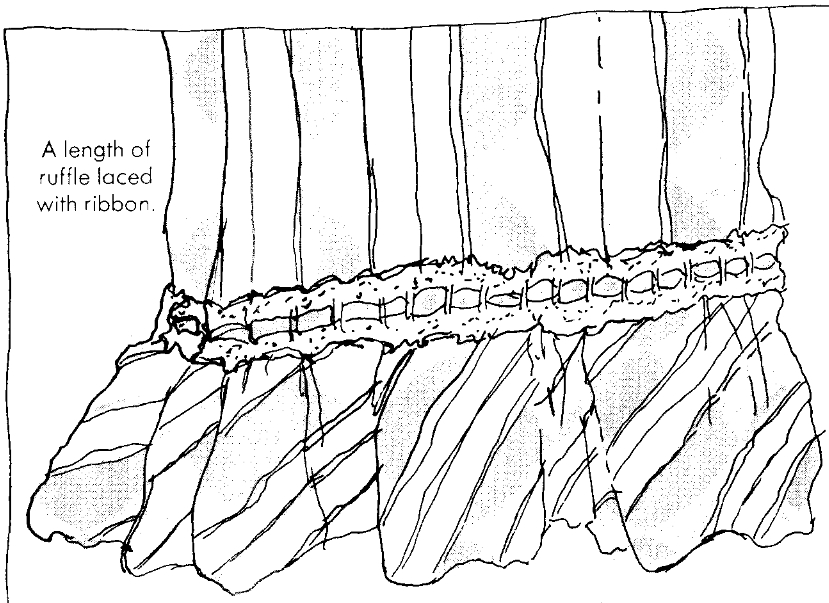
Abby Goell—Paintings and lithographs combining natural and geometric shapes. Through Friday, Nov. 16. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St.)

Morris Graves—Flower paintings. Through Dec. 1. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

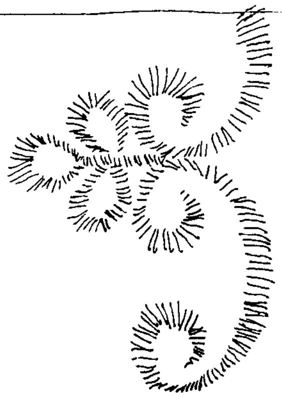
Stephen Greene—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Gropper—Paintings of "The Political Scene." Through Dec. 1. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

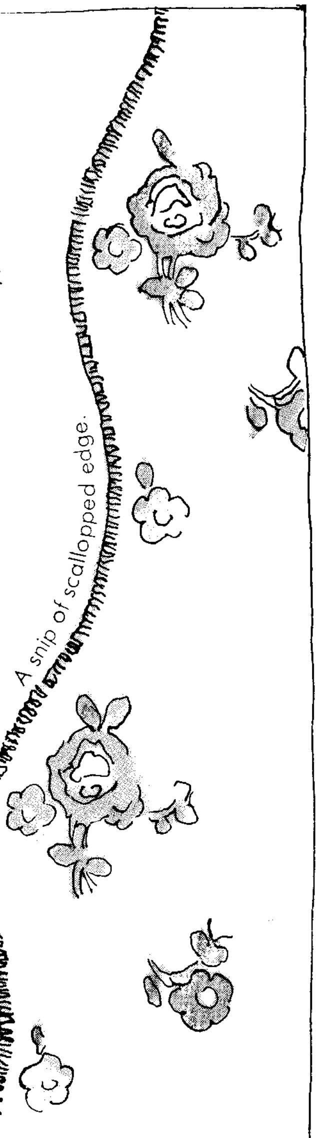
David Hockney—A retrospective of prints of



A length of ruffle laced with ribbon.



Detail.
A bit of eyelet.



A snip of scalloped edge.

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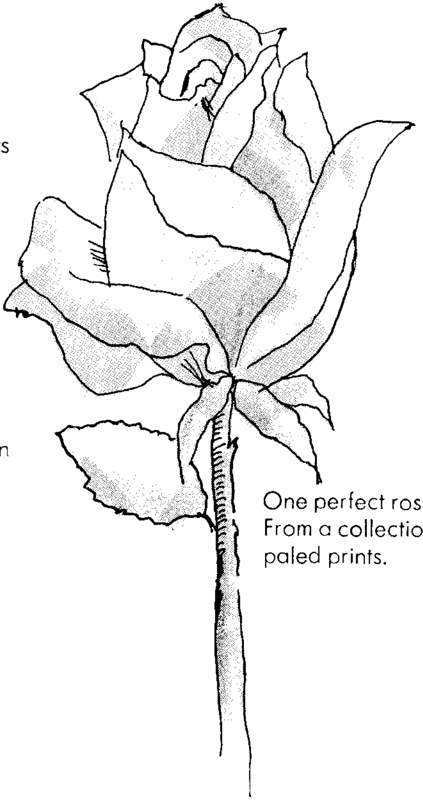
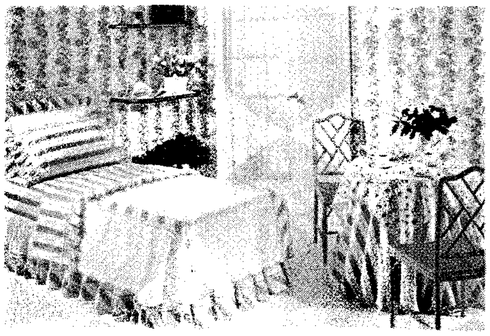


One perfect rose.
From a collection of paled prints.



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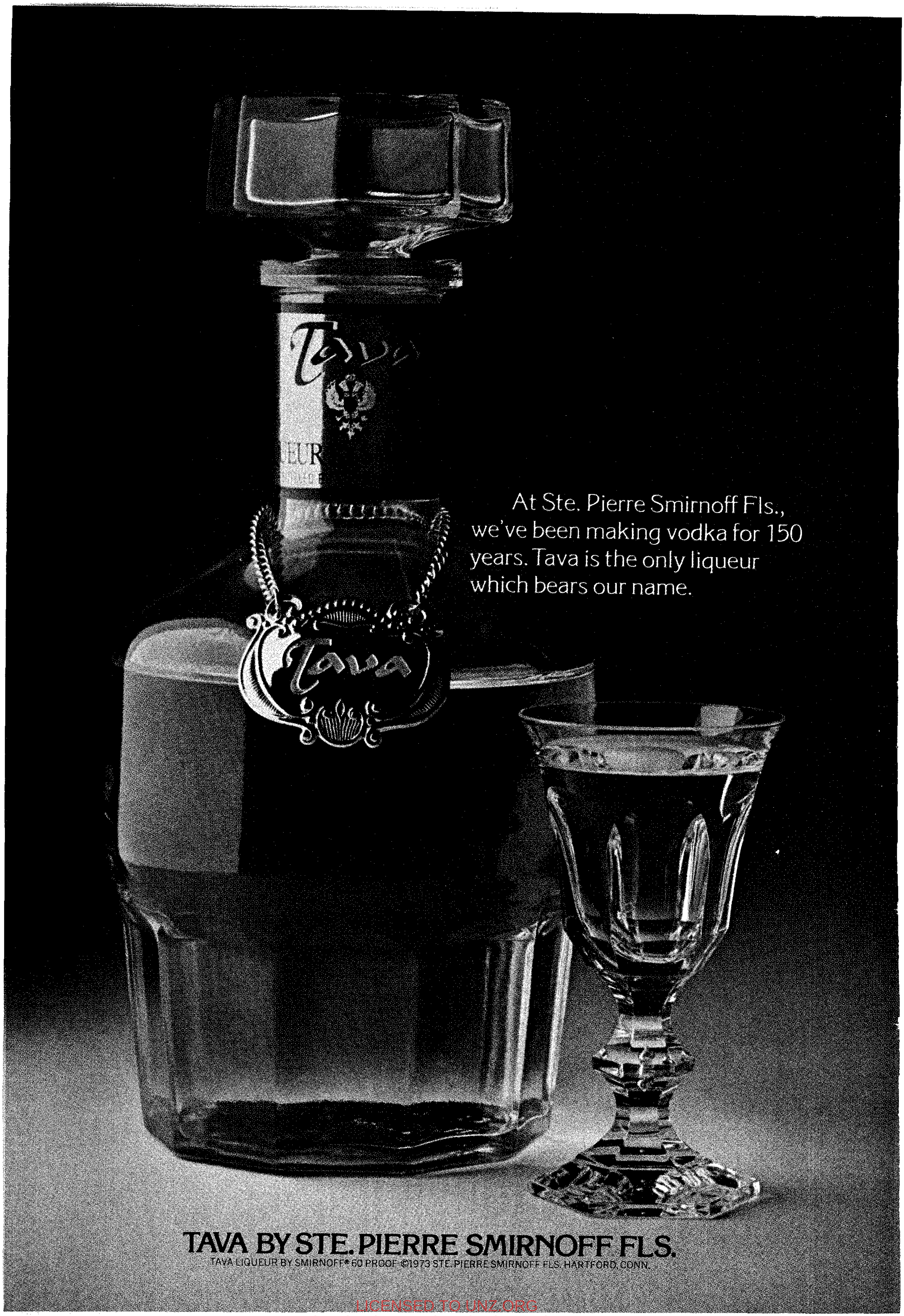

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes. Through Nov. 28. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—Temperas, watercolors, and woodcuts. Through Dec. 20. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935)—Bronzes, plaster models, and drawings. Through Nov. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

June Leaf—Drawings and collages. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson—Paintings from 1923 to the present, with related drawings. Through Dec. 1. (Lerner-Heller, 780 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—A brilliant benefit loan show of fifty-seven paintings representing all phases of his development. Through Dec. 1. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Paintings and graphics by the German Expressionist. Through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lorraine Perigord/Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Abstract landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 24./Twenty gouaches from 1930 to 1955. Through Dec. 15. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Piccillo—Figure drawings on canvas. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alvin Ross—Still-life paintings. Through Dec. 1. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stella—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 29. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—A new series of paintings by this Mexican artist. Through Dec. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Objects (headboards and dustpans), paintings, collages composed of Tarot cards, and works on paper by the Spanish artist. Through Dec. 15. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wayne Thiebaud—Paintings of figures and objects. Through Dec. 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cora Kelley Ward—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Wells—Marble and bronze figure sculptures, plus drawings and etchings. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Kim Whanki—Paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **DANENBERG**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Picasso, Vlaminck, O'Keeffe, and other French and American artists. Through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: American landscape paintings by O'Keeffe, Bluemner, Hofmann, Burchfield, Avery, and others. Through Dec. 1. . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: English illustrations of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Dec. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: A benefit show of French and American paintings sold by the gallery during the past twenty years. Through Dec. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery group, including Leonard DeLonga, Kenneth Callahan, William Kienbusch, and Peggy Bacon. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . **SOLOMON**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and European graphics, with examples by, among others, de Kooning, Gottlieb, and Picasso. Through Nov. 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: "Twelve Years of Collecting," a benefit loan exhibition of fifty paintings from the Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh; it encompasses Old Master, Impressionist, and Post-Impressionist works. Through Dec. 15.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jane B. Armstrong—Stone sculptures of animals. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Elise Asher—Oil and mixed mediums on Plexiglas, incorporating calligraphy and figures. Through Nov. 29. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcelo Bonevardi—Abstract painted constructions that hang on the wall. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Coiner—Paintings of England, Scotland, and Wales. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays).

Gene Davis—Stripe paintings. Through Dec. 5. (Fischbach, uptown at 29 W. 57th St., and downtown at 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler—New paintings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ken Greenleaf—Welded-steel sculptures. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Andrew Jansons—Color-field paintings. Through Dec. 6. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Jensen—Thickly textured paintings, most of them based on numbers or words. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

A. Raymond Katz—Abstracts in impasto. Through Nov. 30. (Weinger, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—A benefit show of sculptures done in America from 1941 to 1972. Through Dec. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Autobiographical paintings. Through Dec. 1. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Richter—A double exhibition: Dada drawings and early work at the René (6 W. 57th St.), and recent paintings, reliefs, drawings, and collages at the Parsons (24 W. 57th St.). Through Dec. 1. (Both galleries are closed Mondays.)

Babe Shapiro—Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Stevenson—Paintings of black figures that resemble Greek statuary. Through Dec. 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Turku Trajan (1887-1959)—Sculptures and reliefs. Through Dec. 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Demuth, Dove, Marin, O'Keeffe, and other pioneer American abstractionists. Through Friday, Nov. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Beckmann, Corinth, Feininger, Matisse, and others. Through Dec. 1. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: American prints and graphics from Pollock and Newman through the Pop artists and sharp-focus realists, including Warhol, Segal, and Oldenburg. Through Dec. 1. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century American paintings, watercolors, and sculptures by Hopper, de Creeft, and others. Through Dec. 1. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculptors Guild—Their thirty-sixth annual, composed of about sixty-four pieces (by Roy Gussow, Minoru Niizuma, Helen Beling, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums. Through Sunday, Nov. 18. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Arman—This artist engages in such activities as collecting garbage from the studios of his contemporaries and packaging it for display, blowing up motorcycles with dynamite and reassembling the fragments, and stomping on selected debris until it arranges itself to his taste, and this exhibition of the results is accompanied by photographs showing him in the throes of creativity. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Martin Bressler—Cut-line drawings and other works on paper. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Colmer/Gabriele Roos—Paintings of horizontal lines, done with a spray gun./Paintings of bands of iridescent color. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cooke/Rosalind Hodgkins—Large abstract steel sculptures./Paintings and draw-

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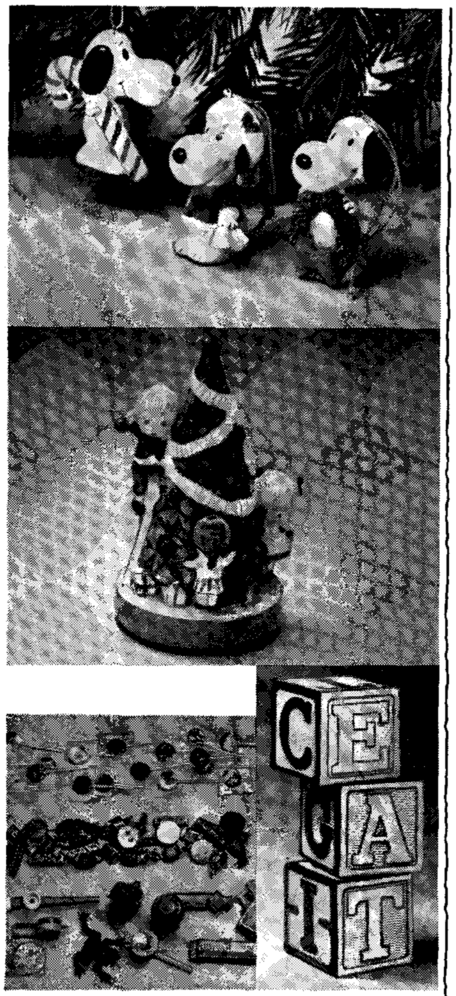

VISIONS OF SUGARPLUMS . . . dance in their heads and we've been busy making a list of Yuletide treasures—guaranteed to delight the Lilliputian in your life! Their favorite pooch's doing tree-ups in his hand-painted ceramic finery, 2 1/2" high, set of three, $7.50 . . . Jingle Bells tree is a hand-painted, ceramic music box, 5 1/2" high, $16 . . . and the alphabet Lolly Blocks hold a secret cache of candy, toys and games, good for hours of munching and fun, $10 the set. Please add 90¢ beyond UPS. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s under $15. Boys & Girls on Six.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

SARI DIENES—A mobile made of bones; large canvases; small constructions; and serigraphs. Through Nov. 28. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES DUBACK—Structured canvases. Through Nov. 29. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

STEVAN JENNIS—Paintings, sculptures, and collages depicting dogs in various situations. Through Dec. 1. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

BUFFIE JOHNSON / CAROL HAERER—Representational paintings. / Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 1. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

STEVE KELEMAN / JIM YOUNGERMAN—Large lyrical abstract wall hangings. / Witty figurative drawings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD KIRSCHENBAUM—Sculptures. Through Nov. 29. (112 Greene Street. Closed Mondays.)

MON LEVINSON—Drawings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

GENE MATTHEWS—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, Nov. 16. (Yu, 93 Prince St.)

MARIO MERZ—One large sculpture in wood and cloth. Through Dec. 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MOSKOWITZ—Black paintings, all with an architectural detail. Through Nov. 29. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ALF SVENDSEN—Bronzes. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

JOHN WALKER—Ten large silk-screen prints. Through Nov. 30. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

ROGER WILLIAMS—Abstract sculptures; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

KES ZAPKUS—Large abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOW—Sculptures by Robert Rohm and paintings by Douglas Bond and John Fawcett. Through Dec. 1. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

LAWRENCE CALCAGNO—Abstract landscapes. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

WILLIAM CRUTCHFIELD—Watercolors, drawings, and prints. Through Dec. 8. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

E. E. CUMMINGS (1894-1962)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 30. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

GEORGE MCNEIL—Paintings, lithographs, and drawings from 1968 to the present. Through Dec. 8. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 23, from 10 to 7; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MARGOT ROBINSON—Paintings and sculptures; first solo show here. Through Dec. 1. (Benevy, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

TRAN THO—Stone sculptures and paintings on wood by a Vietnamese artist. Through Nov. 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Five painters. Through Nov. 29. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. Closes Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8, and closed Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 22-24.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "Erotic Art," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by eighty artists, including Beckmann, Chagall, Rivers, and Segal. Through Dec. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: A loan show of chiaroscuro woodcuts from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: "Some Things They Never Told You About the 1940's, '50's, and '60's," a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Julian Beck, Frederick Kiesler, Landes Lewitin, and Phillip Pavia, selected by the art historian and critic Thomas B. Hess. Through Dec. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

LAURA GILPIN / LELAND RICE—Mainly photographs of Navajo Indians. / Portraits and interiors. Through Dec. 2. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

ALFRED STIEGLITZ (1864-1946)—Photogravures. Through Dec. 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Over a hundred landscapes and cityscapes by twentieth-century American photographers, among them Alfred Stieglitz, Walker Evans, and Berenice Abbott. Through Jan. 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 4:45.) . . . **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Surrealist etchings, lithographs, photographs, collages, and photomontages by Ernst, Duchamp, Man Ray, and others, juxtaposed with some of their early antecedents. Through Dec. 1. . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: André Kertész, David Chalk, Dan O'Neill, Alex Olivera, and Mark de Mello. Through Dec. 4. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.) . . . **UNDERGROUND**, 134 Fifth Ave., at 19th St.: Photographs by students and faculty of Montclair State College, some reverting to processes used in the nineteenth century. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (Closed Saturdays.)

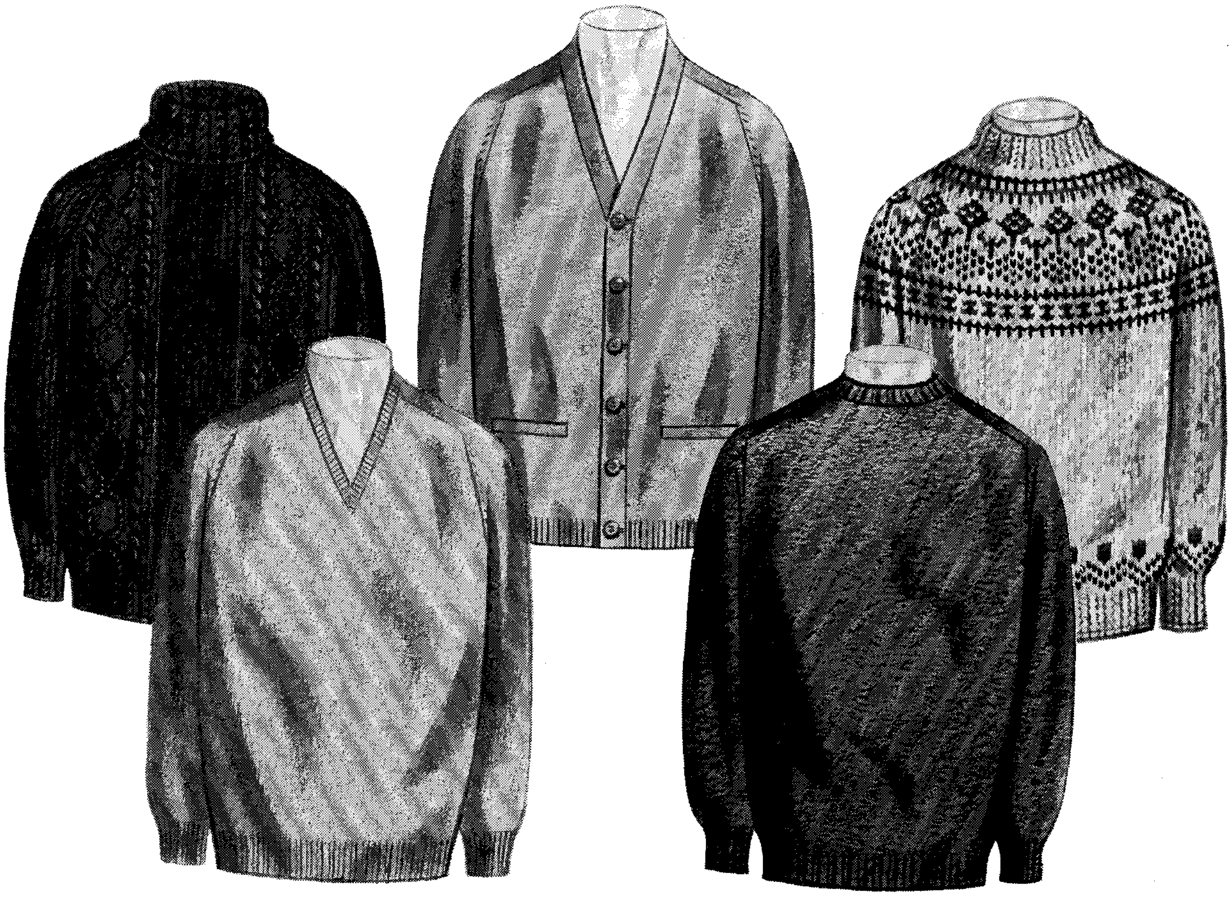
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Newly acquired Chinese paintings (album leaves, an album of poetry, and hand scrolls and hanging scrolls) from the eleventh century through the fourteenth. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Oils, pastels, and prints by Mary Cassatt, from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Two hundred objects of the North, Central, and South American Indians, spanning four thousand years, on loan from the Museum of the American Indian. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Thirty Japanese prints representing two hundred years of Japanese printmaking, exhibited along with a hundred netsuke and inro. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ About a hundred specimens of early Renaissance sculpture from northern Italy, on display—and looking as if they belonged there—in the Blumenthal Patio from the Castle of Vélez Blanco. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Paintings by van Gogh and his contemporaries, accompanied by passages from letters van Gogh wrote to his brother, Theo, and others, which contain comments on artists, schools, paintings, and theories. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ "The Art of Imperial Turkey and Its European Echoes," including carpets, manuscripts, miniatures, and graphic arts. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Landscapes and cityscapes by American photographers; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings spanning the career of Joan Miró from 1921 to 1972. Through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. At press time, employees were still picketing the museum, but the exhibit rooms were open.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave.. at 89th St.—More than two hundred and fifty items in various mediums emphasizing the Futurist and Dada periods, lent from the Winston/Malbin collection in Michigan. The artists include Boccioni, Picabia, and Arp. Starts Friday, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Paintings, gouaches, drawings, and color charts by Kasimir Malevich, the Russian artist and leader of the Suprematist movement, on loan chiefly from the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam. Starts Friday, Nov. 16. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—Sixty-nine American Impressionist paintings. Through Nov. 25.... ¶ Paintings by Lee Krasner, dating from 1951 to the present. Through Jan. 6.... ¶ Paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings, and photographs, in a show labelled "Extraordinary Realities," mainly by artists who have not exhibited in New York. Through Dec. 2.... ¶ Abstract black-and-white collages and drawings by Mahler B. Ryder. Through Dec. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)... ¶ In the museum's new downtown branch, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St., mosaics from New York City subways. Through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred and seventy Egyptian reliefs, statuary, and other objects dating from 1378-1362 B.C., the period of Akhenaten and Nefertiti. Through Nov. 25.... ¶ English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Jan. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display on the subject of curassows and related tropical birds, including mounted specimens, paintings, drawings, maps, and tape recordings. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Morris Broderson, Lois Dodd, and Raymond Saunders, eligible for purchase under the Academy's Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada. Through Dec. 16.... ¶ Sculptures and graphics by thirty-five members of the Academy and Institute. Through Dec. 16. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Shah 'Abbas and the Arts of Isfahan," an exhibition of paintings, manuscripts, imperial artifacts, and calligraphy from seventeenth-century Persia. Through Dec. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of porcelains designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for trade to the West. Through Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 23, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Nearly two hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints from the Martha Jackson collection. Through Nov. 25. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Printed books, from 1455 to 1955, reflecting achievements and changes in the art of typography. Through Dec. 2.... ¶ European and Persian manuscript leaves from the twelfth century through the seventeenth. Through Dec. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A handsomely mounted exhibition of historical and contemporary objects that were designed to be portable including furniture, camping equipment, vehicles, and "body extensions," such as a necklace which registers air pollution and body temperature. Through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, in March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Over fifty primitive Haitian paintings from the nineteen-forties to the present. Through Dec. 16.... ¶ Forty prints, from 1961 to the present, by Marisol. Through Sunday, Nov. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first of a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also there: "The Duychincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through March 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; conducted by Gabor Otvös.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Jean Kraft, William Lewis, Robert Goodloe, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös.... ¶ Monday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Anna Moffo, Edda Moser, Luigi Alva, Donald Gramm, Ezio Flagello, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke; Peter Maag.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, Louis Quilico, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris; Serge Baudo.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Jean Kraft, William Lewis, Robert Goodloe, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös.

National Chinese Opera Theatre—A one-week engagement of traditional Peking theatre by a company of eighty from Taiwan. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 21-23, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2 and 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(At press time, picket lines were still around Avery Fisher Hall because of the labor negotiations involving the New York Philharmonic, and some concerts have been moved to other halls, so you would be wise to check the situation before making plans.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—The concerts will resume when the labor negotiations are resolved.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Georg Solti conducting two programs. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 14, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St., a change of site from Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 14, and Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Boston Pops Orchestra—Arthur Fiedler conducting an all-Gershwin program, with Earl Wild, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

National Symphony Orchestra—James DePreist conducting, with Sergiu Luca, violin. (Avery

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Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3.)

Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra—Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Alexander Slobodyanik, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Murray Perahia, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, at 8.)

Contemporary Music Orchestra of Paris—Konstantin Simonovitch conducting a program in homage to Edgard Varèse. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

The Composer Speaks—A series of six concerts in which as many composers will introduce and discuss premières of their works. In the first concert, Jean Royer will conduct the new Nuits Musicales chamber orchestra, with Mr. Henze conducting his viola concerto, in which Walter Trampler will be the soloist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—Michael Bartos conducting a program of wind serenades. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Musica Sacra of New York—Richard Westenburg directing a choir and an orchestra in a performance of Mozart's Requiem and "Solemn Vespers," with Judy Hubbell, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Martin Lees, tenor; and Herbert Beattie, bass. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-2022. Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 19-20, at 8.)

RECITALS

Composers String Quartet—The first in a series of three concerts entitled "A Century of Masterpieces," this one with William Masselos, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Peter Serkin, Alexander Schneider, and Leslie Parnas—Piano, violin, and cello, in a program of Mozart trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—Principals of the Boston Symphony. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Arthur MacKenzie—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Zino Francescatti, Ani Kavafian, and Ida Kavafian, violin; Marcus Thompson, viola; Gaby Casadesus, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 5.)

Oleg Kagan and Victoria Postnikova—Violin and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Velma Richter—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Isaac Stern and His Friends—The second in a series of three concerts, this one played by Mr. Stern, Itzhak Perlman, and Alexander Schneider, violin; Jaime Laredo and Pinchas Zukerman, viola; and Leonard Rose, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3.)

Judith Alstadter—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the cycle of piano works by Gabriel Fauré, with Marilyn Dubow, violin, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—A program of music of England. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

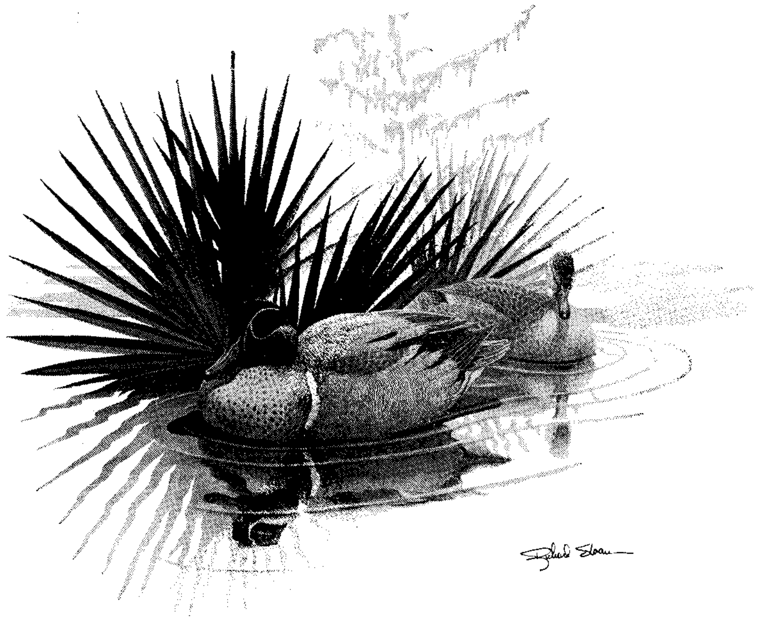
Marie-Françoise Bucquet—The second in a series of four programs, this one entitled "The New Piano in Europe," with Evelyn Swarthout, also piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Rollin Smith—Organ. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Juan Serrano—Flamenco guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Arliss Heukelekian—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Note—Robert White, tenor; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; and Harriet Wingreen, piano, will give



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) *on* Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Nov. 19, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDES—The seventh in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **EARL HINES** on Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 5:45.

THE PERSUASIONS—Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.

MARIAN MCPARTLAND—New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 4. A limited number of free tickets will be available, but only to those applying for them in person after two on the day of the performance.

MOUNT AIRY—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.

WISHBONE ASH, ARGENT, AND AEROSMITH—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

VINNIE BURKE'S QUARTET, THAD JONES, AND JOE NEWMAN—Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.

HERBIE MANN—With the Family of Mann, Roy Ayers, Olatunji, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 9.)

CLIMAX BLUES BAND AND RENAISSANCE—Academy of Music. Saturday, Nov. 17, at midnight.

JOE FARRELL QUARTET—With Joe Beck. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3.)

LEE KONITZ QUARTET—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3. No tickets necessary.

TAJ MAHAL AND THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8.

SALUTE TO EDDIE CONDON—Maxine Sullivan, Max Kaminsky, Kenny Davern, Herb Gardner, Milt Hinton, Dick Wellstood, and Cliff Leeman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

FOCUS AND THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8.

NATIONAL JAZZ ENSEMBLE—Chuck Israels conducting, with Bill Evans, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

GENESIS—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8.

LOGGINS & MESSINA—Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8.

FRANK ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION—Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8 and 11:30.

GORDON LIGHTFOOT—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 23, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 8.

STEVE MILLER BAND, THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND, AND BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.

NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE AND COMMANDER CODY AND HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN—Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, at 8 and 11:30.

THE OSMONDS—With the Springfield Revival. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

RICHARD HARRIS—With a fifty-piece orchestra and a chorus. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Buffalo, Thursday, Nov. 15, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 7:35.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, NOV. 17**: Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Rutgers, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Boston College, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 24** (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Nov. 18: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, at Cincinnati.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. Houston Aeros, Saturday, Nov. 17, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. Chicago Cougars, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. California Golden Seals, Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Nov. 24, at 1:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Nov. 22, at 7:35.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 29. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 17; the Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 22; and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 22.

FOR CHILDREN

MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE—Gigantic figures (among them Snoopy and Mickey Mouse) bobbling along above fifteen floats, four thousand costumed marchers, and a dozen bands. Starts at 9:30 A.M. at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 10:10.

OPERETTAS—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 17-18, at 4. . . . ¶ "Ruddigore," Saturday, Nov. 24, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and also Friday, Nov. 23, at 1 and 3:30, plus Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **KING'S PLAYERS**: "Rainbow Junction." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, at 2.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Behalf of the Laugh." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . **NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY**: "The Proposition Circus." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Invisible Universe." Starting Tuesday, Nov. 20, there will be a new show, "The Christmas Sky." (Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 23, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 23, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted. The Planetarium will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30, and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 23, from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays.

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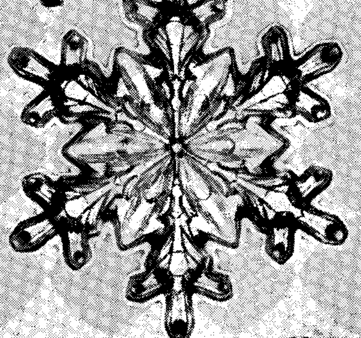

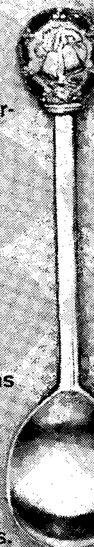

(General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Victor Hernandez Cruz and Nathan Whiting reading from their own poems. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30. Admission is free.). . . ¶ Gary Snyder reading from his own poems and prose. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 7:30.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The twenty-fifth annual exhibit will feature special showings by the United States Postal Service, the United Nations Postal Administration, and the Australian Stamp Bureau. (Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, from 10 to 9, and Sunday, Nov. 18, from 1:05 to 6.)

Antoni Gaudí (1852-1926)—Photographs of the architect's designs, including furniture, streetlamps, fireplaces, partitions, porticos, and even an elevator, plus his interior environments. Through Nov. 30. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 6.)

Bus Tours—Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, the Culture Bus Loop is in operation from ten in the morning until six in the evening. Buses make twenty-two stops, serving virtually every museum and cultural institution of note in Manhattan, and ticket holders may get on or off at any point along the route. For information about tickets, and bus-stop locations, call 852-5000, Ext. 4960. . . . ¶ Sundays, at 12, 1:30, and 3, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (where riders may also board at 12:50 and 2:20), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Ethnographic and pre-Columbian art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8, and Thursday, Nov. 15, at 2: The Edith G. Halpert folk-art collection, belonging to Terry Dintenfass. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 15-17, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorations, from the American Heritage Society. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 20-21, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics, jades, and works of art; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 15.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—What can we say? Union-management negotiations were still in progress at our press time. All we *do* know is that if they have film showings, they will be from the Warner Brothers retrospective. . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Nov. 14: "Lost Squadron" (1932), directed by George Archainbaud, with Richard Dix and Mary Astor. . . . ¶ Nov. 15: "Flesh" (1932), directed by John Ford, with Wallace Beery and Karen Morley. . . . ¶ Nov. 16: "Black Bird" (1926), a silent film, directed by Tod Browning, with Lon Chaney and Renée Adorée. . . . ¶ Nov. 17: "Rockabye" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ Nov. 18: "What Price Hollywood?" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Constance Bennett and Lowell Sherman. . . . ¶ Nov. 21: "Applause" (1929), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Helen Morgan. . . . ¶ Nov. 22: "Virtuous Sin" (1930), directed by George Cukor and Louis Gasnier, with Walter Huston and Kay Francis. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Nov. 14: "Sunseed," directed by Fredrick Cohn. . . . ¶ Nov. 15-21: "The Innerview," directed by Richard Beymer. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 22: "Drywood" and "Hot Pepper," both directed by Les Blank. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 20: "Marjoe" and "Trash."
From Nov. 21: "Westworld."
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 17: "The Hurricane" and "The Quiet Man."
Nov. 18-20: "The Great Waltz" and "Naughty Marietta."
From Nov. 21: "The Little Minister" and "Random Harvest."
St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Nov. 17: "Greaser's Palace" and "Fellini Satyricon."
Nov. 18-20: "Theatre of Blood" and "The Boys in the Band."
From Nov. 21: "Paper Moon" and "A Separate Peace."
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 15: "Le Sex Shop" and "A New Leaf."
From Nov. 16: To be announced.
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Don Is Dead."
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Hurry Up, or I'll Be 30."
Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The French Conspiracy."
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Jonathan Livingston Seagull."
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Long Goodbye."
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Day for Night."
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The All-American Boy."
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Executive Action."
East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Nov. 15: "The Italian Connection."
From Nov. 16: "Some Call It Loving."
East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Nov. 20: "Heavy Traffic."
From Nov. 21: "Westworld."
Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Nov. 14: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 15: "A Touch of Class."
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Mean Streets."
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Nov. 17: "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From Nov. 18: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Nov. 14: "I. F. Stone's Weekly."
Nov. 15-21: "A Day at the Races" and "At the Circus."
From Nov. 22: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."
Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Paper Chase."
Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Nov. 17: "The Valachi Papers" and "Shamus."
From Nov. 18: "Breezy."
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"American Graffiti."
68th St. Playhouse. 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The French Conspiracy."
Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Way We Were."
72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 20: "A Doll's House."
From Nov. 21: "Paper Moon."
Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Nov. 20: "Scalawag."
From Nov. 21: "That Darn Cat" and "Dumbo."
Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Nov. 20: "Mary Poppins" and "Now You See Him, Now You Don't."
From Nov. 21: "Westworld."
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 20: "Billy Jack."
From Nov. 21: To be announced.
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Don Is Dead."
Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Way We Were."
Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Nov. 20: "Charley Varrick."
From Nov. 21: "Ash Wednesday."
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Hurry Up, or I'll Be 30."
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Nov. 20: "The Italian Connection."
From Nov. 21: "Battle of the Amazons."
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Five on the Black Hand Side."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Grande Bouffe."
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 15: "The Inheritor."
From Nov. 16: "Jeremy."
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 15: "The Householder."
Nov. 16-17: "Shakespeare Wallah."
Nov. 18-19: "The Guru."
Nov. 20: "Bombay Talkie."
From Nov. 21: "Sambizanga."
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Merchant of Four Seasons."
Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 20 at one or another of the theatres: "City Lights" and "Traffic"/"Midnight Cowboy" and "Where's Poppa?"/"Billy Jack" and "Cisco Pike"/"The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Heat."
From Nov. 21: To be announced.
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 17: "The Maltese Falcon" and "Casablanca."
Nov. 18-19: "The Big Sleep" and "To Have and Have Not."
Nov. 20: "The Confession" and "Z."
From Nov. 21: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"
23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 20: "Le Sex Shop" and "The War Between Men and Women."
From Nov. 21: "A Touch of Class" and another feature, to be announced.
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Nov. 14: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 15: "The Optimists."
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Robin Hood."
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Don Quixote."
Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Triple Echo."
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The New Land."
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Nov. 15: "The Passion of Anna" and "Shame."
Nov. 16-18: "The Clowns" and "King of Hearts."
Nov. 19-20: "The Damned" and "Night and Fog."
Nov. 21-22: "Boris Godunov" and "The Threepenny Opera."
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Nov. 17: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From Nov. 18: "England Made Me."
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Nov. 20: "Dillinger" and "Bloody Mama."
From Nov. 21: "The Big Sleep" and "To Have and Have Not."
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 15: "Sleuth" and "The Heartbreak Kid."
From Nov. 16: "Jeremy."
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 20: "Show Boat" and "Bitter Sweet."
From Nov. 21: To be announced.
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 20: "Camelot."
From Nov. 21: "Paper Moon" and "Let's Scare Jessica to Death."
Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Nov. 20: "Gordon's War" and "Trouble Man."
From Nov. 21: To be announced.
Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Nov. 20: "Mary Poppins" and "Now You See Him, Now You Don't."
From Nov. 21: "That Darn Cat" and "Dumbo."
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Nov. 14: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
Nov. 15-21: "The Spider's Stratagem" and "Before the Revolution."
From Nov. 22: "A Clockwork Orange" and "THX 1138."
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 20: "Scalawag" and "Save the Tiger."
From Nov. 21: "West Side Story" and "Around the World in 80 Days."
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 20: "The Emigrants" and "Negatives."
From Nov. 21: "A Touch of Class" and "The Hero."
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 20: "Visions of Eight" and "Traffic."
From Nov. 21: To be announced.

Note: A few specialist film houses—**the thousand eyes,** 425 W. 43rd. (541-5282): Postwar Westerns. Daily except Wednesdays starting at six, sometimes at two. . . . **film forum,** 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes.* At 8, Fridays through Sundays. . . . **pagoda,** 11 East Boardway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The All-American Boy—The only movie on record in which you can watch boxers working out in a gym while you hear a Gregorian chant. This movie was on the shelf for a few years and has been taken down by mistake. It stars Jon Voight, looking very puffy, and it was written and directed by Charles Eastman. (Baronet.)

The American Film Theatre—The second presentation in this by-subscription-only series will be Harold Pinter's "The Homecoming," with Cyril Cusack, Ian Holm, Michael Jayston, Vivien Merchant, Terence Rigby, and Paul Rogers, directed by Peter Hall. The film will be shown on Nov. 14, at 2 and 8, at the Ciné Malibu, Guild, and New Yorker. For information, call 489-8820.

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Beekman.)

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—Mike Todd's Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. Featuring David Niven, the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, Shirley MacLaine, and an all-star cast of fifty-seven. Directed by Michael Anderson. (Symphony; starting Nov. 21.)

Ash Wednesday—With Elizabeth Taylor and Helmut Berger, directed by Larry Peerce. (Loews Ciné; starting Nov. 21.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (First Avenue Screening Room; Nov. 15-21.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher,

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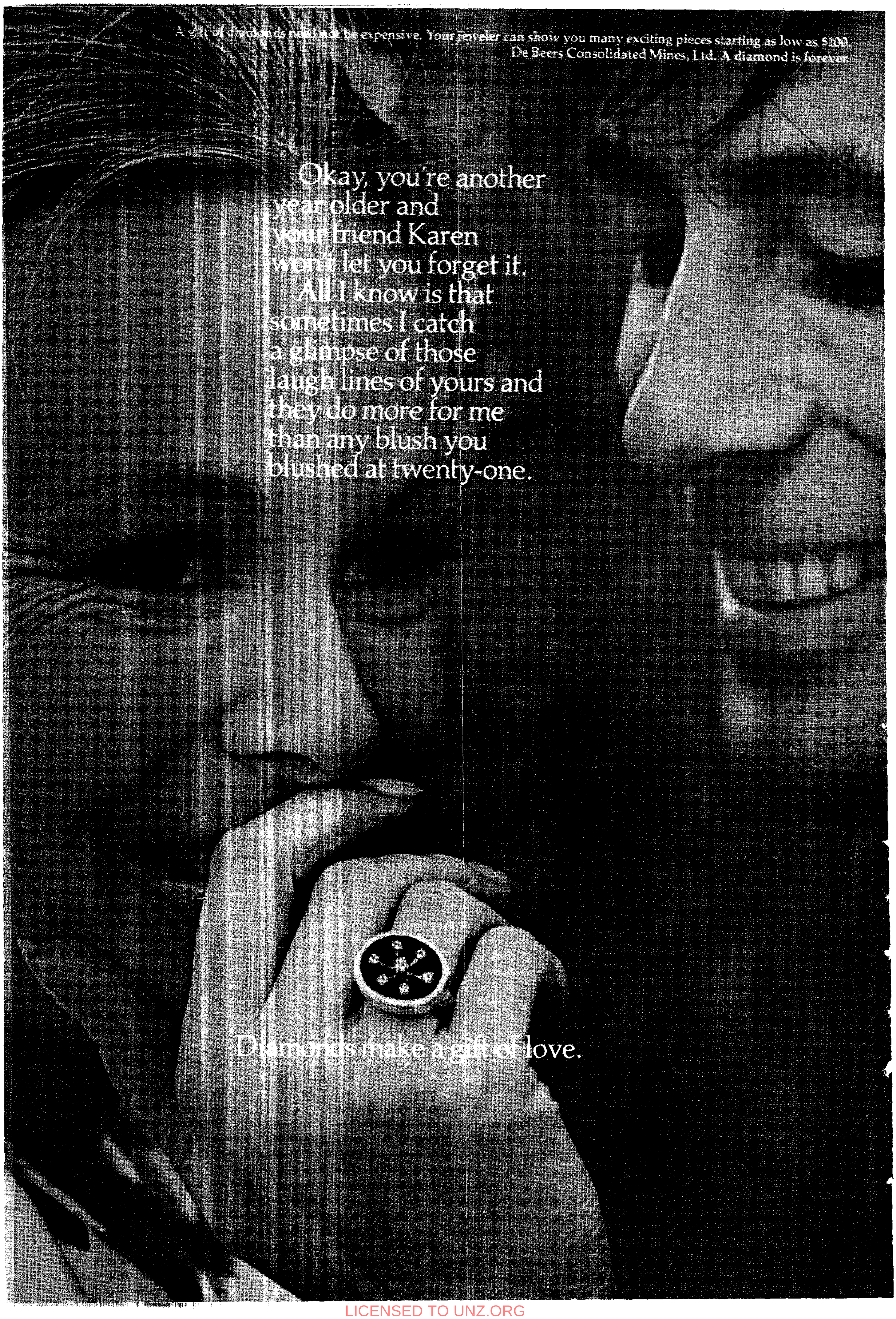

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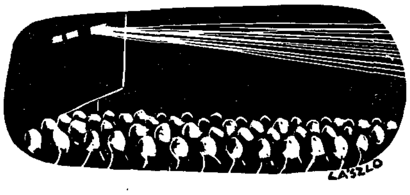
Okay, you're another
year older and
your friend Karen
won't let you forget it.
All I know is that
sometimes I catch
a glimpse of those
laugh lines of yours and
they do more for me
than any blush you
blushed at twenty-one.



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and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Cinema II; through Nov. 17.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (New Yorker; Nov. 15-21.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Elgin; Nov. 18-19. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting Nov. 21.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

Bitter Sweet (1940)—The songs are by Noël Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again," but not everyone has the stomach to see the overgrown kitten Jeanette MacDonald and the dim, stalwart Nelson Eddy again. By no means the worst of their love-duet films, but not one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes George Sanders. (Regency; through Nov. 20.)

Bloody Mama (1970)—Shelley Winters as incestuous Ma Barker, whose monstrous moronic brood includes a killer (Don Stroud), an addict (Robert De Niro), an alcoholic (Clint Kimbrough), and a masochistic homosexual (Robert Walden). Robert Thom wrote and Roger Corman directed. With Pat Hingle, Bruce Dern, and Diane Varsi. (Paramount; through Nov. 20.)

Bombay Talkie (1970)—James Ivory's new film is about a bored English woman novelist (Jennifer Kendal) who destroys the life of a young Indian film star (Shashi Kapoor). Ivory's attempt to use the clichés of early Hollywood melodramas for an ironic effect doesn't work out, but the film is full of fine marginal details—a guru showing his followers color slides of his conquest of Los Angeles, the preparations for a musical film, with plump-bottomed Indian girls dancing on giant typewriter keys. (5th Ave. Cinema; Nov. 20.)

Boris Godunov (1955)—Elaborate, faithful recreation of the Moussorgsky-Pushkin opera. A. Pirogov is Boris. Directed by V. Stroyeva. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 21-22.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 18-20.)

Breezy—With William Holden and Kay Lenz, directed by Clint Eastwood. (Columbia II; starting Nov. 18.)

Camelot (1967)—One of Hollywood's colossal financial disasters. The film of the Lerner-and-Loewe musical (from T. H. White's "The Once and Future King") got so expensively big that it went out of control; the sets and people and costumes seem to be sitting there on the screen, waiting for the unifying magic that never happens. The picture wavers in tone, and it's hard to guess what the director, Joshua Logan, was aiming at, but it does have goodies and oddities tucked in among the elaborate mistakes. Richard Harris's King Arthur is eccentric and unfathomable in the first half, but he achieves some powerful moments later on; Vanessa Redgrave, flying high—sometimes lyrically, sometimes satirically—is a puzzling yet spectacular Guenevere. With David Hemmings as Mordred, Franco Nero as Lancelot, Laurence Naismith as Merlyn, and Estelle Winwood and Lionel Jeffries. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 20.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Elgin; through Nov. 17.)

Charley Varrick—Walter Matthau as a wily bank robber who outsmarts the police and the Mafia, too. Unpleasant, noisy, brutal, and with sentimental flourishes. Don Siegel directed. (Loews Ciné; through Nov. 20.)

Cisco Pike (1972)—With Gene Hackman, Karen Black, and Kris Kristofferson; directed by Bill L. Norton. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 22.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 16-18.)

The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 20.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 19-20.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (First Avenue Screening Room; Nov. 15-21.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Dillinger—John Milius wrote and directed this story of the robber of Depression days. Warren Oates is the gunman, playing him with a crooked charm and a smile that seems fixed by Novocain; Ben Johnson (of "The Last Picture Show") is Melvin Purvis, an F.B.I. man played with style and power. Purvis shares many of Dillinger's characteristics and self-made rules, including his chosen autonomy, his admiration of braggadocio, and his grim, gleeful way of handling luxe. The long-time enemies were both a form of dandy; the film catches this well, though comparisons with "Bonnie and Clyde" make it pall. Dillinger's gun moll, Billie, is played with tomboy spunk by Michelle Phillips. (Paramount; through Nov. 20.)

A Doll's House—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (72nd Street East; through Nov. 20.)

The Don Is Dead—With Anthony Quinn, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Gramercy, and U.A. East.)

Don Quixote—The Petipa ballet to the music of Minkus, staged by and starring Rudolf Nureyev, with Robert Helpmann as the Don and with dancers of the Australian Ballet. It has the cushioned impact of all ballets filmed in studios, and its air of unreality may make you drowsy, but Nureyev, aided by the multiple takes that this process makes possible, disports himself with inhuman zest, and the bewitching Marilyn Rowe appears in two of the featured roles. (Festival.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Nov. 22.)

Dumbo (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Small children react with terror when Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated from him. (Juliet 1, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Nov. 21.)

The Emigrants (1971)—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film: Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Thalia; through Nov. 20.)

England Made Me—Very slight, but it has a hushed, becalmed quality that is pleasing. Adapted from a Graham Greene novel published in 1935, this movie is about an amiable, giddy young Englishman (Michael York)—a schoolboy at heart—at loose in Nazi Germany. Hildegard Neil plays his sister, the mistress of a humorless swindler-financier (Peter Finch), and Michael Hordern turns up as a mildewed old newspaperman. Understated and rarefied, the movie often seems more Noël Coward than Graham Greene, but that's partly because Greene in 1935 wasn't yet quite Greene. It's far from great and far from original, but it's not bad, and York gives one of his best performances. Peter Duffell directed. (Paris; starting Nov. 18.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Elgin; starting Nov. 21.)

Executive Action—With Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer, directed by David Miller. (Coronet.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 17.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The French Conspiracy—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Jean Seberg, directed by Yves Boisset. In French. (Eastside Cinema, and 68th St. Playhouse.)

Gordon's War—With Paul Winfield, directed by Ossie Davis. (Beacon; through Nov. 20.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Waverly.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—The passion of Johann Strauss according to M-G-M. Fernand Gravet—talented enough in French films—seems horror-stricken and depressed as Strauss, and Luise Rainer as his sniffling, suffering wife, and the singer Miliza Korjus as the other woman are not exactly cures for melancholia. A big, overdressed bore, directed by Julien Duvivier, with musical arrangements by Dimitri Tiomkin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 18-20.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. None of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 17.)

The Guru (1969)—With Rita Tushingham and Michael York, directed by James Ivory. (5th Ave. Cinema; Nov. 18-19.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) *three days after the wedding.* From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 15.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

Heavy Traffic—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," *wrote and directed this out-*rageous and sombre full-length cartoon about lives in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The sound track of the drawn sections of the semi-realistic film is an innovation, with dialogue spoken, muttered, and yelled by unseen people who are audibly in motion and acting whatever their cartoon selves are doing. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (East 59th Street II; through Nov. 20.)

The Hero—Directed by, and with, Richard Harris. (Thalia; starting Nov. 21.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Nov. 22.)

The Householder (1963)—A romantic comedy about a college professor and his bride, with a special flavor because, although the language is spoken in English, the young couple are Indian. With Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. James Ivory directed, in India. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Nov. 15.)

The Hurricane (1937)—Handsome and exciting adventure film with some exteriors shot in Samoa, directed by John Ford; the tall-story corn seems to enhance this particular movie. Dorothy Lamour, in her sarong singing "Moon of Manakoora," is the native girl, and chesty Jon Hall is her sweetheart, who is unjustly sentenced to prison by a vicious European governor (Raymond Massey). With Mary Astor, Thomas Mitchell, Jerome Cowan, John Carradine, and C. Aubrey Smith. The hurricane itself is a knockout. Dudley Nichols did the screenplay, from a Nordhoff and Hall novel; Samuel Goldwyn produced, lavishly. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 17.)

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Hurry Up, or I'll Be 30—With John Lefkowitz *and Linda DeCoff, directed by Joseph Jacoby.* (34th St. East, and 86th St. East.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly—A documentary on the journalist, directed by Jerry Bruck, Jr. (First Avenue Screening Room; Nov. 14.)

The Inheritor—There's so much going on in this talky French thriller—flashbacks and cross-cutting, plus gadgetry and split-second cityscapes—that you're never allowed any peace. It's a traffic jam of a movie. The director, Philippe Labro, has flash and expertise, but the story (centering on Jean-Paul Belmondo as the inheritor of steel factories and a weekly newsmagazine) is just a glamour fantasy, synthesized from the Bond pictures and the Costa-Gavras political melodramas. It's more exhausting than entertaining. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 15.)

The italian Connection—With Henry Silva and Woody Strode, directed by Fernando Di Leo. (East 59th Street I; through Nov. 15.... ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Nov. 20.)

Jeremy—Softhearted love film about two peculiarly old-seeming teen-age lovers played, very respectfully, by Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor. The film somehow submits to us a heavy feeling of love in a geriatric ward. Written and directed by Arthur Barron. (8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 16.)

Jonathan Livingston Seagull—Based on the Richard Bach novel, directed by Hall Bartlett. (Sutton.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuted village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 16-18.)

Let's Scare Jessica to Death (1971)—Poor thriller, helped by the performance of Zohra Lampert. Directed by John Hancock. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 21.)

The Little Minister (1934)—This R.K.O. picture was one of the movies that helped make Katharine Hepburn box-office poison in the mid-thirties. Five writers are credited with James M. Barrie material (which probably *means that at least twenty-five worked on it*), and there's no consistency to the results, but for about a third of the picture Hepburn pretends to be a wild gypsy girl, and she's enchanting in this section. The rest is barely tolerable. Richard Wallace directed, and John Beal is the hero. With Donald Crisp, Andy Clyde, and Beryl Mercer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 21.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. A movie about the city that made the movies and was made by them, it's probably the best American movie ever filmed that almost didn't open in New York. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economical—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Elgin; through Nov. 17.)

Marjoe (1972)—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and humor. (Art; through Nov. 20.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Juliet 2, and Loews 83rd St.; through Nov. 20.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel *steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel* as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (Cinema I.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons—With Irm Hermann, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Greenwich.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life," it's beyond camp, it's in a realm of its own. With Elsa Lanchester and Frank Morgan. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 18-20.)

Negatives (1968)—Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento, and Glenda Jackson in a well-acted first film directed by Peter Medak. Medak was born in Hungary in 1937 and left for England during the 1956 uprising; he has gone on to make "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg." (Thalia; through Nov. 20.)

The New Land—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seemed as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder *it all; the* viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (Little Carnegie.)

A New Leaf (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Cinema Village; through Nov. 15.)

Night and Fog (1955)—The great and harrowing documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 19-20.)

Now You See Him, Now You Don't (1972)—From the Disney studios, with Kurt Russell. Directed by Robert Butler. (Juliet 2, and Loews 83rd St.; through Nov. 20.)

The Optimists—With Peter Sellers, directed by Anthony Simmons. (Guild; starting Nov. 15.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (Columbia I.)

Paper Moon—*Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet* story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who sells to new widows Bibles that have been quickly "personalized" in gold on the covers, and an eleven-year-old tomboy played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (St. Marks

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Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 21.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Nov. 15.)

The Quiet Man (1952)—One of John Ford's most popular films—but fearfully Irish and green and hearty. John Wayne plays an American who returns to Ireland and courts a fiery beauty, Maureen O'Hara. In the best scene, after they break down their wedding bed, Barry Fitzgerald comes in and says something indecipherable that sounds like "positively Homeric." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 17.)

Random Harvest (1942)—The only reason to see this hunk of twaddle about an amnesiac (Ronald Colman) and his ever-loving wife (Greer Garson, at her stickiest) is the better to savor the memory of the Carol Burnett-Harvey Korman parody, which also was shorter. Mervyn LeRoy, who directed many a big clinker, also gets the blame for this one; it's taken from a James Hilton novel, and M-G-M gave it the full false-English treatment. The cast includes Philip Dorn, Susan Peters, Reginald Owen, Edmund Gwenn, Margaret Wycherly, Peter Lawford, Henry Daniell, Una O'Connor, Jill Esmond, Ian Wolfe, and Bramwell Fletcher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 21.)

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Music Hall.)

Sambizanga—Directed by Sarah Maldoror. In Portuguese. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Nov. 21.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, apparently assumes that he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Symphony; through Nov. 20.)

Scalawag—Directed by, and with, Kirk Douglas. (Juliet 1, and Symphony; through Nov. 20.)

A Separate Peace (1972)—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think that conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 21.)

Le Sex Shop—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (Cinema Village; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A bittersweet tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with an excellent cast of English and Indian actors. (5th Ave. Cinema; Nov. 16-17.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Nov. 15.)

Shamus—With Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Columbia II; through Nov. 17.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Regency; through Nov. 20.)

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Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 15.)

Some Call It Loving—With Zalman King and Carol White, directed by James B. Harris. (East 59th Street I; starting Nov. 16.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father, whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (New Yorker; Nov. 15-21.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—With Joanne Woodward, Martin Balsam, and Sylvia Sidney, directed by Gilbert Cates. (Plaza.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Paris; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting Nov. 18.)

That Darn Cat (1965)—From the Disney studios, with Hayley Mills and Dean Jones, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Juliet 1, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Nov. 21.)

Theatre of Blood—Vincent Price as a Donald Wolfitish actor taking a comically dastardly revenge on critics. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 18-20.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 21-22.)

THX 1138 (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 22.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Elgin; Nov. 18-19. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting Nov. 21.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's muddled throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. The girl here is prototypical Woman as seen by the Male Chauvinist Pig—brainy, too alert, de-manning—and the man in the film is the women's lib prototypical Man: expecting working women to do their jobs without talking about them and to get on with the cooking. Mild, muddled fun; interesting thesis material. (Ciné Malibu; starting Nov. 15. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema, and Thalia; starting Nov. 21.)

Traffic—M. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new and rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (Quad Cinema, and Midtown; through Nov. 20.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Art; through Nov. 20.)

Triple Echo—With Glenda Jackson and Oliver Reed, directed by Michael Apted. (Playboy.)

Trouble Man (1972)—With Robert Hooks and Paul Winfield, directed by Ivan Dixon. (Beacon; through Nov. 20.)

The Valachi Papers (1972)—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (Columbia II; through Nov. 17.)

Visions of Eight—The Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleghar, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight films that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (Midtown; through Nov. 20.)

The War Between Men and Women (1972)—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand as a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right and Robert Redford as a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but it's enjoyable the rest of the time. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

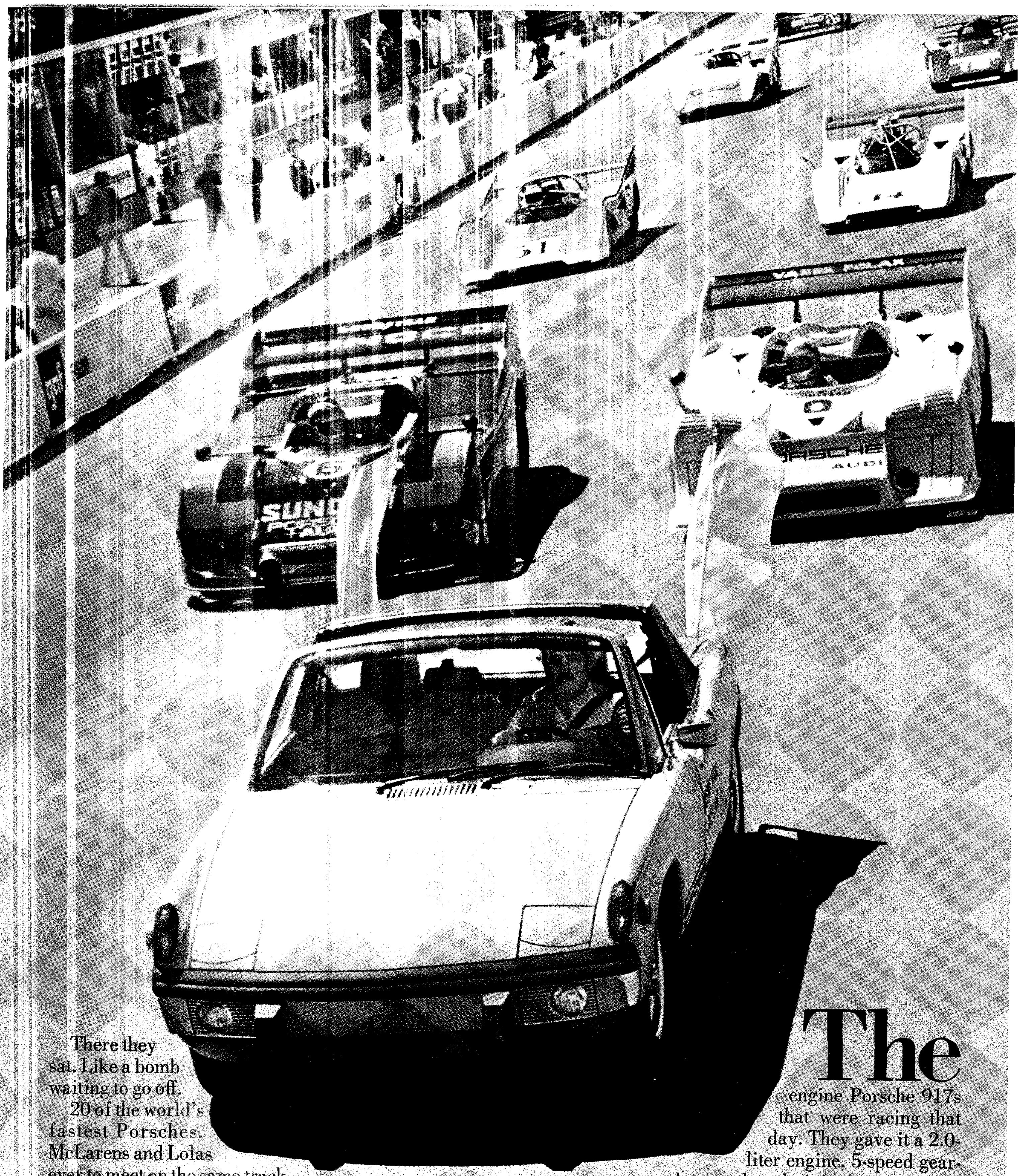
West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Symphony; starting Nov. 21.)

Westworld—With Yul Brynner, Richard Benjamin, and James Brolin, directed by Michael Crichton from his own story. (Art, East 59th Street II, and Juliet 2; starting Nov. 21.)

What's Up, Tiger Lily? (1966)—Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (Elgin; starting Nov. 21.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 20.)



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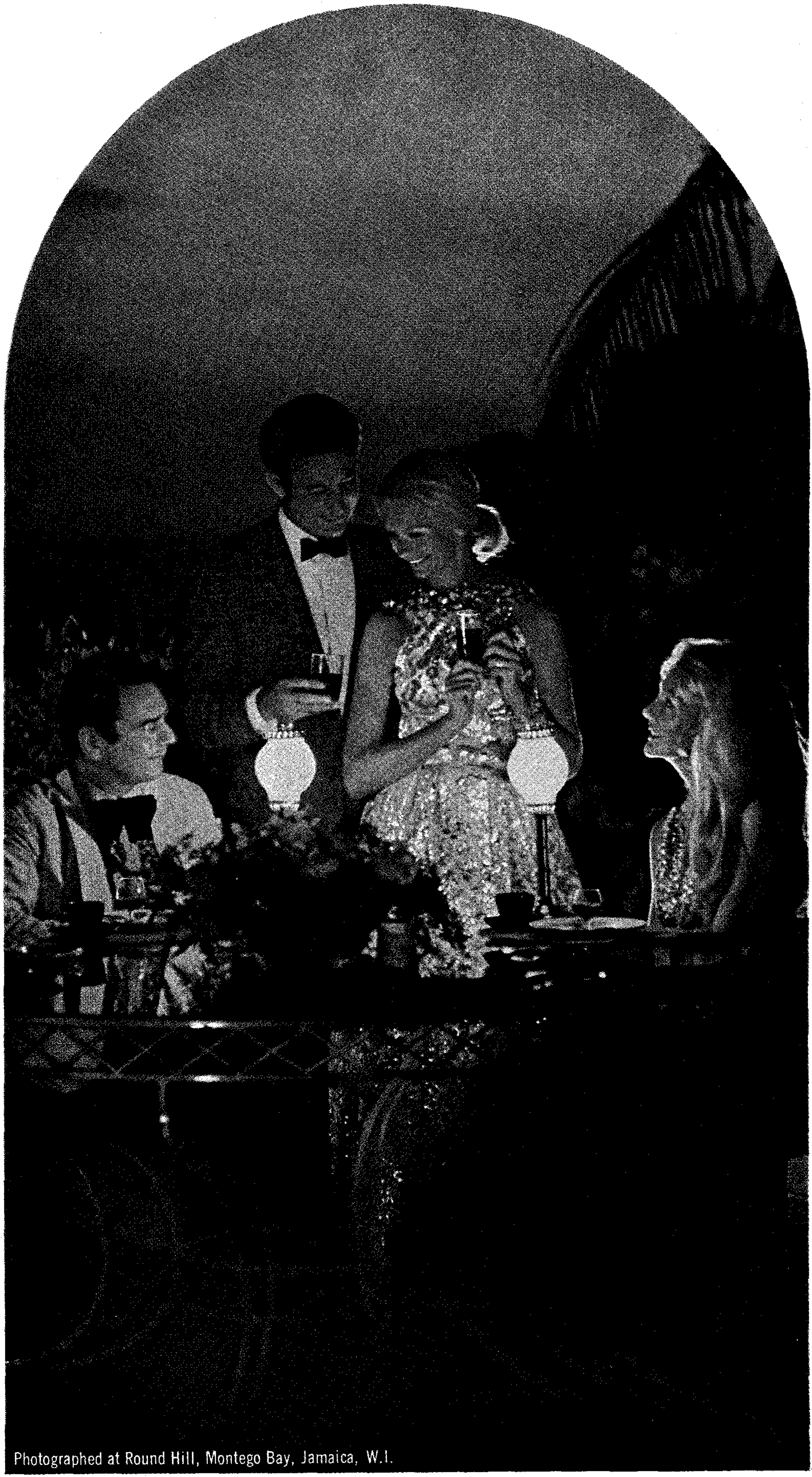

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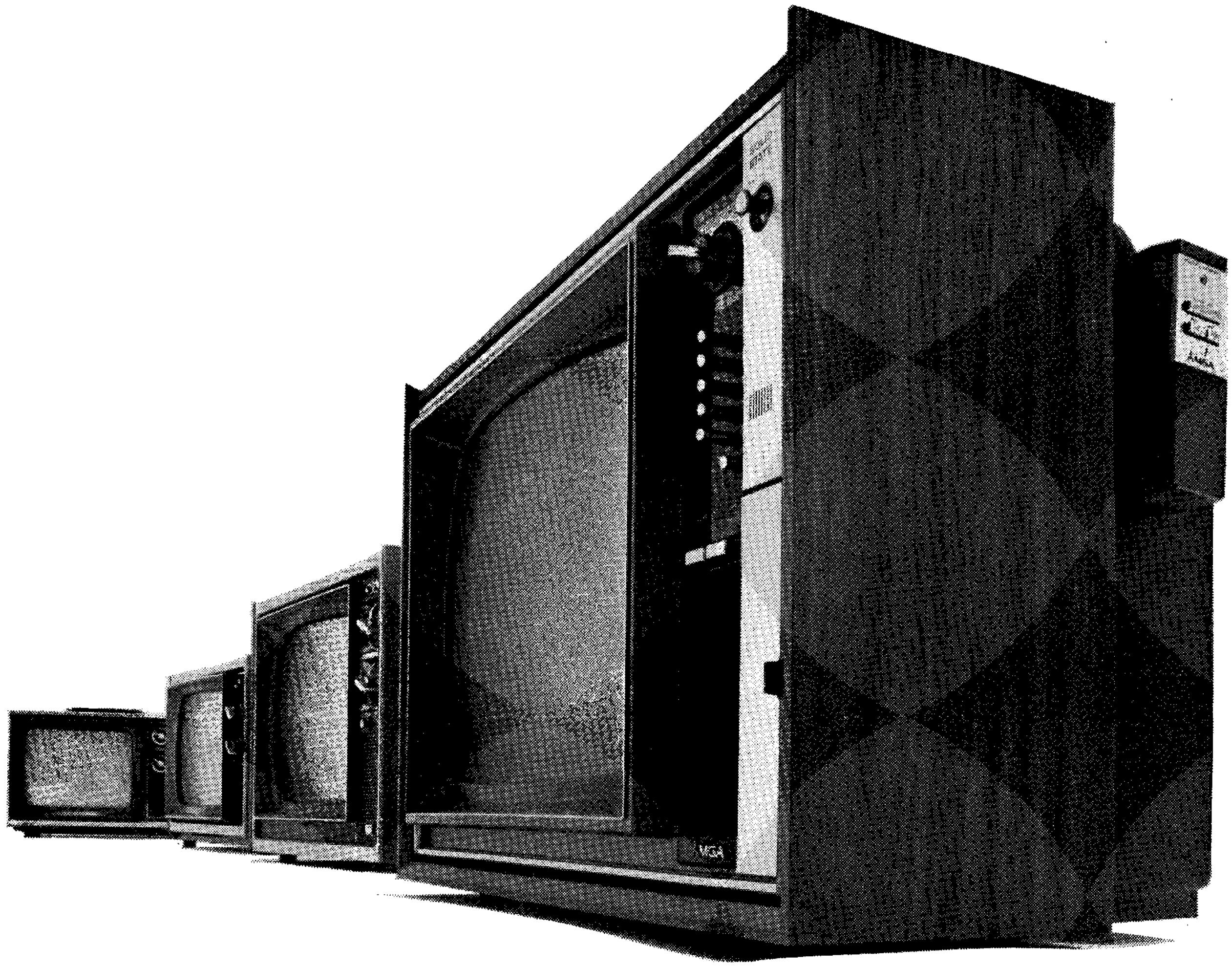

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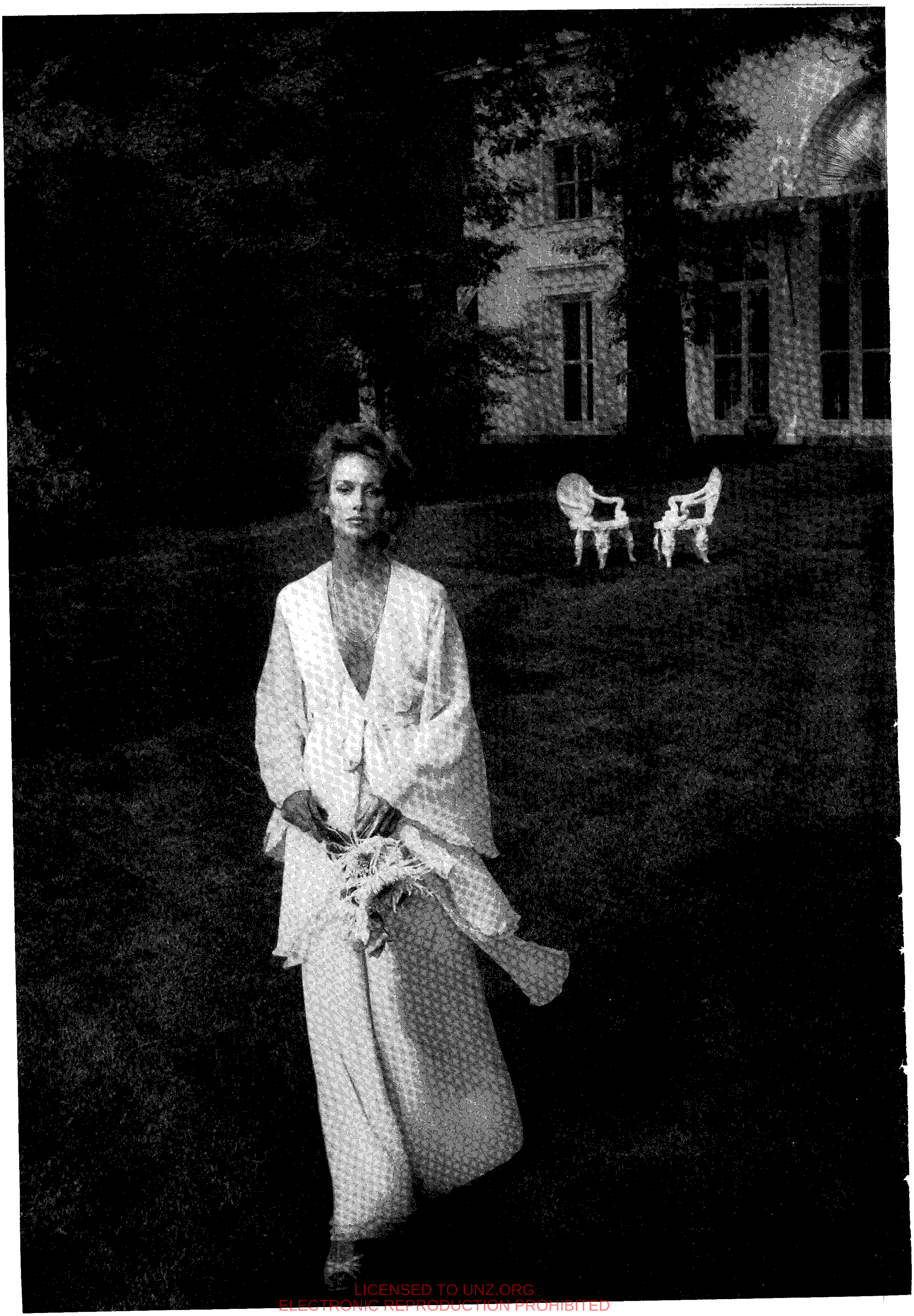

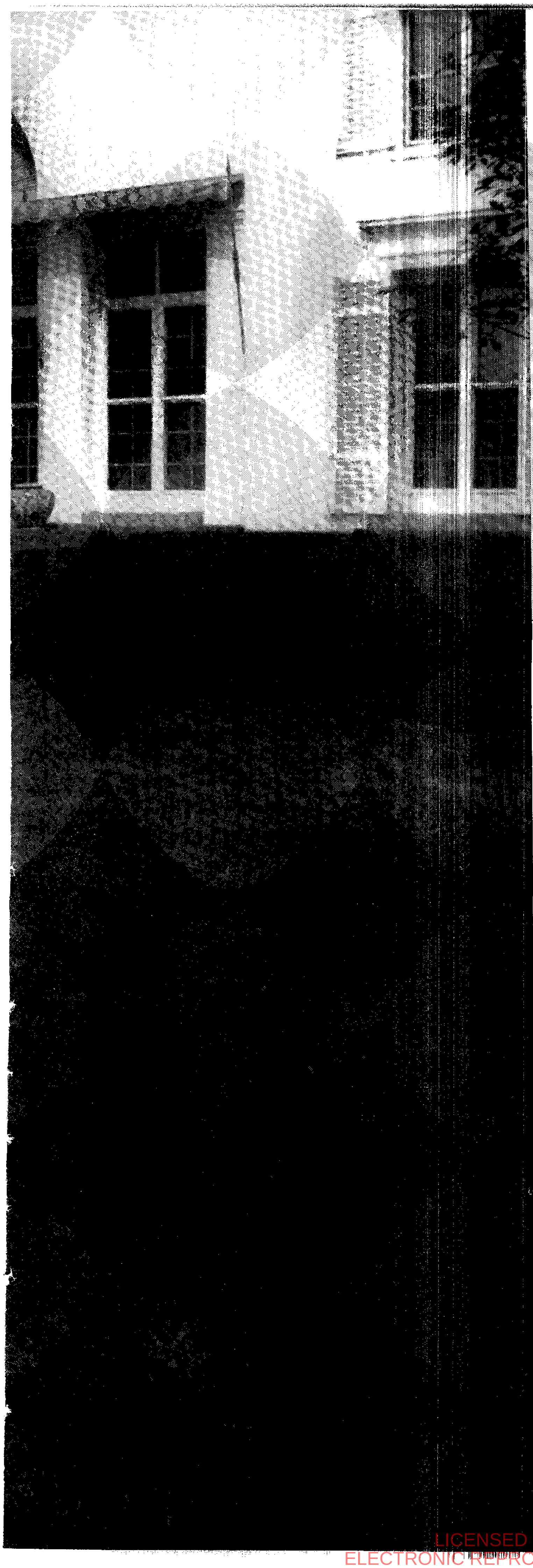

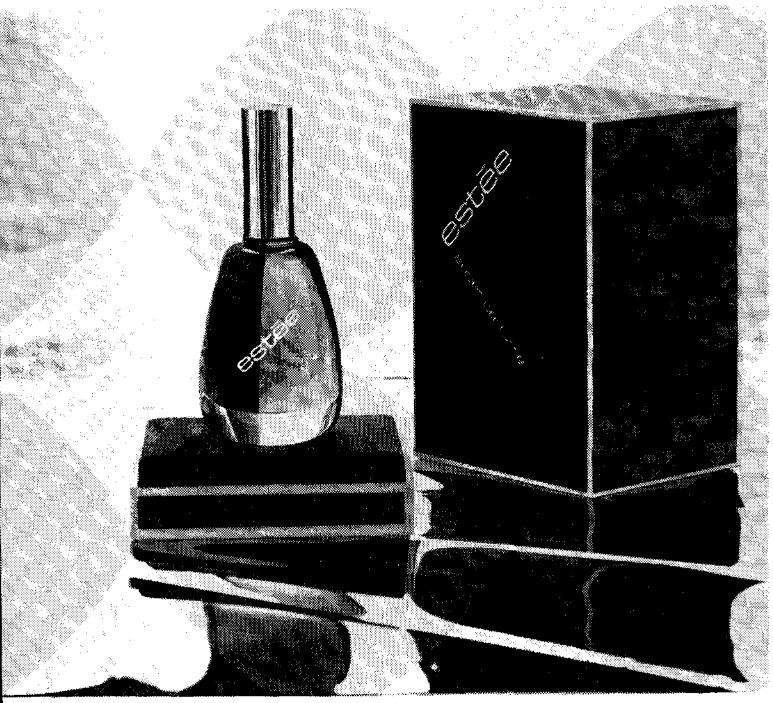

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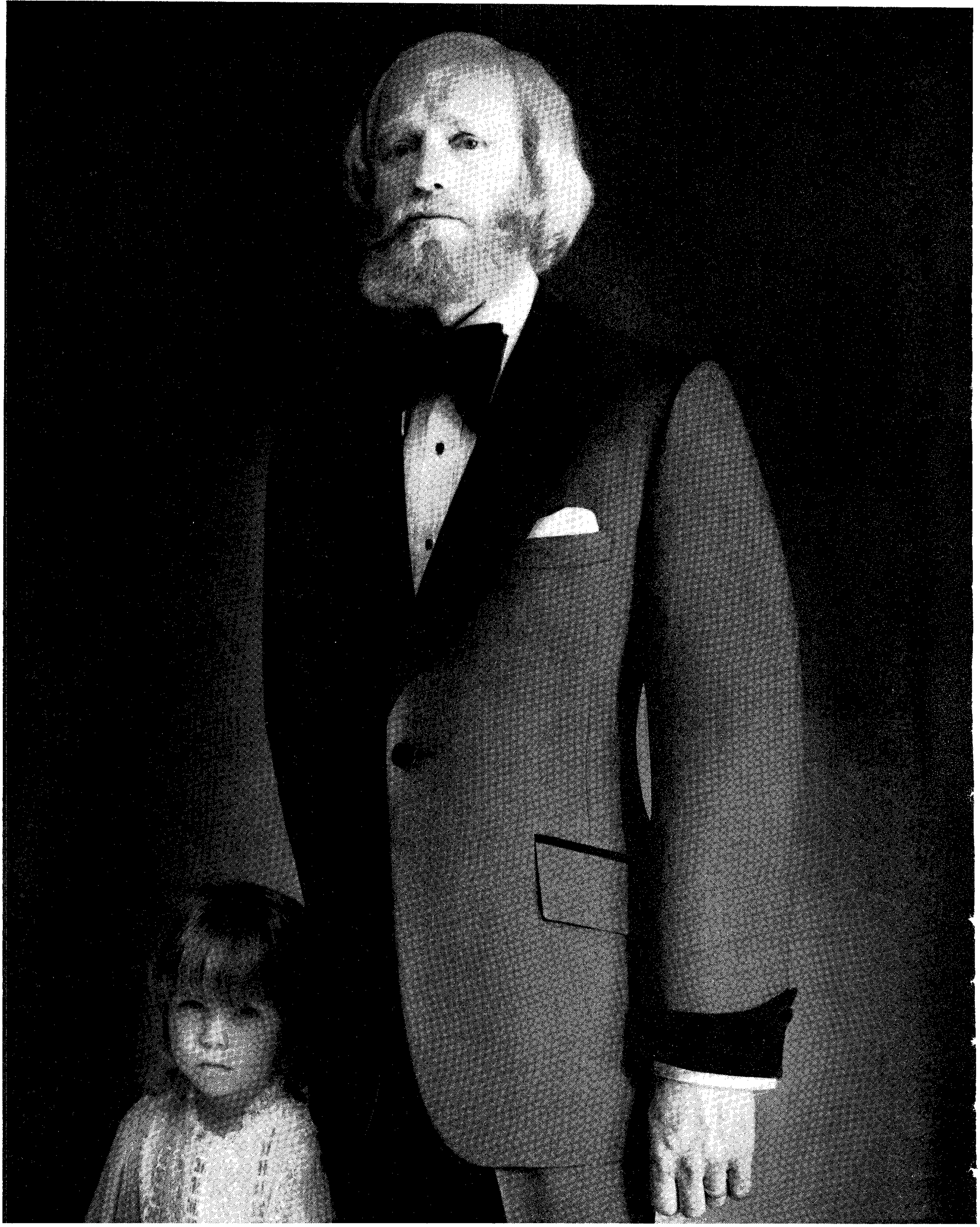

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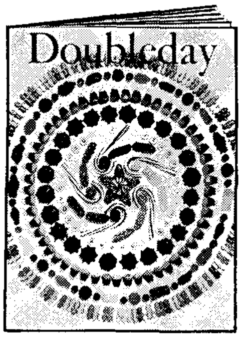

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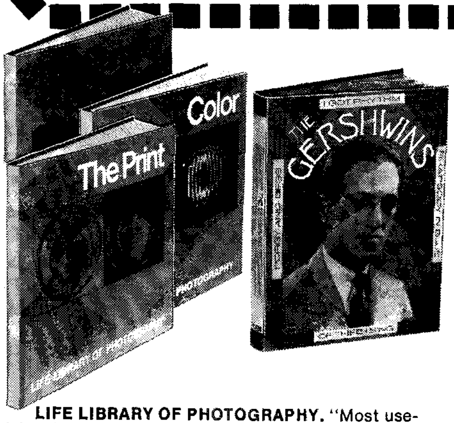
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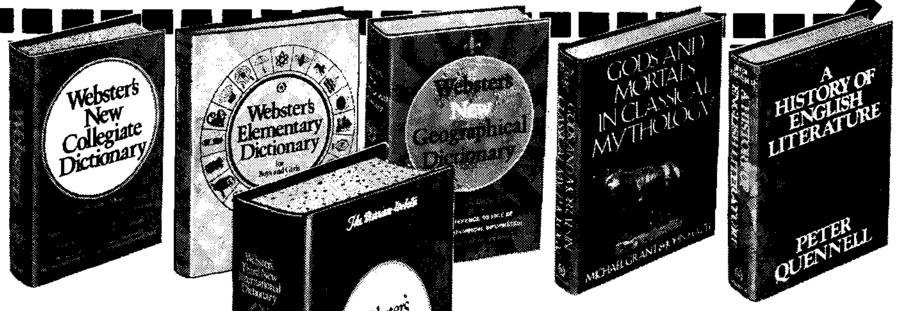
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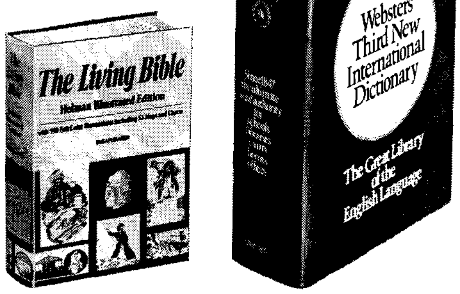
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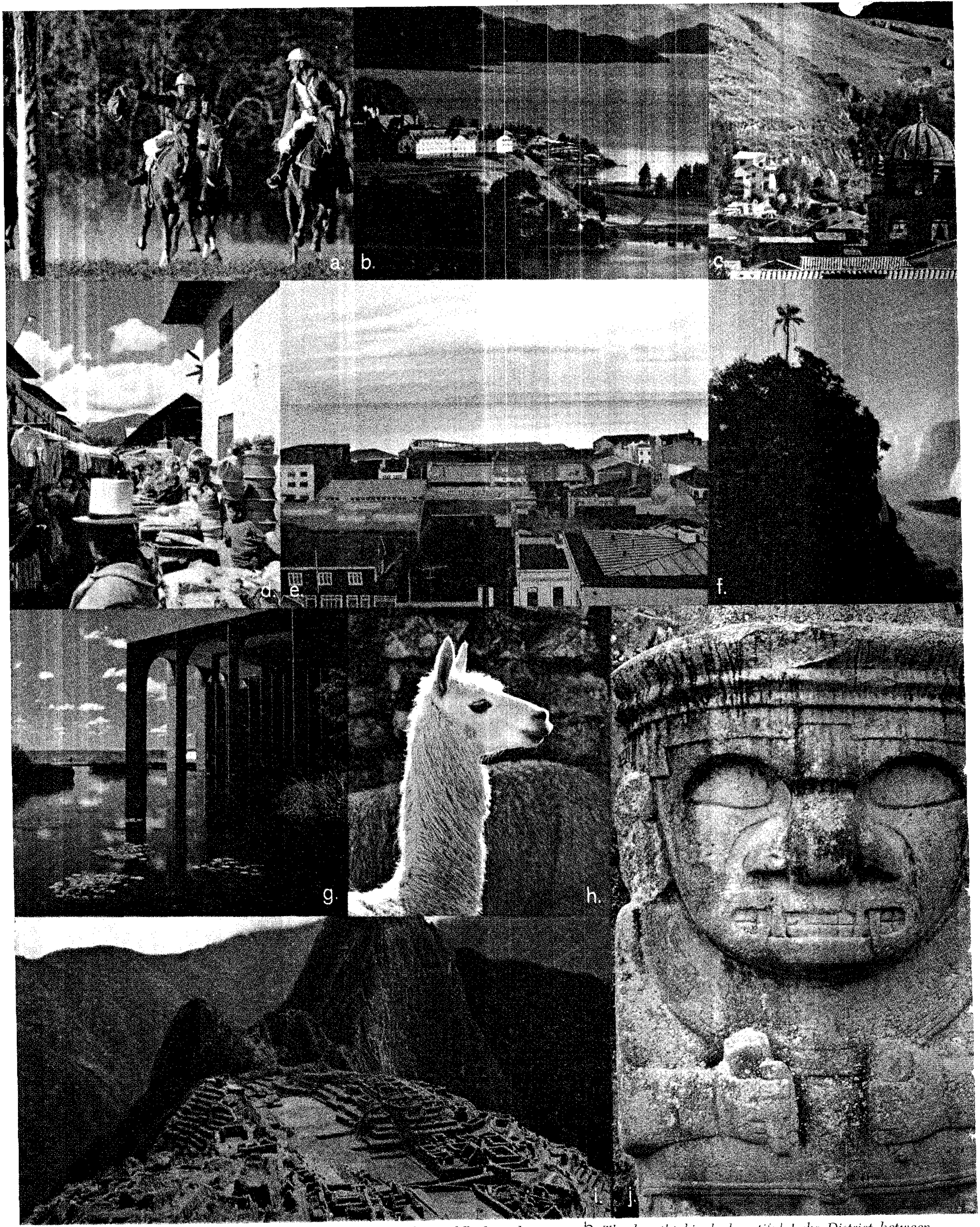

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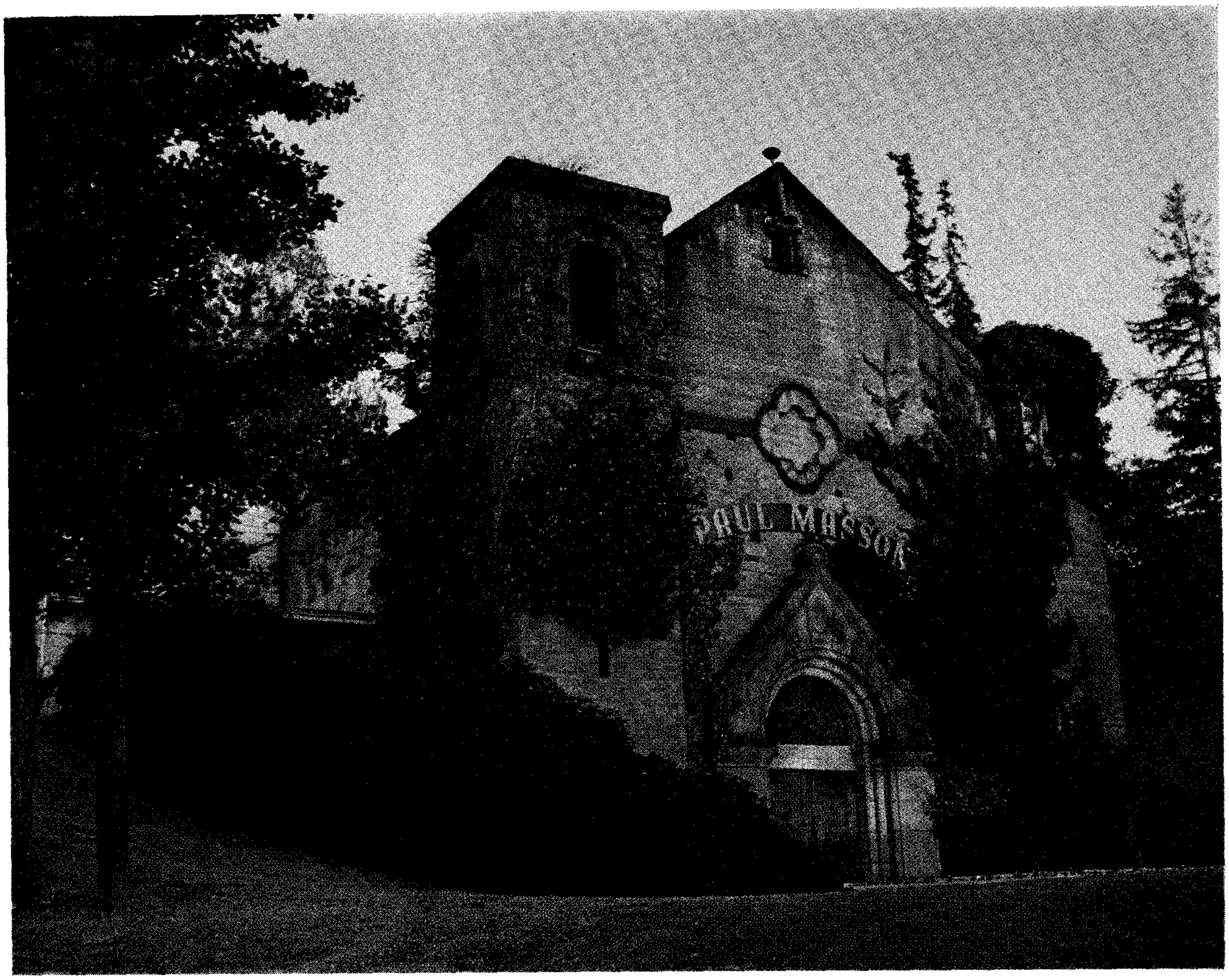
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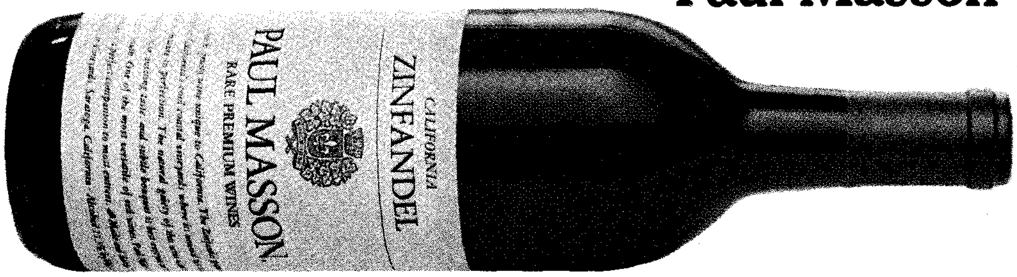
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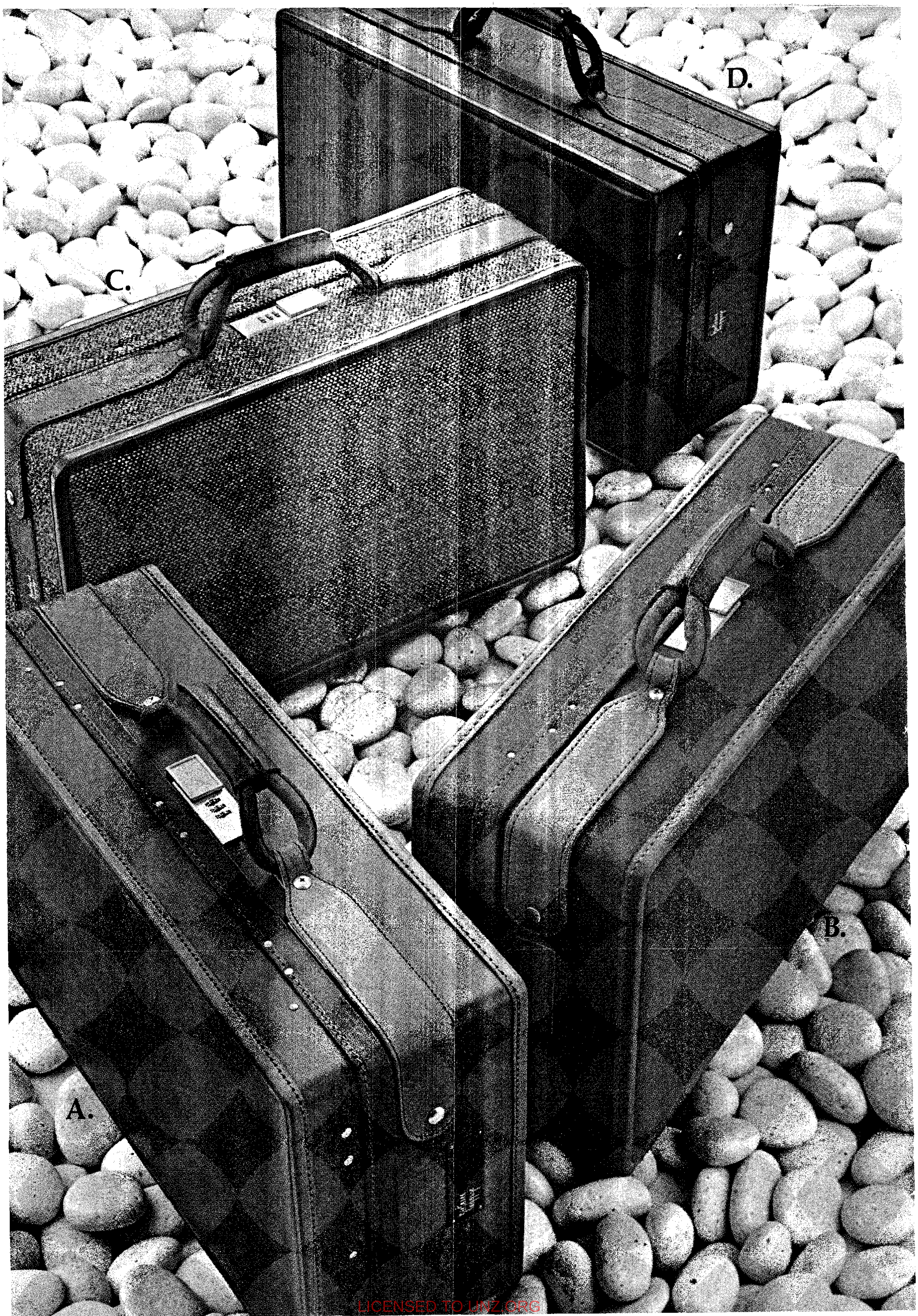
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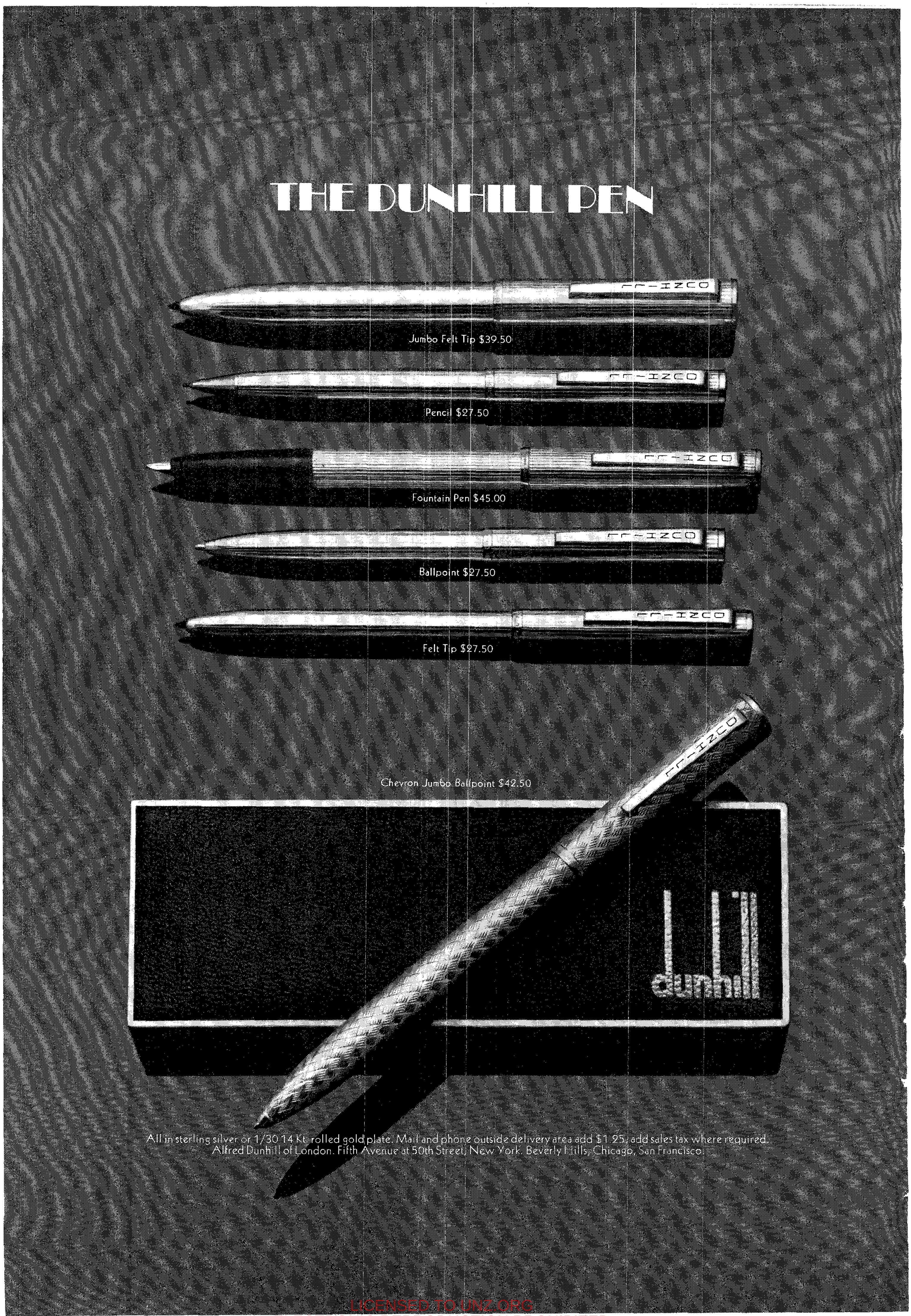
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

“WHEN Lyndon Johnson first got in, people used to say, ‘He’s a real wheeler-dealer,’ ” Alf Landon remarked to an interviewer in 1967, about the time the voters who had given Johnson the greatest victory in Presidential history began to desert him. “Now they say, ‘He’s nothing but a wheeler-dealer.’ ” The point Landon was making was that the President of the United States needs not just the people’s votes but their trust—a fund of respect or admiration or affection which he can draw on in troubled times. Lyndon Johnson, for all his talents and accomplishments, did not have that trust. What the public perceived as his greatest asset—his ability to get things done by persuasion and trade-off and the legendary hand on the elbow—was transformed into a liability as soon as he found himself in trouble. The moment those polls he used to like to carry around in his pocket began to reflect disenchantment with his policies, his support drained away. We were reminded of Landon’s remark last week when Elliot Richardson and William Ruckelshaus said in television interviews—almost simultaneously, as it happened—that an important task facing Richard Nixon now is the task of restoring confidence in his Presidency. Nixon, we fear, cannot restore confidence. He lacks the trust of the people not just because of what has happened during the past year but because he did not truly have their trust in the first place. Like Johnson, he had only their votes. A candidate can win votes from people who feel that the nation’s interests are served by his policies or who feel that their own interests are served by his policies or who believe him to be an efficient administrator or who dislike him less than they dislike his opponent. Trust—which has to do with how voters see a candidate as a man rather than as a candidate—does not necessarily accompany votes, even if the number of votes constitutes a landslide. In order to restore confidence, Nixon would have to change not only the widely held belief that he participated in a coverup of the Watergate break-in but the widely held belief that he has always been capable of doing such a thing. The combination probably defies any President’s restorative powers. Nixon has given us the second demonstration in a row that the pragmatic approach to politics we hear so much about—the notion that what matters in a candidate who shares one’s political views is not what kind of man he is but how likely he is to defeat a candidate who does not share one’s political views—may not be so pragmatic after all.

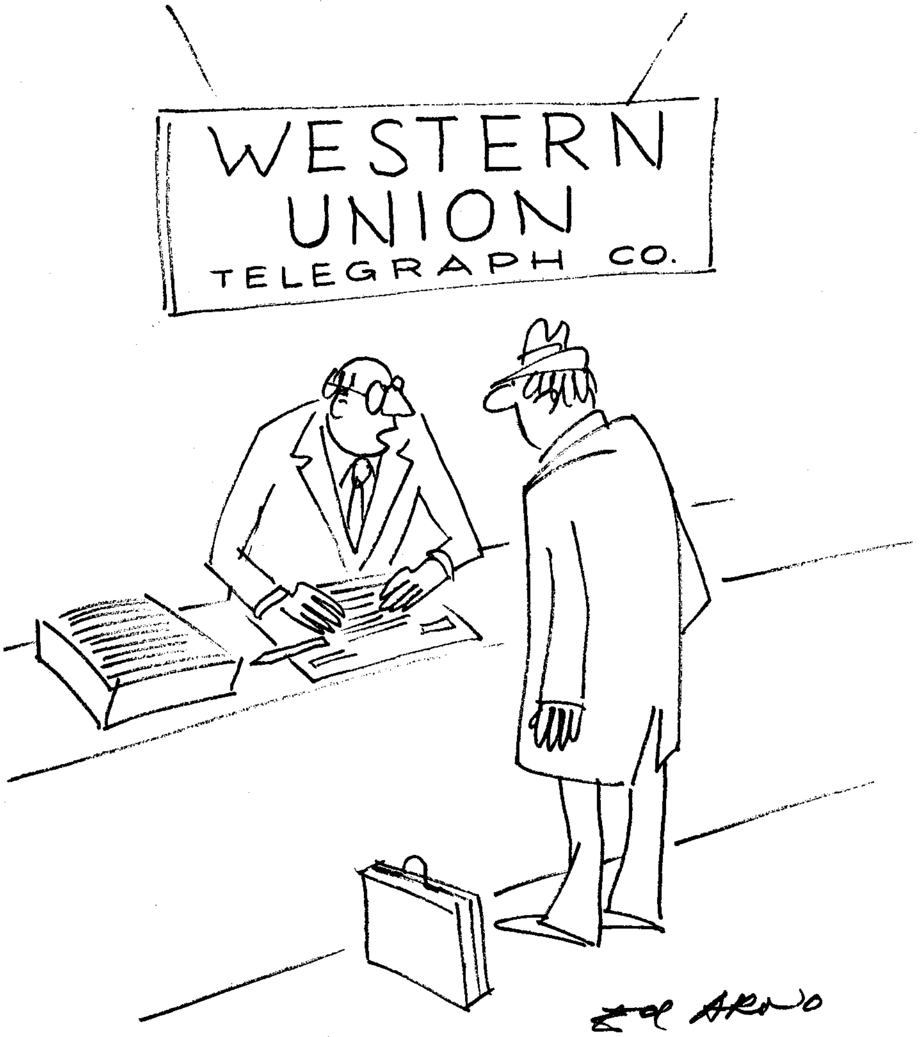
Farewell

ELEVEN-THIRTY Election Eve. A hail-and-farewell party for Mayor and Mrs. Lindsay organized by Skitch and Ruth Henderson was in full swing at Daly’s Daffodil, their cozy new bistro in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge. We arrived to find both Hendersons at the front door, greeting guests and telling them cheerfully that the Lindsays would probably not appear. “This party was organized to tell John and Mary how much we appreciate everything they’ve done for the city,” said Skitch Henderson. “We know the message will get through even if they don’t.” Ruth Henderson added that she had phoned Gracie Mansion to say that nobody would be upset if the Lindsays didn’t show up. “John is in a meeting trying to head off the firemen’s strike,” she said. “What are five hundred friends for if they don’t understand that a political crisis is more important than a social event?”

We paused inside the front door, faced with a rush-hour crowd of talkative people. The only way to move through the room was to elbow. There was quite a lot of elbowing going on. We received a sharp poke in the backbone as we fell into conversation with Donald Smith, a round-faced, tweedy public-relations man, who told us he could summarize the guest list. “Theatre, music, dance, television, publishing, and garment-district people,” he said. “No politicians, unless you count Betty Furness, but her husband works for C.B.S.”

We made our way to the bar, pausing to chat with Greta Keller, the Viennese singer (“Mayor Lindsay is an international personality. We value a man like that more in Europe than you do here”); Leo Lerman, the columnist (“I like Mr. Lindsay because he has such class, a rare commodity in New York”); and Michael Burke, the new president of Madison Square Garden (“Lindsay has a sense of style that is incomparable in public life. When he and I talked about relocating Yankee Stadium, he said, ‘If you’re prepared to stay, we’re prepared to help you.’ It was as simple as that”). We acquired a drink and moved on to a group that included Betty Furness, who is smaller and prettier than she appears on television but just as decisive. “You can be only as powerful in consumer affairs as your boss wants you to be,” said Miss Furness, “and John Lindsay backed both Bess Myerson and me to the hilt. My fondest memory of the job will be our remarkable 8 A.M. Cabinet meetings—they are invariably bright, intelligent, and full of humor. There’s a marvellous light touch that runs through the whole Lindsay administration. People take their work seriously but not themselves.”

At eleven-forty-five, Mayor Lindsay walked in the door and was engulfed by a crowd of well-wishers. As he moved through the room, shaking hands and making small talk, his press secretary, Tom Morgan, told us that the firemen’s-strike negotiations were heading for a calamity. We struggled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through the crowd toward the Mayor in time to hear someone ask him how he was feeling. "Tired," the Mayor replied, with a grin. "I didn't get much sleep last night, and I probably won't get any tonight. If things don't work out, we're going to have a very serious problem of public safety on our hands tomorrow morning."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Lindsay, wearing a long-sleeved, backless black evening dress, arrived with the Ben Grauers. Mrs. Grauer, who is Melanie Kahane, the decorator, told us that the three of them had come from a party for the opening of the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, at Lincoln Center. "The Lindsays have had terrific visionary ideas for the cultural survival of New York," she said.

A man who turned out to be Bernard Goodman, of Sportwhirl, presented Mrs. Lindsay with a black cashmere sweater, which he said was a token of affection from all her friends. Mrs. Lindsay smiled and held up the sweater, which had "Mary Loves John" written on it in red sequins. "Every time I wear it, I'll remember this night," she said. Mr. Goodman remarked that it was a great thing for the New York fashion industry to have a mayor and a first lady who dressed with elegance.

By midnight, the Mayor had vanished and the crowd had started to thin out. Morton Gould, the composer and conductor, told us that he thought Mr. Lindsay had done his best in an impossible job. "A city like New York is so much the result of past disasters and inequities that I don't know if any one man could ever put it together again," said Mr. Gould. "But John Lindsay certainly tried."

"What are you working on at the moment?" we asked.

"A ballet on Audubon for George Balanchine," replied Mr. Gould.

"*Audubon*?" we said.

"It's for the Bicentennial," replied Mr. Gould. "Two hours of music and, I hope, some exciting theatre. The ballet will look, in a fantasy style, at the image of Audubon, who some people think was the lost Dauphin of France. He symbolizes the young man who goes to America and discovers a developing country full of pioneers, Indians, animals, and birds. The story line is admittedly tenuous—it always is with Balanchine. But the idea is to evoke the sights and sounds of primitive America."

Nearby, we found Gary Graffman, the pianist, who told us that he and his wife were about to start on a round-the-world concert tour. "I'm playing concerts in Bordeaux, Monte Carlo, Bangkok, Manila, Singapore, and Djakarta," he said. "Then we look at some ninth-century temples and collapse for a couple of weeks on Bali."

"How are pianos in the Far East?" we asked.

"Better than you'd think," replied Mr. Graffman. "Manila has three of the most beautiful Hamburg Steinways I've ever seen, and they keep them in air-conditioned halls all year round. Bangkok has one excellent piano. Singapore is not so good. I've never played Djakarta, but I imagine that the Embassy will dig up something. A colleague told me that there is a good Chinese technician there, so I'm hoping that the piano will be in tune."

Service

BEFORE every Sunday game in the National Football League, each team that is about to play holds a brief church service in its locker room. Guest ministers lead the services, and attendance is voluntary. (It is said that, in general, more players attend when their team travels to another city and they spend the preceding night together in rented accommodations than when it plays in its own stadium and they have to gather on the morning of the game from their homes.) We had long been curious to see what these services are like, and the other Sunday, shortly before the Jets encountered the Denver Broncos at Shea Stadium, a few of our questions were answered.

At Shea, the Jets hold their services in a large, windowless room that is used mainly for showing game films. On one wall of the room are two roll-up movie screens and two blackboards. Facing this wall are about fifty school chairs, with right-handed writing arms. To one side is a row of metal lockers, and at the rear are some Rube Goldberg-style weight-lifting machines. An adjoining room contains a couple of medical examining tables, and beyond that is the team's dressing room—a spacious chamber with wire-mesh stalls lining the walls. One enters the dressing room directly from underneath the stands, without passing through the screening room. We arrived at the stadium at nine-thirty, an hour before the service was to start and well before any of the players showed up. The team's staff, dressed in green warmup outfits, was getting things ready. To stay out of the way, we waited in the screening room until the service began.

The screening room has cinder-block walls, parts of which are painted green and parts of which are covered with wood panelling. The lighting is from overhead—a combination of incandescent bulbs and fluorescent tubes. In general, the room reminded us of a fixed-up basement. As we waited, members of the staff walked by.

"Hey, I saw 'Le Sex Shop' last night," a young man said. "Funny!"

"What about 'Day for Night,' the new Truffaut?" another young man said. "It got good reviews."

"I don't know if it's as good as 'Electra Glide in Blue.' "

" 'American Graffiti' wasn't bad."

At ten-twenty-five, the first players arrived—Mark Lomas, who was accompanied by his wife, and then Joey Jackson. They were wearing informal street clothes—slacks, sweaters, T-shirts. Lomas and Jackson are linemen, and they were just able to fit into the school chairs. Minutes later, players began arriving in a rush, and we noticed, at the rear of the room, a tall man named David Swanson. Mr. Swanson is a friend of some of the Jets, and he helps Earlie Thomas, a cornerback, arrange the Sunday services. Until a few months ago, Mr. Swanson was an executive in the company that makes Thomas' English Muffins; he now works for an organization called the International Christian Leadership. By his side was the day's speaker, the Reverend Mel Wimberly, of the Mt. Sinai Baptist Church, in Brooklyn. Mr. Wimberly, a slender man, was wearing a blue double-breasted suit and carrying a Bible. We went over and were introduced to him, and it was time for the service to begin. Rather suddenly, a congregation of twenty-five or so, which included some coaches and family members, had taken seats.

Mr. Wimberly stood at the front of the room, his back to the blackboards. "I am from Brooklyn's Bed-Stuy area, and we are engaged in youth work," he began, in a strong, clear voice. "Last year, through the speaking engagement I had with you, I was able to introduce a young man to Earlie Thomas. Since then, this young fellow has gone to spend a week with Earlie and his family, and I can't tell you the tremendous impact it has had on him. It has brought him to think about many things—to think about God, to think about his school, to think about his career. I'd just like to take this time to thank Earlie and Kathy for opening their house to him." After that, Mr. Wimberly pronounced a short invocatory prayer, and then he gave a sermon on John 14:27 and 16:33—two verses in which Jesus promises his followers peace. "This is Christ's peace," Mr. Wimberly said. "It is not a peace that ends time. It is not a peace that removes you out of chaos and turmoil. It is a peace that sustains you, even in the midst of corruption, and even in the midst of turmoil. . . . Let every heart be challenged by an invitation. In your chair, where you are, you can receive Christ and this peace." After another prayer, the service was over. It had lasted twenty minutes and had not included any mention of football.

The players, who had sat silently through the service, drifted toward the dressing room. Jerome Barkum, a wide receiver, greeted a friend with a clenched fist. Earlie Thomas stayed behind to talk to us. Thomas is a tall, quiet man who seems rather light to be playing professional football. He told us that the Jets have a Bible-study group that meets after practice on Fridays. "We study the Scriptures—see how they apply to our lives," he said. "Last Friday, we had about eighteen, nineteen guys out."

"Is there a national organization behind these services?" we asked.

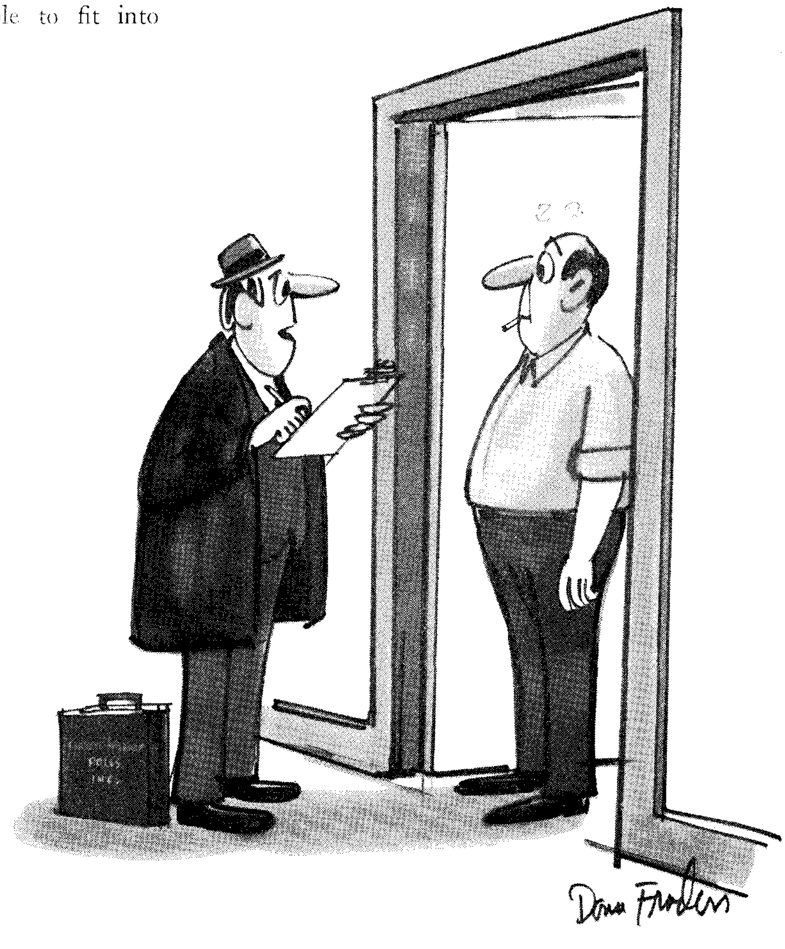
"Well, there's the International Christian Leadership Conference," Thomas said. "Last January, some of us went down to Key Biscayne to attend the conference. There were about seventy-five, eighty football players there. Football players and businessmen. The businessmen help us out, because we don't have time to keep these chapels going by ourselves."

"Do you also have prayers just before and after the game?"

"Yes. They vary. Different guys on the team take turns saying the prayers. Mostly, the prayer before the game is for unity, and for the Lord to be with us and to protect us from serious injury. After the game, if we win we thank the Lord for it. And if we lose we thank Him also. A lot of people think we pray to win, but we never do that. That would be rough, wouldn't it—if we prayed to win and the other team prayed to win, too?"

"What is your routine on Sundays?"

"I have breakfast at eight. At ten-thirty, there's the chapel. At eleven-thirty, there's a team meeting—by then we have to be taped up and dressed. At twelve—actually, at twelve-



"Whom would you prefer to be Mao Tse-tung's successor—Chou En-lai, Yeh Chien-ying, Li Teh-sheng, Chang Ch'un-ch'iao, or Wang Hung-wen?"

oh-seven—we go out on the field and warm up. Come back in at twelve-forty. Go back out at twelve-fifty-eight. And at one-oh-six there's the kickoff."

Alitalia Renews Lease!

WE went, the other day, to an event celebrating the signing of a lease. The event was held in the offices of Alitalia Airlines, at 666 Fifth Avenue, and the lease, just signed by Alitalia, was for sixty-eight thousand square feet of office space. We took a friend. "Will there be newsmakers there?" our friend asked.

"Mayor Lindsay will be there," we said.

"Oh," our friend said.

The ubiquitous Mayor was the only newsmaker at the Alitalia offices. He was wearing a blue suit and a blue tie (with a striking geometric pattern), and he was holding a partly eaten piece of pizza. He was talking to a reporter from WRFM. It was hard to make out what he was saying, because of the crowd, but we caught the phrases "headquarters city" and "convention center." There were lots of people crowded around the Mayor, and even more people looking at him from Fifth Avenue through the big Alitalia windows.

We went with our friend to get some champagne and some pizza. The champagne came in the little plastic glasses now mandatory at midday social events. A young man handed us a press release. "After an intensive two-year relocation study, Alitalia Airlines has decided to keep its North American headquarters in New York City," it said.

"Why is that such a big deal?" our friend asked us.

"Because it's proof of New York's Continued Vitality," we said.

"I don't remember that anyone thought it was important or healthy or proof of anything when they opened this building," our friend said. "Why should it be a big deal when they rent a few floors?"

"Changing times," we said.

We had a talk with Guido Vittori, the general manager of Alitalia, and with a spokesman for Alan V. Tishman, whose firm owns 666 Fifth Avenue. "We went through all these gyrations to move out of New York," Mr. Vittori said. "But we found that from a technological and human standpoint communication is a factor, so Manhattan is the only place to be."

"Alitalia is a very human outfit. This is a very personal group," the spokesman for Alan Tishman said. We asked the spokesman for Alan Tishman what his name was. "You don't quote me," the spokesman for Alan Tishman said firmly. "You just say 'a spokesman for Alan Tishman.' "

Mankiewicz

WE had a long lunch with Frank Mankiewicz recently at the Algonquin. Mankiewicz smoked a lot of Kools during the meal, and he did a lot of talking, in a gravelly voice, about Richard Nixon. Mankiewicz was living in Los Angeles in 1946 and 1948, but in the wrong congressional district; since then, however, he has compiled what he regards as a perfect record at the polls, having voted against Nixon in 1950, 1952, 1956, 1960, 1962, 1968, and 1972. Mankiewicz, who is forty-nine, ran for the California legislature on Helen Gahagan Douglas's ticket in 1950, and in 1972 he was "political director" of the McGovern campaign. In between, he practiced law, edited a weekly paper in Santa Monica, worked as a Peace Corps official, served as Robert Kennedy's press secretary until Kennedy's death, and wrote an inside-stuff syndicated newspaper column with Tom Braden. Mankiewicz has a big, friendly face with a lot of laugh lines on it. Lately, he has been working on a book, "Perfectly Clear: Nixon from Whittier to Watergate," which the Quadrangle/New York Times Book Company will publish in a couple of weeks. The rush to get the book out has been such that Mankiewicz might as well have used a linotype machine instead of a typewriter to write it.

We asked Mankiewicz what he thought would happen about impeachment.

"Well, Congress is listening to the folks at home, and if people keep on writing their congressmen, then Congress is going to study the record and see if it warrants impeachment, which I think it clearly does, and not just on Watergate and the coverup but on the milk deal, the grain deal, the Tom Huston plan, the forged cable, the Ellsberg-trial interference, San Clemente, Rebozo, the income-tax question—the list is endless. Too many people have now said, 'I voted for the guy, but now, by God, I'm finished with him.' And the converts are the strongest on the impeachment question. Once they switch, they're like the whores in church—they sing louder than anyone in the choir. Over that Cox weekend, people started to use the word 'impeachment,' and the world didn't collapse, and the sky didn't fall, and no one was hit by lightning in the street. And when members of Congress started to talk about it, the public reaction wasn't 'That's unthinkable,' the public reaction was 'About goddam time.'

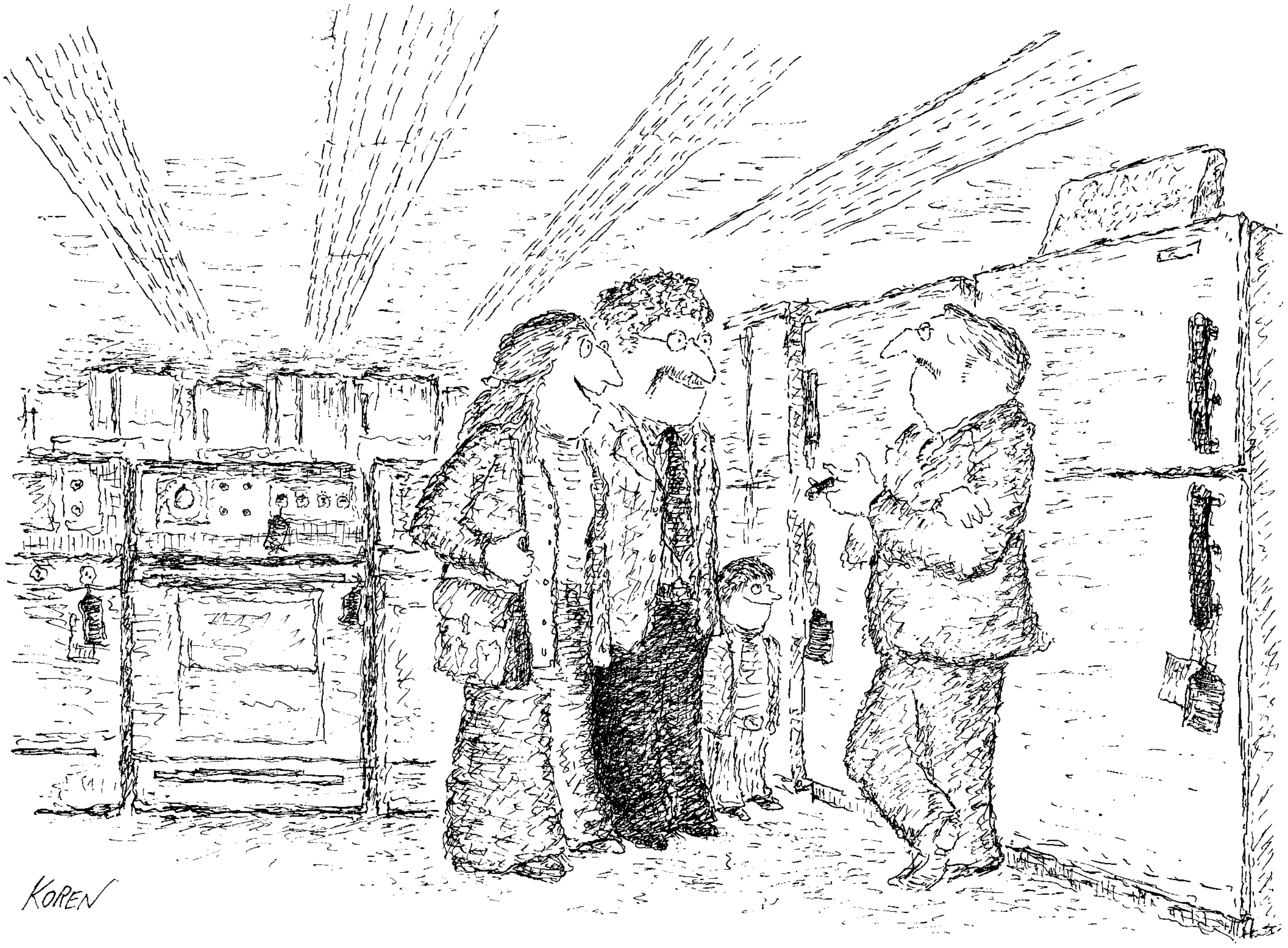
"I think Nixon originally thought Jerry Ford would be pretty good impeachment insurance, but that may have backfired," Mankiewicz went on. "Ford will be confirmed quickly now. The problem with Carl Albert's succeeding to the Presidency isn't that it would reverse the 'great mandate' of '72. It's not a philosophical problem, because Ford and Albert would probably run the country in much the same way. Either of them would be a caretaker. The problem is that a change of party in the White House now would endanger the thousands of Republican patronage jobholders. So if you're going to get any Republican votes for impeachment, you have to confirm Ford. He hasn't shown much, but how can you know? Harry Truman hadn't really shown that much more than Ford when he came in—a little more but not that much. Ford is the kind of guy that girls in old *Ladies' Home Journal* fiction affectionately refer to as 'that big lunk.' He's Fred MacMurray, where Agnew was Dan Duryea."

"Whom would you get to play Nixon in the picture?" we asked.

"Oh, Otto Kruger or Conrad Veidt," said Mankiewicz, whose father wrote the script for "Citizen Kane," and who grew up in a houseful of movie people. "Or Louis Calhern, maybe. When you first see him on the screen, you've got to know that he's Mr. Big. It's his daughter that the crusading reporter is courting. He smokes a cigar and he's *very* friendly. 'Come in, son. I understand you're on the trail of a big investigation.' Jean Arthur is the daughter."

We asked Mankiewicz if he thinks the Nixon people sincerely believe that "everybody does it."

"I think some of them might—some of them are that ignorant and unpolitical," he said. "Look at the security arrangements they made for themselves. It was a kind of massive—what's the psychological term?—projection. What they were doing was protecting their campaign against themselves. It's as if Ehrlichman were saying to himself, 'If Haldeman were running the other campaign, what would he do?' And so, naturally, they went out and hired this elaborate security force and got the detection devices and so on. You see, they never had any experience except in their own campaigns. That's the point I was trying to make when I testified before the



"Could you tell us something about performance, design, engineering, workmanship, safety, and service?"

* *

Senate Watergate committee—that this was politics-as-usual only for Nixon campaigns. I went back and looked at all the clips and the campaign literature from the California days, and Nixon is really just unbelievable. You tend to forget that he was pulling the same stuff when he was running for senator out there: 'Many people have urged me not to speak about Communism in this campaign. That would be the easy, popular thing to do.' As if he needed any urging to talk about Communism in 1950! Incredible! Even his very first piece of campaign literature, from the 1946 campaign, is Nixonian. It says that he fought in the stinking jungles of the South Pacific while his opponent remained safely behind the lines in Washington. It sets the tone: a straight lie about his own activities—he wasn't in any stinking jungles, he was sort of a rear-echelon Navy type—and a sickening half-truth about his opponent. Of course Jerry Voorhis was in Washington; he was a congressman."

We brought up Nixon's most recent outburst against the press, and Mankiewicz said, "The extraordinary thing is that Nixon would probably never have been elected to Congress or the Senate without the support of the press in California—and I don't mean friendly editorials, I mean distortion and slavishness beyond any notion we now have of slanted coverage. A lot of the papers even carried Nixon press releases as straight news. That's the background against which he now sees ordinary coverage as an attempt to persecute him."

The subject of the White House enemies list came up, and Mankiewicz said, "There were people who were put on that list because the Nixon people—very shrewdly, I think—sensed from their life style that they were enemies. Joe Namath has never said anything political in his life, but they knew he was unreliable. To them, a guy who will flaunt dames and have a bar and look the way he does is clearly a guy who'll flout authority, and they don't like that. There's a Nixon way of doing everything. And the essence of totalitarianism is precisely that: in a totalitarian society there's a state way of doing everything—mathematics, forestry, sex. I think that's what the enemies list was all about—enforcing a kind of orthodoxy in everything. I'm certainly not saying that these guys were Nazis, but they *operated* like Nazis. James Reston, Jr., who did some work with me on the book, wrote to Albert Speer and got a very interesting letter back. Naturally, it's hedged with comments about how reluctant he is to comment on the American political situation, but the parallels Speer points to between Nixon and the Nazi White House are remarkable—the same loyalty to the leader without any consideration of ideology, the same drawing of power into a tiny, isolated group, even the same shielding of the leader by giving him only a prepared news summary. You know, I've read a lot of biographies of Nixon, and they all seem to agree on one thing—that he really was an uncommonly good poker player. I think I've figured out why. It's that he *always* looks as though he's bluffing. You've got three kings up and he raises, and you look at his face and you think, 'Nah, he doesn't have the aces.' But he'd look exactly the same if he did have them. He's always bluffing. There's no reality. A strange man—but awful dangerous."

BURIAL

HE was awakened from sleep by his head slamming against glass. The train was going into a shuddering turn, and his shoulder was crushed against steel. He pushed himself up in the seat, glimpsing his diminishing reflection in the dim glass, and the act of sitting and the sight of his face, gray and unrelated to him, drained away his blood and left him momentarily blind, and he had a hallucination of milkweed pollen floating from a broken pod. Alcohol. The pain above his right eye was like a needle embedded there and lifting upward. What was the form in his dream that had been so overarching, so vaulted and protective that he felt he'd been sleeping in a cathedral? He pulled a pocket watch from his overalls; he couldn't have slept more than fifteen minutes. Where was the sun?

The faded velvet of the seat was impregnated with dust, dry and chalklike to his touch, and then his nostrils widened and his brain was blank numb fragments from the bang of a sneeze. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his mouth and the palm of his hand, trying to hold his head steady against the shock and sway of the railroad car, and then took a telegram from his shirt pocket, ironed it smooth over his thigh, and stared at the yellowish strips of paper pasted askew on the telegraph blank.

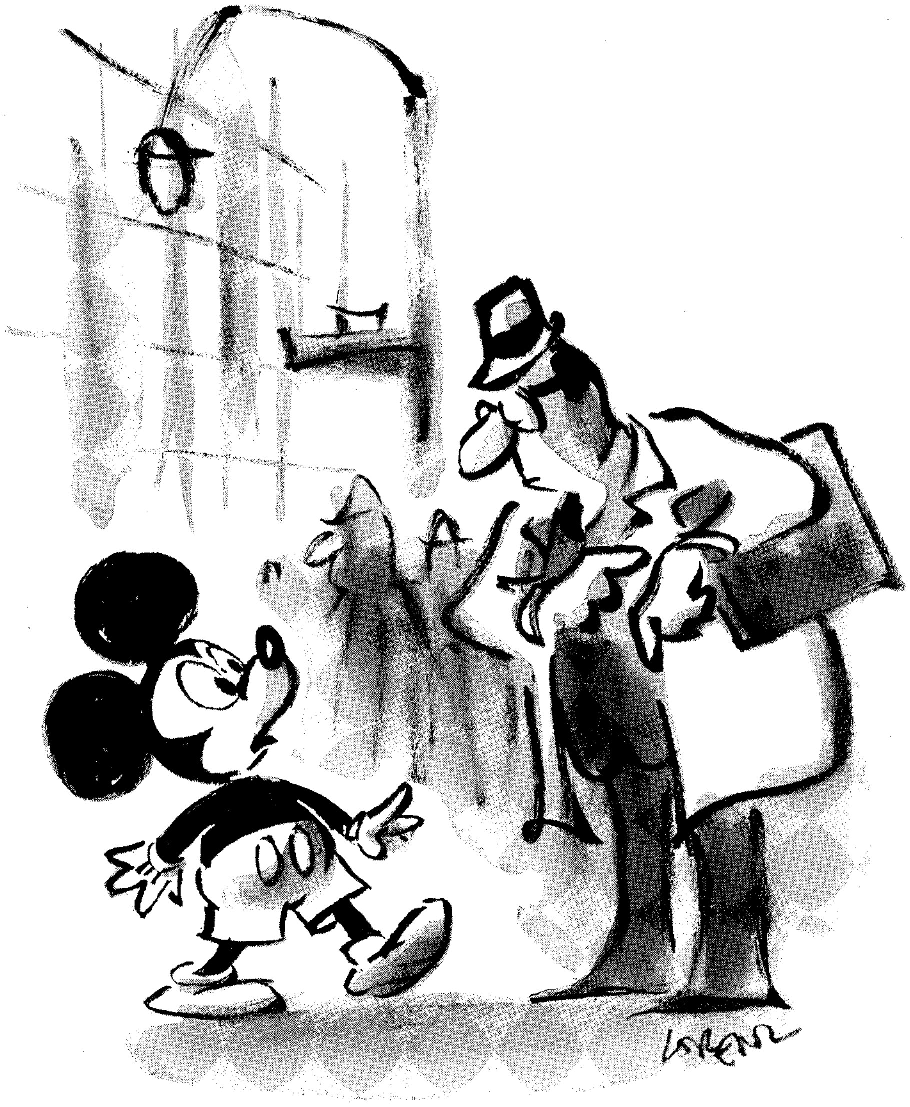
MAHOMET NOR DAK
957 AM SEPT 24 1935
CHARLES NEUMILLER
COURTENAY NOR DAK
DAD PASSED AWAY THIS AM. NEED
YOU FOR BURIAL. GOD SPEED YOU.
AUGUSTINA

He pressed his fingers against his eyelids, as though the message and the mounting pain it brought could be buried in that internal blackness, where shining tangles of vision shook and uncurled, and his cupped hand made him conscious of the alcohol on his breath. He'd been drunk three times in his life: in 1913, when his first child, Martin, was born; five years later, when the quartet in which he sang bass received a standing ovation at the state Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America convention (that drunkenness was an accident; it was the first time he'd had sloe gin); and yesterday afternoon, when he received the telegram. Except for the nap just now, he hadn't slept since he'd received it. He looked up, and the mural at the end of the empty car, bison outlined against a background of tan, lifted toward him away from the wall. He shook his head to clear it, and felt a race of emotion he couldn't name.

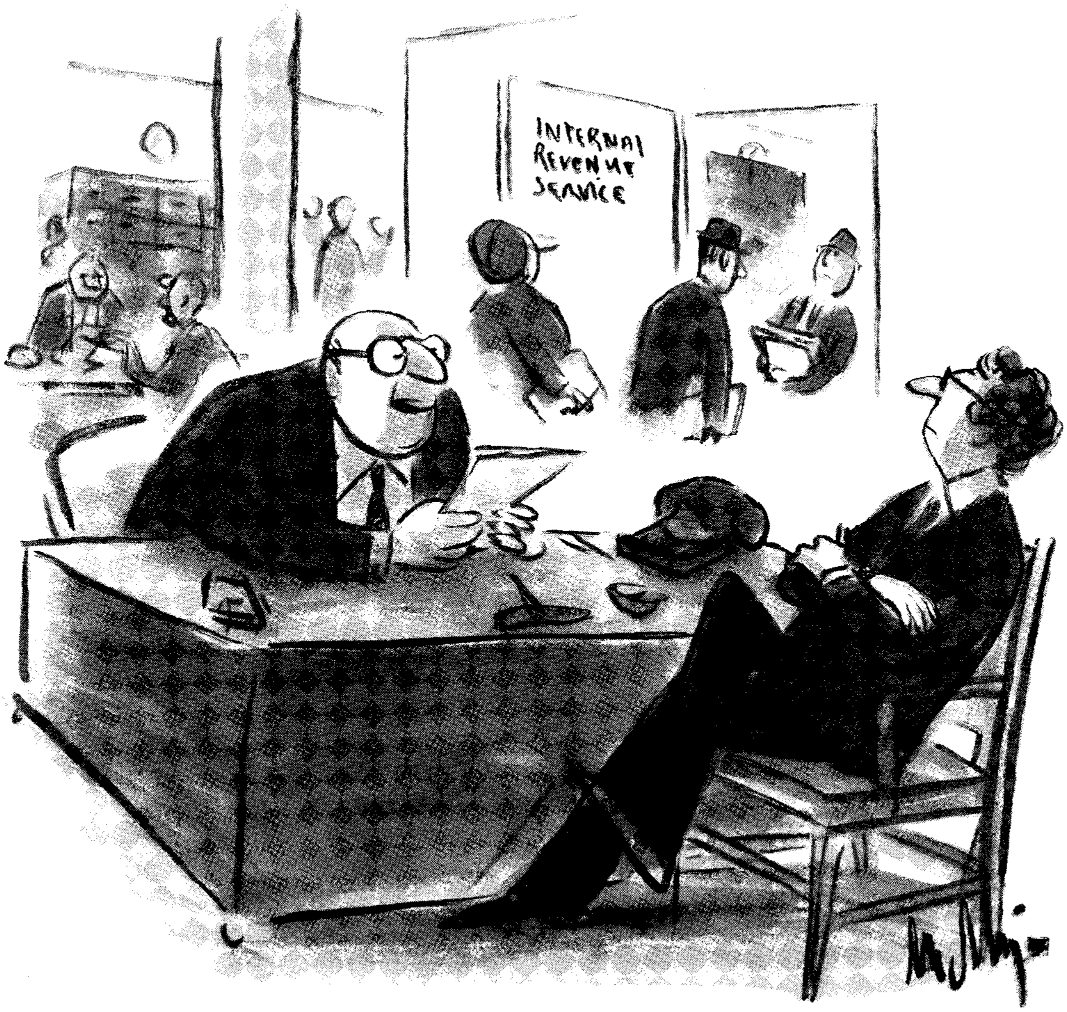
At his feet was a faded carpetbag, made a decade ago by his wife. It contained most of his valuable possessions—his suit, a straight razor of German steel, and his portable carpentry tools. A newly set handsaw, wrapped in newspaper, was tied to the carpetbag with twine. He looked out the sooty window and watched the sun, which was still hidden from him, form a hazy arc of light along the horizon, and then light appeared across the plain as if from the earth, from the plain itself, warming his face, and fall colors became visible everywhere over the flat land.

He saw familiar landmarks. In the distance, five elms with a windmill beside them and, beyond the trees, the silvery gray outbuildings of an abandoned farm with a yellow-painted outhouse slanting among them. He leaned his cheek against the window, once again feeling the race of emotion—what was it?—as he followed a green line that wound through the gold stubble and dark-brown squares of summer fallow and went faint at the horizon. Sand Grass Creek. On the other side of Mahomet, to the east, the creek formed a U around his father's farm. The train started slowing down.

A junk yard flashed past, a patch of sweet corn gone to pale stalks, a vacant lot where implements (hay rake, binder, mower with cutter bar lifted) were lined along a snow fence, one home, a grain elevator, and then, close to the tracks, a long wall of echoing stone—the rear of the old slaughterhouse. He put away the telegram and went onto the rocking platform between railroad cars, a treadle above a cataract, and the shattering noise and cold air, coming in such a rush, sent a constriction around his stomach; he gagged up wine-flavored saliva, closed his eyes, gagged again. There was a shrieking of steel on steel, a smell of rusty steam, and then the train nearly



"I'm sorry, but I never wear a watch myself."



"Now let's be absolutely certain I have this all straight. Your taxes, regardless of circumstances, are not—I repeat not—to be used for waging war, manufacturing munitions, financing espionage, or for any other activity designed to subvert the legitimate democratic aspirations of peoples at home or abroad. Rather, these moneys will be spent to reduce poverty, advance education, fight pollution, and, in short, to do whatever is necessary to improve the human lot and make this planet a viable habitat for mankind once again."

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came to a stop, and he started down the metal stairs and was thrown off balance as, with a clangor of couplings, the train stopped for good.

He stepped onto a platform of railroad ties, down a distance from a small depot, and heard the bell on the engine banging and then a release of steam beside his hand as the train started to move. A sign hanging from the eave of the depot's full-length porch read "MAHOMET," which was to him, Charles Neumiller, home. Two men were sitting on a bench beside the open door, beneath the porch, and when they saw him they stood. One of them—Charles thought he recognized the son of the most recent manager of the co-op elevator; he could hardly concentrate for the noise of the train—turned away and took off at a trot. The other stood as though waiting, and then moved a few steps toward Charles. It was Clarence Popp, tall and shambling and bent-shouldered, with a flat, masklike face and a long lantern jaw perpetually covered with copper-colored stubble. Clarence had once worked as a hired man for the Neumillers. He was Charles' age but had always been closer to Charles' father. How did Clarence continue to survive, Charles wondered. He was sacristan and unretired altar boy at the church, but hadn't had a regular job in several years and lived by himself at the edge of town in a wrecked caboose he'd patched up and somehow made habitable; yet he always appeared healthy and always had liquor on hand.

"Chuck," Clarence said, and took his hand, and Charles realized that Clarence was perhaps the only one in the world who would call him, Charles, such a taciturn, solemn-countenanced, and decorous man, "Chuck" and not consider the irony in it. Clarence frowned. One of his eyes was smaller than the other, and it gave him a curiously discerning but defenseless look, as though an orphan of five were peering out from inside him. "Or I guess I should call you Charles now," Clarence said. He released Charles' hand. "I heard about the telegram going out and thought you might be on this train. There's not much a person can say at these times except you have my sympathy. You have. I'm terribly sorry. I thought a lot of him."

"Yes."

"Was the end difficult, do you know?"

"I haven't talked to Augustina."

"I haven't seen Augustina myself in quite a while."

"Who brought in the telegram?"

"I hear she walked in herself. A crime, a real crime, and now her out there all alone, poor woman. I hadn't seen your dad, either, in—I don't know—three weeks at the least, I guess. He was poorly, and Augustina and I had the agreement that when he was poorly I wouldn't come out—you know, the drinking. Your dad, of course, wouldn't come to town. He hasn't set foot in this place in a year, and I don't blame him. The way he was being talked about, well, it'd burn your ears off."

"Then I'd rather you let mine be."

"People talking behind his back, blaming him for things he couldn't possibly have a hand in, and the worst going on like he was responsible for even the dust storms. Jesus! Pardon," Clarence added, and blushed beneath his stubble; he knew how Charles was about profanity. Then, in a wondering tone, "Lord, how long has it been since I've seen you, Chuck?"

Charles shrugged, conscious that his hair had grayed in the last year and a half and that his face, which was as deeply lined as his father's, was hollow-cheeked and colorless from alcohol.

"I was out to Dad's this summer but didn't see anybody in town."

"It must be four years."

"It must."

"Will Marie or any of the kids be coming?"

"No."

"No? Why not?"

"Martin, Elaine, and Vince are away at college this year, and it would be too hard on Marie to bring all the little ones. She might be with child again."

"Huh. That will make—how many, then—eight?"

"Nine."

"That's quite a family, Charles."

"It is."

Clarence raised the brim of his engineer's cap and shifted his heavy shoes. His yellow braces, both of which held N.R.A. buttons, were faded and frayed, and his trousers were split over the thighs and showing skin. "Who'll be saying the funeral Mass, I wonder. We haven't had a priest in town for three years, you know."

"I'm sure the missionary from Hankinson will come over."

"He's away to Fargo on a conference, starting today, and won't be back till the end of this week."

"Then a priest from Lidgerwood."

"Charles, they're all gone off to Fargo, too, I'm afraid."

"Then maybe I'll have to bury him without a priest," Charles said, and knew it was wrong to mention an idea so heretical to Clarence, who was a prude himself and a worse gossip than any ten women.

Clarence's face took on the blankness of a seasoned magistrate's, and then he winked his small eye and said, "Why not, Charles? And, say, will you need help?"

"If you want, you can come out Thursday afternoon. I should be ready by then."

"But that's tomorrow! That's less than a day and a half!"

"If I could do it today, I would."

"But what about the people that—"

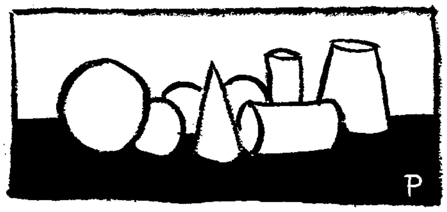
A gray-and-tan nanny goat, a fixture in town for fifteen years, came around the corner of the depot and walked into the shade of the porch, its tapered hooves tapping over the heavy ties. Then the goat drew up and regarded Charles with a coinlike, pragmatic eye, while its tiny jaws moved in a tidy munch. Charles turned and walked beyond the goat's working beard, toward a road that crossed the rails beyond the station.

"You're not walking?" Clarence called to him.

"Yes."

"Surely somebody will give you a ride out!"

Charles walked on. The road, a dirt road that angled away from the edge of town, was dry and unshaded and soon he was in open countryside. The sun was rising, driving off the morning chill, and occasionally a spout of wind picked up dust from the road or a field bordering it, and then spun itself into oblivion in a few seconds. Otherwise the day was still. Birdsong, rising from the earth and different levels of the air, swayed and teetered on either side as though from a fixed point at the center of his hearing. The road began to follow Sand Grass Creek, which was lined with low willows and cattails and dry saxifrage. The cattail heads were swollen and splitting, their silky seeds spilling from them, and directly in front of Charles, keeping a fixed distance, a red-winged blackbird went dipping from head to head as though stringing between them shining beads of its quicksilvery, reiterated song. The road turned. Charles stopped and shifted the carpetbag to his left hand. He could see, two miles ahead, the stand of trees that marked his father's farm.



OTTO NEUMILLER emigrated from Germany in 1881, when he was twenty-four. He bought a wagon and

UPTOWN

A streak of car-paint;
A shopping cart dragged past the window
By a closed black face;
The worst is when the sidewalk becomes a mirror,
And the woman becomes a mirror,
With her abstract smile, her teeth like thrush eggs.

Thin child-body in November, why do you
Pass by me? Lovely freckled girl,
Naked inside those wraps of clothing,
Or maybe not. Maybe you are dressed
Underneath, too, like an old armchair,
A crucifix of gray patched cloth.
But no bare touches where the secrets grow
Soft as mushrooms underneath.

A boy hanging behind the bus wants to fly.
He squats on the rear bumper, wondering
What that spread-eagled shape is grinning at him
From the scarred pavement like Michelangelo's "Prisoner"—
Broken arms, yellow grin. No wings, but rising
From the mirror with the flexible haste
Of internal injuries.

In the middle of Broadway, a tree strips down for winter.
It reminds me of Robinson Crusoe,
Who sat on his island, winter and summer,
Moving his lips with squirrelly haste,
While cars and buses grunted by him on both sides.
He, too, stripped down for winter long ago.
Now, alone among the carnivores,
Face creased like a prune, he is master
Of all he surveys, and blind to boot.

The sky darkens. Old men hurry home before the knives.
It is odd to think our movements come from within,
As if gusts of wind blew from each separate bone,
Each of us a hurricane—calm eyes, violent flesh—
Making memories for windless days.

—PAUL ZWEIG

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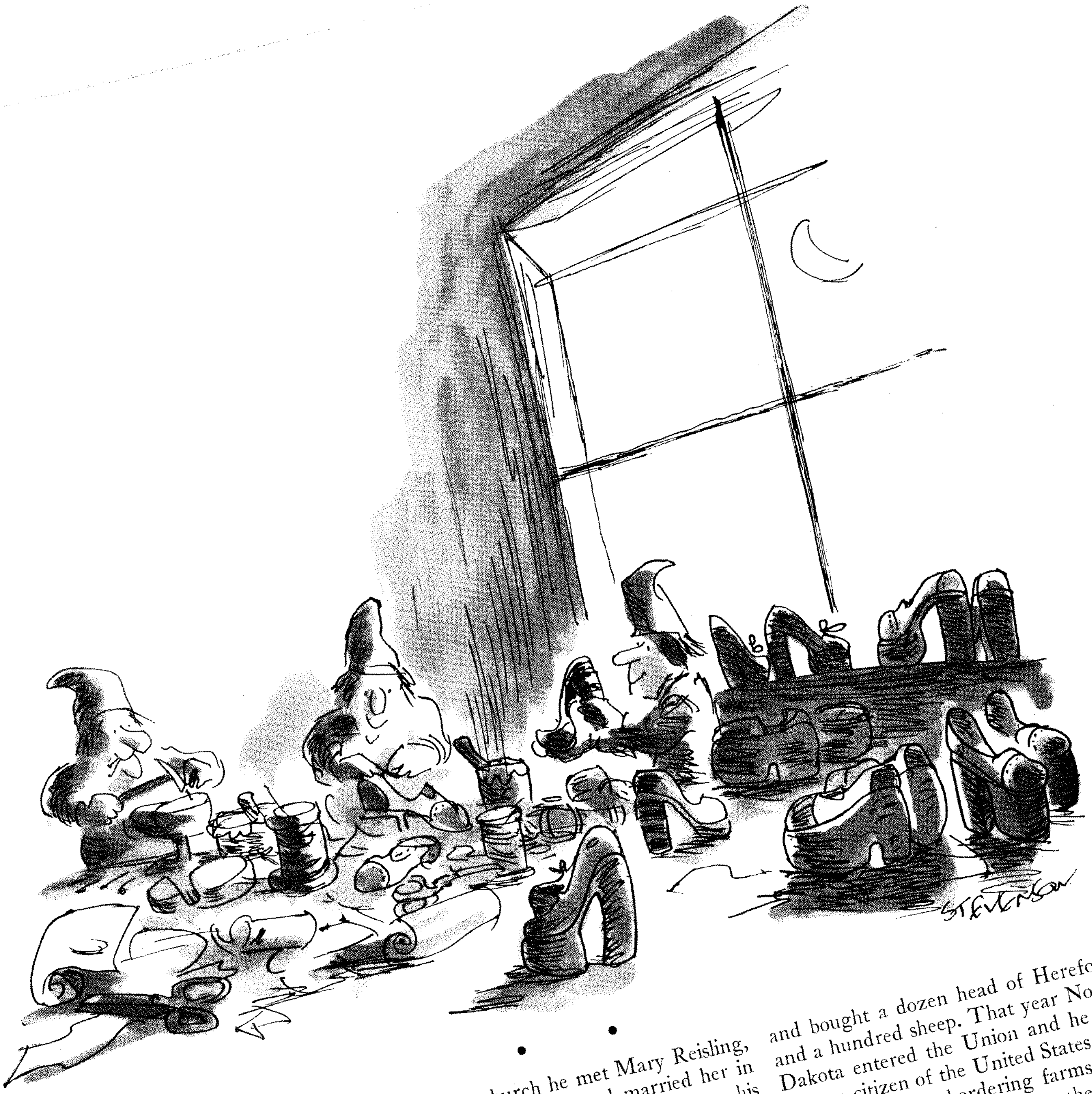


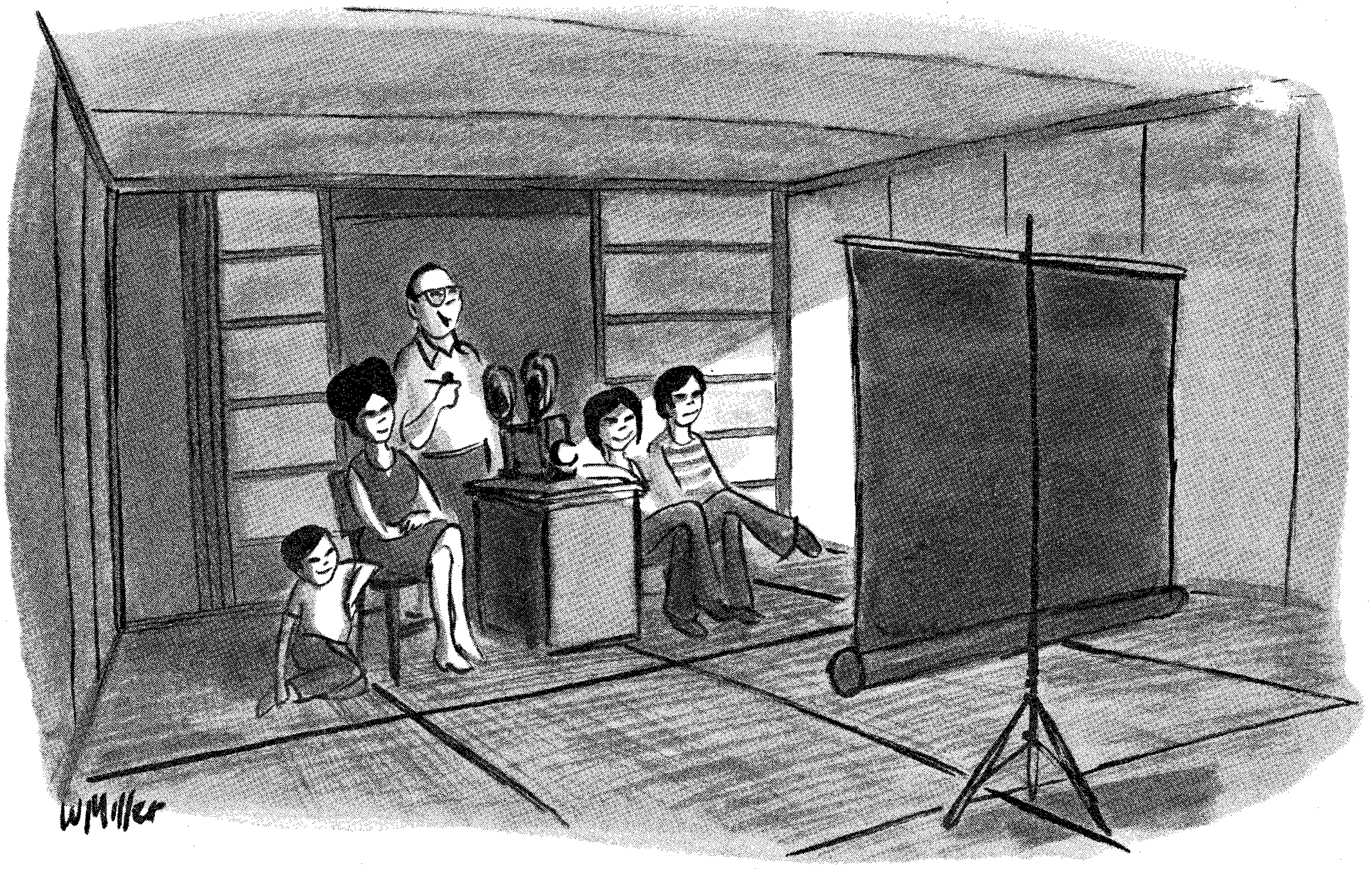
a team of oxen in Minneapolis and headed west. Even in the Old Country he'd heard of the virgin Dakota plain, as limitless as the sea to look upon and with resources perhaps as infinite. He entered a homesteading claim in the Dakota Territory in the spring, and sold the wagon and one of the oxen to buy a plow and supplies. Trees were so scarce there was no lumber for building, and what sometimes looked like trees in the distance were the last remnants of the buffalo herds moving off toward the Missouri. So he built his homesteading shack of sod. The first fall, his garden and twenty acres of wheat, which he'd planted by hand, went up in a prairie fire. His ox and his implements were lost. His shack would have burned, too, if he hadn't situated it in a curve of Sand Grass Creek, where it was nearly encircled by water.

He was penniless, there were no neighbors, and he couldn't withstand the winter alone, so he went to live with family friends in Chicago and found a job as a drayman. At a neighborhood church he met Mary Reisling, an immigrant girl, and married her in the spring and took her back to his homestead. That year the crops bore, though battered by hail, and he bought a milch cow and improved the shack so it was more livable. The following spring his first daughter, Lucy, was born. He planted poplars and maples and elms along the curve of Sand Grass Creek to serve as a windbreak, and when the trees began to grow they were the only ones visible for a distance of twenty-five miles.

The railroad extended its line beyond Wahpeton, and it was possible to buy lumber from the East. He built a twelve-stanchion barn and began work on a house. The crops that season were the best they'd been in a decade—a windfall, a bounty, and he opened his first bank account in America. Another daughter, Augustina, was born. He took on a hired man and broke up twice as much acreage, and again there was a windfall. He finished the house, a two-story house with three bedrooms, and bought a dozen head of Hereford and a hundred sheep. That year North Dakota entered the Union and he became a citizen of the United States. He began to acquire bordering farms that had been abandoned, and by the time his son was born, in 1891, Otto Neumiller was the most prosperous landowner in the area, with two sections of tillable land.

He was a shrewd but simple man, somewhat embarrassed by his German accent, he cared so much for his adopted country, and what he mostly wanted to do was please. He was of the last generation old enough to see, from the vantage of 1900, equally well into either century.

Against the advice of everybody, he put in two hundred acres of corn—a crop that had never been raised in the state, except by the Mandan Indians, and it was a phenomenal success. He bought another section of land. A new town, Mahomet, was going up at the junction of the Great Northern and the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault



"Oh, remember this? This was when Mitsuhiko's hat blew into the Tiber."

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Ste. Marie lines, and he made sound investments in the first businesses that went up there. Lucy married and went to live near Fergus Falls. When contributions were being solicited to build a Catholic church, he donated fifteen hundred dollars to the fund. On Charles' twenty-first birthday, he took him aside, handed him a bankbook, and said, "This is one-quarter yours." There was ninety thousand dollars in the account.

In 1915, he built a large house in town, said he was retiring, and gave his farm to Charles. In town he became a public figure. He was elected county commissioner and appointed to the school board. When a group of farmers started a co-op elevator, he invested in it, and persuaded business friends to do the same. The farmers were uneducated and suspicious of strangers, and naïve about business matters, and the man they hired to manage the co-op, being one of them, was mistrustful of Easterners and easily taken in by buyers from St. Paul, who bought from him below market price, promising bonuses to the co-op at the end of the year for volume, and then reneged. After which the manager became so cautious that he failed to sell when he should have, and then had to sell at a loss. The elevator went heavily into debt. Otto Neumiller was elected to the board of directors in 1927, and two years later the Crash came.

He lost thousands of dollars in the grain market, but he was the only member of the board of directors who was solvent, and when this was discovered bill collectors came to him. He felt responsible for the financial state of the co-op and raised enough cash to cover its losses and keep it from closing, but in doing so he had to sell his house in town and all of his land except the eighty acres he'd originally homesteaded, and he would have sold this, too, but the property was in both his and his wife's name, and she refused to sign the papers. Co-ops were closing all over the state, but as long as the one in Mahomet stayed open he never doubted he'd be repaid. When it closed, he and his wife moved back to the home place, and Charles moved his family to a farm forty miles away, near Courtenay-Wimbledon.

Everybody in Mahomet knew that Otto Neumiller's farm wasn't under mortgage, as theirs were, and imagined he had money hidden away while their children went hungry and in rags. He raised a little grain each year and kept himself and his family in food, and not much more. There was no way of explaining that this was the way things were. People had stopped visiting him and inviting him over, and in town they crossed the street to avoid him, and even moved out of the vestibule of the church when he stepped into it. He felt guilty about the wealth he'd once had and went to closing auctions and bought articles he didn't need and let them stand on the auction grounds for others to take.

His wife died. He became dazed and careless about his health, and he began drinking too much. His wife had signed her share of the farm over to Augustina, who'd never married, and Augustina stayed on and tried to care for him. He'd go for days without eating, and spoke only in German. He and Clarence brewed beer in the basement and sat up at night drinking and playing cards. He was old, his heart was bad, he'd always been a heavy drinker, and the daily drinking added to his general decline. He let his fields go to pasture, to weeds and pocket gophers, and kept only the garden. And now he was dead.

AT the head of the lane to the house, Charles stopped at the mailbox. There was nothing inside. Across the box, "Otto Neumiller" was painted in an ornate Old World script, in bright orange letters. "If you're going to do a job, do it right" sounded in Charles' ears, as though his father had spoken beside him. His father loved work brought to completion well—to the point of perfection, if possible; the care he lavished on the simplest tasks and his exuberance as he worked, small and elflike, smiling, wide-eyed, winking and asking you to come and see, as innocent of his pride as a child. Every spring he retraced his name on the mailbox with new paint. His hand was still steady.

Charles stepped back. The pole of the mailbox had been struck and knocked aslant by a piece of pulled machinery or a passing car. Charles put his carpetbag down and shoved and tugged at the box, trying to loosen it, then went down on one knee and drove his shoulder against the pole, and it hardly budged. He threw his weight against the pole again and again as he pivoted around it, driving packed earth away from its base in a widening ring, and at last, shaking and lifting at the same time, he pulled it free. He was flushed and fighting for breath. He held the pole at the top, close to the box, picked up his carpetbag, and went down the lane to the house. He propped the mailbox against the chimney, near the porch.

Augustina opened the screen door and came onto the porch. Her gray eyes, magnified by thick glasses, were fearful and apologetic, and she was twisting a handkerchief at her waist. One of her hands lifted, as if she meant to speak, and then she clamped her lips tight and her eyelids closed. Her forehead was higher than his, and her eyebrows thick and mannish. The handkerchief looked ragged, her dark dress was worn and dingy, and her hair, once a reddish aureole around her face, was tan-gray and drawn into a frizzy bun. Charles was hurt by how she'd aged, and by her lack of concern about her appearance. He stepped onto the porch and took her in his arms.

"Charles. Thank God."

Her body beneath the dress was surprisingly feminine, frail yet full, her breasts large and firm against him, and he realized how easily she could have married. Had she remained single out of fear—since adolescence she'd been high-strung and terrified of strangers and subject to "spells"—or was it simply devotion to their father? For her devotion to him was always overabundant and colored with a childlike awe.

"I thought I wouldn't be able to bear waiting or keep myself sane," she said. "I haven't slept since he died."

"How was the end?"

"It was as if— He'd been feeling all right and I brought him— Come inside. Please."

They went into the parlor, bare except for a faded carpet, a big oak table, and a horsehair sofa, and before Charles could adjust to the room her arms were around his neck and he felt through his shirt the dampness and heat of her tears. He eased the carpetbag to the floor and pressed her head to his shoulder. "Here," he said. "Here, now."

"I feel so sick and ashamed!" she cried.

"Why?"

"I helped the doctor lay him out and haven't gone near the room since."

"Why should you?"

"I feel he's still alive."

"That's foolishness."

"I can't help it, I feel it! I can't sleep, I can't eat, I feel sinful and sick and that I'll never be the same from not seeing if he needed me."

"What could you do?"

"Talk to him."

"Ach!" Spiritualism irritated him more than anything he could think of, and he was surprised that Augustina had let herself be taken in by it. "What did the doctor say?" he asked.

"What did he say?"

"What was the cause?"

"His heart, he thinks."

"He wasn't sure?"

"No. He's so restless!"

"Old Doc Jonas?"

"*Dad!*"

"Augustina, please. Be *rea*sonable. He's at peace now."

"I can't even pray."

"You will."

"I hate too much."

"Hate?"

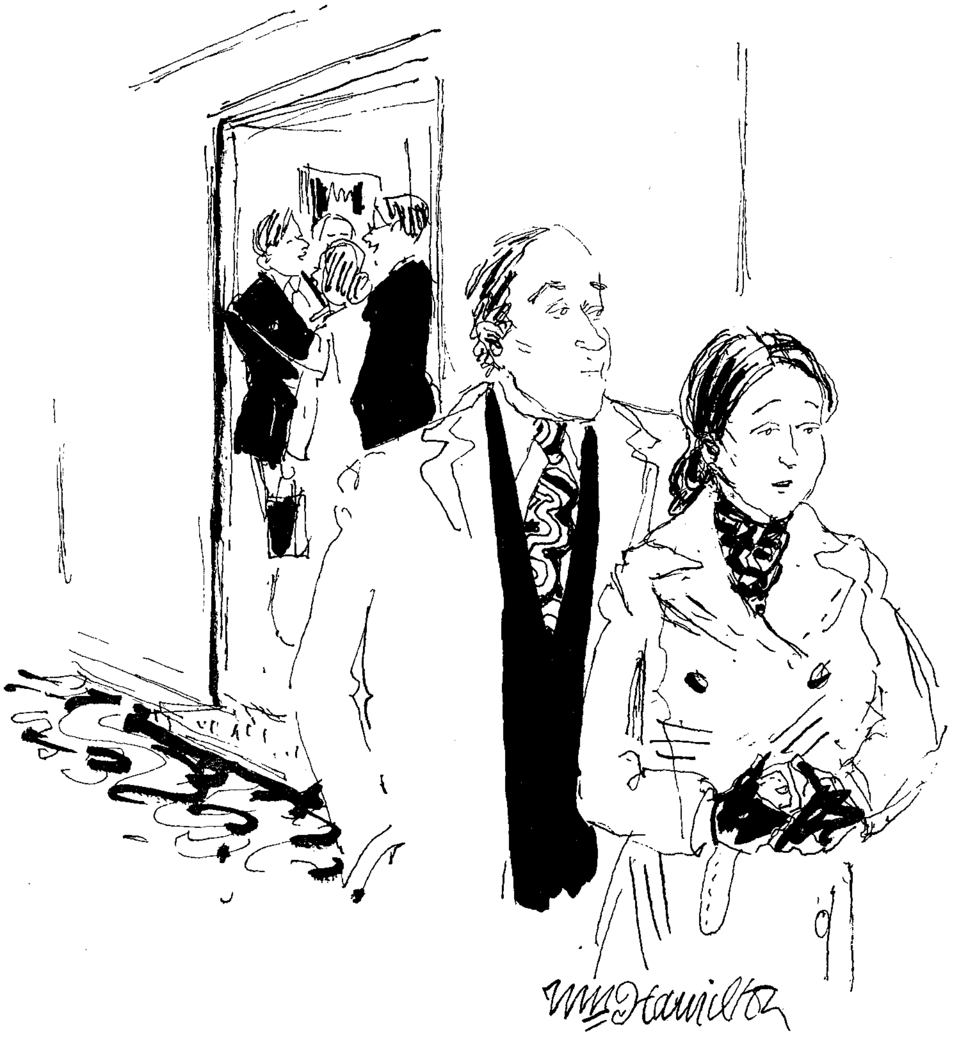
"I hate everybody."

"That's no good."

"How can I help it? They've already been out. They heard he died and they've been carting off machinery and grain, and Frank Kubitz even took the team of bays. His only—" She swayed as though off balance and held him closer.

"That'll stop."

"They tell me it's owed to them and I tell them to wait, at least till you're



"Bach cantatas, Barcelona chairs, Albers prints, quiche—why do our new people always turn out to be like our old people?"

here, but they won't listen! They just walk off with what they want."

"Everybody thinks they're owed something when they're poor."

"We're poor. *He* was."

"I know, I know, but they don't."

"Make them understand!"

"I will."

She drew away and wiped her cheeks with the handkerchief, wiped under her glasses, and then across her high forehead. "I'm sorry," she murmured. Her eyes were depthless with emotion. "I've never been alone before. I'm so thankful you're here. How are Marie and the children?"

"Fine."

"And you?"

"As well as can be."

"I know," she said.

"How was the end?"

"I brought him breakfast and he seemed in good spirits, he talked and laughed, and when I looked in to see how he was doing, he had a piece of toast in his hand and was staring straight ahead—thinking about something, I thought—so I let him be. He's been reliving so much of his past life since spring. But when I went back a while later, he was in the same attitude. He died that way."

Charles went across the parlor and opened a door. The curtains of the room were drawn, the air dim and gold-colored, and on the high bed with its carved-oak headboard he saw the outline of his father's body beneath a sheet. He closed the door. He dipped his fingers into a font of holy water fastened to the molding of the jamb and made the sign of the cross. He turned back the sheet to his father's shoulders. Thick silver hair was rayed upward over the pillow, giving his face an unprotected look, his lips were dark and parted, and the white scar across the bridge of his nose was violet. A scar from a fight. When had it happened? Why? The lid of his left eye was halfway open, and a clouded iris showed. Charles closed the lid with his thumb, and it slowly retracted.

In the top drawer of his father's bureau Charles found a leather change purse. He took two silver dollars from it, pressed the eyelid down, and placed the coins over it. He snapped the purse shut and held it, trembling. His father's beard, shorter and thinner than Charles remembered, flared up from his lifted chin like a silken brush. With his fingers Charles stroked the beard smooth, as he'd seen his father stroke it from the time he could remember.

God rest you, Father.

Charles drew the sheet back over his face the way he'd found it, crossed himself again, left the room, and sat at the oak table in the parlor. He couldn't look at Augustina. He pressed his fingers against his eyelids, which were stiff and felt thickened and numb, and the pain in his head suddenly brightened and went spiralling deeper and he wanted to cry out. He said, "Did Dad receive extreme unction?"

"Several times."

"Has a priest been out recently?"

"Two days before he passed on."

"Did Dad receive it then?"

"Yes. He asked to."

Charles uncovered his eyes and looked up. "There might not be a priest to say a Requiem."

"I know. There's a conference in Fargo."

"Does it bother you if there isn't a Requiem?"

"I haven't felt we've had a priest in town since Father Meyer left," Augustina said. "And neither did Dad."

Charles took his suit and white shirt from the carpetbag and went to the foot of the stairs, where coat hangers hung from wooden dowels.

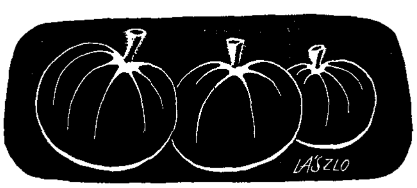
"I suppose we'll have to sell out," Augustina said, and he turned. Her eyes were plaintive and tearful, and she was twisting the handkerchief again. "And what will I do then? Could I come live with you and Marie? I could help with the children. I can still do chores."

Charles finished hanging up his clothes. "We'll talk about it later," he said. "I have to rest. You should rest, too."

He went over to the horsehair sofa and was instantly asleep.

In his dream the German word "*beste*" had a new significance: now it was a homonym of "beast" and a synonym of it, too, and it applied to him, because he'd been deformed. He was lying on his back in a meadow smaller than his body when a horse mower came toward the *beste* (beast) part of the meadow and mowed his hands off as easily as hay.

He sat up on the sofa. He'd held his hands, crossed at the wrists, so tight over his chest that they were asleep. He rubbed the inside of his wrists with his thumbs, then took out his pocket watch; he'd slept less than an hour. There was a smell of coffee, real or imaginary, in the room.



He went into the kitchen, and Augustina, who was at the stove with her back to him, swung around and put a hand to her throat. "Oh," she said. "I didn't know you were up."

She'd set a place for him at the table—a china plate with the silver next to it resting on a white napkin—and he sat with his back to the window, as he'd sat in this kitchen for most of his life. Augustina had put out on the table sliced roast beef, a plate of homemade bread, a dish of honey, hard-boiled eggs, corn relish, cottage cheese, sour cream, and sliced turnips; there was a butter dish with a butter knife beside it. She took a long-handled spoon and fished an eggshell out of the coffeepot, and poured Charles a cup, then herself, and then sat down across from him.

Charles took a swallow of coffee, lukewarm, as he liked it, and said, "I think you should ask Lucy and her husband to come live with you."

"Oh?"

"He's been laid off by the railroad, and they're having trouble keeping up their rent. They don't have children and they'd be good company."

"Oh." Augustina looked reflective and less anxious. Charles knew that children confused her and made her nervous. "But I thought Marie might like help with the kids."

"It would be nice. But unless things change for the better we'll be moving on from this country soon."

"Where to?"

"Illinois."

"To Chicago?"

"Further south."

"If you need money, Charles, sell the place here. It's actually yours, I've always thought of it so; Dad gave it to you."

"No, the place is free and clear, and now it's best to keep whatever you have."

"Why Illinois?"

"J. D. Prell is there. He used to be with the Hankinson bank, and I brought him out once to try and talk sense to Dad about that co-op. Now Prell is working for a land bank around Havana, Illinois, that's buying up farm properties."

"And you'd do that?"

"It wouldn't be to my taste. A lot of the farms are bought by paying off a mortgage or back taxes. Prell says that the barns and outbuildings on most of the places have been let go and the land bank, or Prell's development company, or whatever, wants them repaired before they sell. He's asked me to come down and start a carpentry crew. I'd work for him but more or less be my own boss to hire and fire and fix things up as I saw fit."

"It seems a good opportunity."

"It does."

"Could the boys work with you?"

"The oldest ones, I suppose. If they want."

The fall sunlight coming through the window lay in a broad band across Charles' back and around his sides, and embraced him with warmth. He thought of his sons and of how unreservedly he loved them, and realized he no longer had a father. He lifted up a spoon of honey and tipped it and let the honey spill in a thick strand into the dish again. "Do we still have bees?" he asked.

"One hive. Dad kept them up until spring, and then Clarence took over."

"How is the garden?"

"In good shape."

"Are the strawberry plants covered with straw?"

"Clarence did that."

"Clarence will be out tomorrow to help me."

"Poor man, I don't know what he'll do without Dad."

"Yes, they were very close. Clarence doesn't have any real friends."

"That, too, but Dad's kept Clarence in money for the last couple of years, you know."

"I should have," Charles said. "Well, you could take Clarence on as a tenant farmer. He certainly knows the land, and then you'd have a little income."

"Oh!" she said, and turned her eyes down.

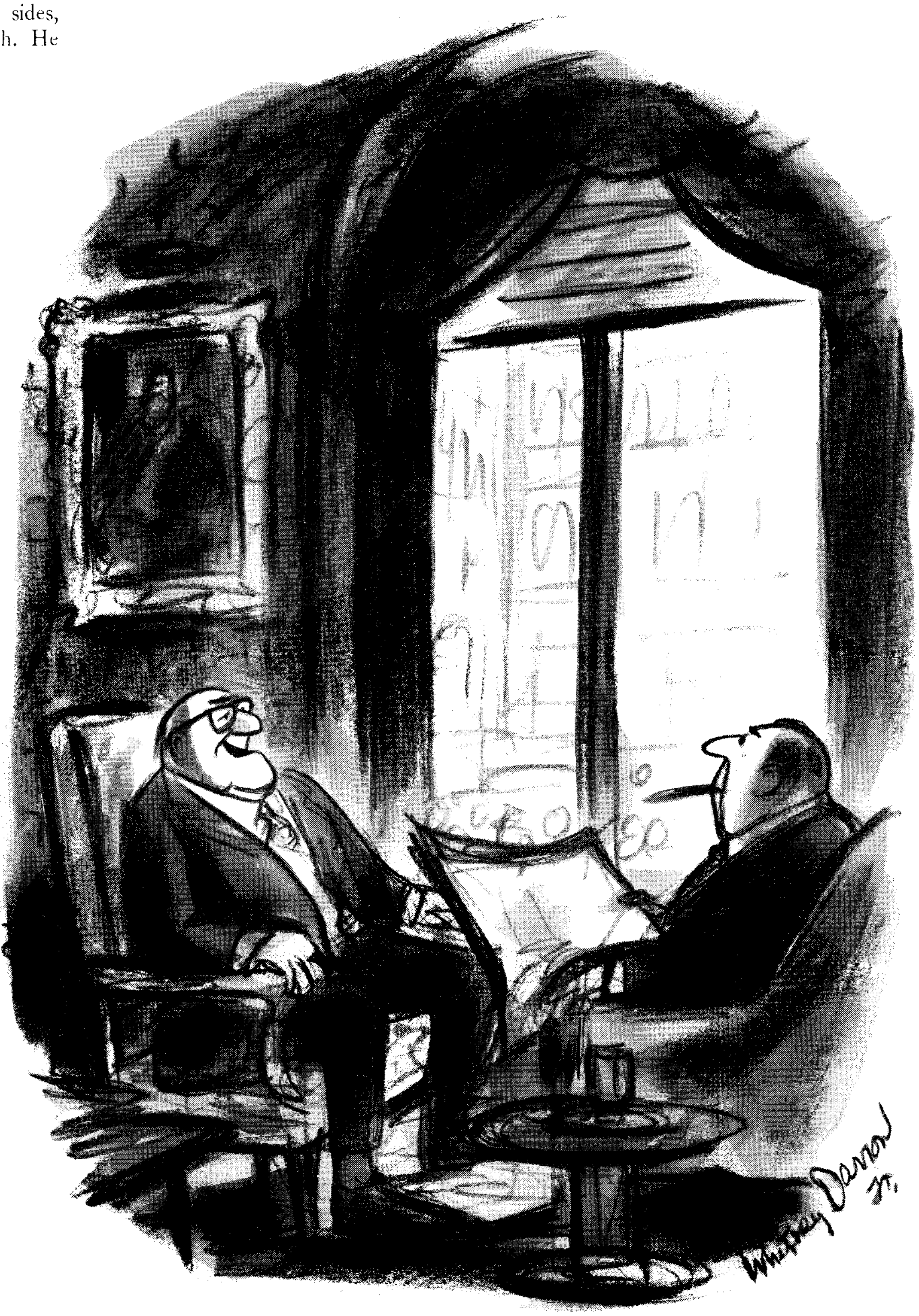
Charles sighed. "I won't move from where I am unless I have to. I love this country, and a farm is the only place to raise children."

He felt sententious and as though he'd spoken more in the past five minutes than in any previous year of his life. He finished his coffee and pushed back from the table. "I have to be busy," he said.

"But you haven't eaten, Charles."

"I'm not hungry."

He got his carpetbag in the parlor, went outside and got the mailbox, and walked down to the barn. He unlatched the side door, a Dutch door whose halves were hooked together, and propped it open with the mailbox. The barn hadn't been used for several years and smelled of musty hay and old oats going bad in bins. His vision hadn't adjusted enough to see them, but he could hear the scrabbling and the thumps of rats as they scrambled for cover, and there was a flapping of wings in the loft overhead as a large bird left by an opening. Lumber was stored on brackets suspended from the joists above him. In a horse stall were two wood-burning stoves, two washing machines, a half-dozen horse collars and some hames, fence posts, a dynamite crate filled with a tangle of fence staples and nails, and stacks of old catalogues. There was a pair of sawhorses. He pulled them out and sat on one and sketched a coffin, with


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"Whenever I'm in the dumps, I just sit back and think of my hundred and fifty million dollars."

measurements, on the back of the telegram.

He stood on the horse and sorted through the lumber and located several long pieces of one-by-eight shiplap and pulled them down. He took out his steel tape and found that they made up enough board feet. In the horse stall he picked up a scrap of hardwood, sawed two scraps of pine to its length, a foot and a half, and nailed the pieces of pine to the hardwood in a channel shape. He took out his protractor and in the bottom of the channel drew a pair of opposed forty-five-degree angles, and then sawed edgeways through the pine boards to his pencil marks, and had a mitre box. He glanced toward the house, and the sunlight—so brilliant from the interior of the barn that it revived his headache—made the trees and grass of the barnyard look bleached.

He began to saw the boards for the base of the coffin to length. The sound of the saw—the *rarp!* tssss *rarp!* tssss—echoed in the empty barn in a rhythm as regular as his breath and matched the pattern of sunlight and shadow on the dirt floor, where sawdust was snowing down. The smell of pine pitch cleared his mind of death, and the air of the barn seemed to brighten around him. Drops of sweat started falling from his face onto the boards and were soaked up in a second, the wood was so dry. He slipped his overall suspenders off his shoulders, removed his shirt, hung it on a harness peg, and slipped the suspenders onto his shoulders again. His bare back was sensitive to the building's dimness.

He cut three cleats to go across the boards of the coffin's base, bevelled their edges with a block plane, nailed them in place—moistening the nails with saliva to prevent the dry wood from splitting—and then turned the base over and clinched the nail ends that were pointing through the boards and polished bright. He turned it back again and nailed pieces of one-by-three hardwood over the two end cleats, letting the hardwood project six inches on either side, and had handles for carrying and spacers so the ropes used to lower the coffin could be pulled free. He began to mitre one-by-eights for the coffin's sides and ends, and felt eyes on him. He turned.

"Charles," a figure silhouetted in the open door said.

"Clarence?" Charles couldn't make out features, and the voice reverberated beyond recognition in the barn.

"Yes, Clarence." He shambled up to Charles as though gliding, his face a dim mask. "I noticed the door open and heard the saw. I got to thinking after you left. I thought you might like a hand today, you know, with—" Clarence gestured with his jutting jaw toward the coffin base.

"It's really a job for just one man. Thank you."

"Well, then, I thought you might like some of this." Clarence pulled a partly full pint of whiskey from his hip pocket. Charles removed the cap, poured a dash of whiskey in it, and tossed the whiskey down. "Thank you," he said, and handed the bottle back to Clarence.

"I know you don't drink, Charles, but, goodness, you can sure have more than that and not get stumbly."

"That's just enough to remind me of yesterday, which was enough for the rest of my life, I believe."

"Oh-ho," Clarence said. "Yeah, I thought there was a sort of cloud hanging about you. Well, here's to the good days that are gone."

Clarence put the bottle to his lips and tipped it, and the whiskey appeared to percolate as his Adam's apple rose to the top of his throat and throbbed there several times. He recapped the bottle and became contemplative. "Well, I was also wondering if you didn't want me to get started in at town, at the cemetery, you know, on the grave there. I'm the one usually does that." The whiskey was working in him; half-moon-shaped creases appeared in his stubbled cheeks with his smile of pride, and his eyes turned lustrous.

"I'm going to bury him here," Charles said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to bury him here on the farm."

"*Here?*"

"That's what I said."

"But your mother's buried in the

cemetery at church! The gravestone there has your dad's name on it!"

"I'm aware of that."

"This isn't consecrated ground!"

"To him it was."

"What will the priest say?"

"I have no idea."

"*Charles!*"

"I believe a priest can bless the area of a gravesite, if he'd like."

"But this is against all your beliefs!"

"If it was, I wouldn't do it."

"What will people say? You know, your mother buried where she is, in the cemetery there, and then your dad way out here?"

"People always say what they want, no matter what. I've decided."

"It's heathen," Clarence said. He uncapped the bottle and sat on a sawhorse. He shook his head, as though to shake free from it a daze of disbelief, and finished the whiskey. "Well, Charles, if that's your decision, then how about me starting the grave out here?"

"It would make things easier, but I'd best do it myself."

"You don't have to pay me."

"I'd rather, because I would. I want you to help tomorrow, though, as I mentioned this morning, and I can pay you four dollars."

"I don't want *money*, Charles. You have a wife and kids, you—"

"I can pay you four dollars."

"Whatever you say."

"I want to bury him at noon. I'd like you to be here an hour earlier."

"I will. Absolutely."

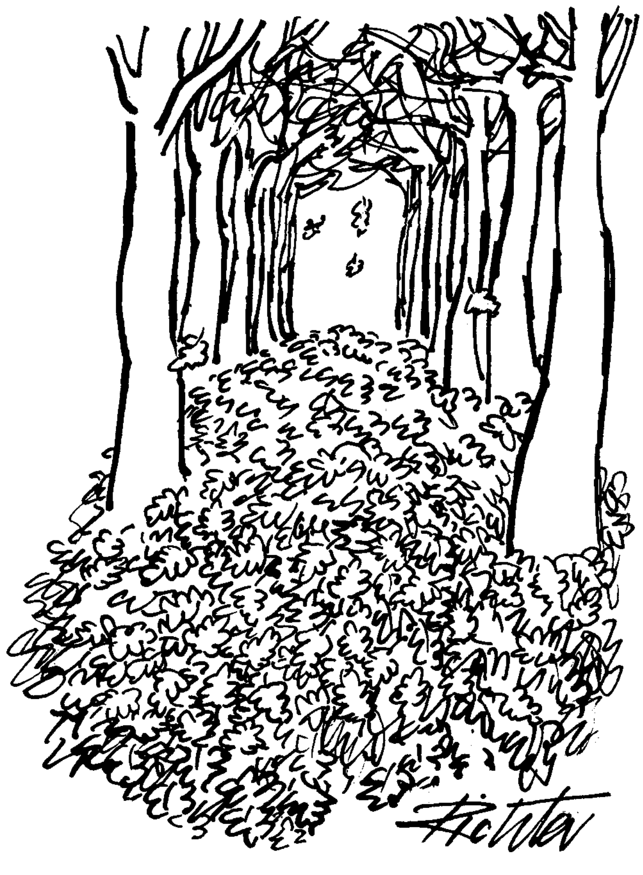
"It was thoughtful of you to come out. I want you to stay for lunch"—Charles pulled out his pocket watch—"and I think Augustina would like you to stay, too. We have something to ask of you. And it's lunchtime right now."

Charles got his shirt from the harness peg, and Clarence brushed off his clothes, lifted his cap and smoothed back his hair, tucked his shirt tighter into his pants, and dropped the whiskey bottle inside one of the wood-burning stoves. When they were both at the open door, Charles turned to him and said, "But after lunch, Clarence, I want to be alone."

CHARLES finished the coffin at two o'clock. He sealed the cracks and seams in it with wood putty. He found a binder canvas with most of the slats missing or removed and cut it in lengths to fit the sides and base of the coffin, then painted the interior of the coffin with tar, and pressed the lengths of canvas in place. The lid was identical to the base, but with a flat strip around its edges that he hoped would help make it seal, and the cleats on it faced inward. He painted the top of the lid with tar, laid canvas over it, nailed over the canvas another thickness of one-by-eights, rasped their outer edges round, and sanded them smooth.

He wanted to trim the base of the coffin to match the lid, but there was no more one-by-three material. He began ripping a one-by-eight in strips—the rasp and sob of the crosscut saw going with the grain. He was aware of a sharper smell of pine pitch rising as the saw blade heated, and of a sensation of rising with it, so that he felt as incorporeal as aroma and omniscient, observing thick, nicotine-stained fingers and calloused hands perform work in a world below, where light and shadow clashed. He cut his thumb and blood soaked into the board in a spreading stain. He raised up and spatters of blood appeared all over the board as though springing through its surface from beneath. There was no pain. He pinched the thumb at its base, and then took out his handkerchief, tore a strip from it, wrapped it around his thumb, and pulled the knot tight with his teeth. He finished ripping the board and trimmed the coffin's base.

He brought the mailbox into the barn and removed it from its pole. He cut into the domed top with a hacksaw, the parted metal shrieking against the metal blade, and sawed off the side of the box that held his father's name. He drew marks radiating from the center of the name, used them as a guide to draw an oval around it, and cut the oval out with tin snips. He placed the oval on a piece of wood beam and, with a nail set as a stylus, hammered into the orange paint of each letter, countersinking permanently into the metal "Otto Neumiller," as his father



Richter

had printed it. He punched holes through the sides of the oval and nailed it at the head of the coffin lid. Darkness spread over his back, and the barn door slammed.

He picked up an iron bar leaning against a feedbox and propped open the door with it. He'd brought the crucifix from his father's room out after lunch, and now he fastened it to the center of the coffin lid. He tarred the inner edge of the lid, tarred the top edge of the coffin walls, and then started nails at two-inch intervals along the lid for securing it down. From the stall he took a fence post, nailed the channel-shaped mitre box to one end, filled the saw cuts in its pine sides with putty, fitted a block into one end, and then roofed the box with a wider board. He put the post over his shoulder, grabbed the iron bar propping the door, and went out to the road. He set the post in the old mailbox hole and tamped rocks and dirt around it with the bar. He stepped back; it was standing true. There, Augustina, he thought. There, Augustina, or whoever else lives here.

He went behind the house, past the woodshed and the garden, to the flat where Sand Grass Creek formed a nearly perfect U, and searched around in the weeds until he found a shallow depression. The depression was nearly square, and there was a ridge around it that was formed when the walls of his father's homesteading shack gave way and rotted back to the ground. One of Charles' memories was of his father pointing out the depression and saying, in German, "You see that, Charles? That's where my real home is." And later, when Charles was older, he was walking behind his father through the depression while his father said in English, "Dis is where da stove was. Here da table. Food in a wall here. Here we slept." As his father grew older, every time he passed the area he'd say, "There's where I want to be buried, Charles." The last time Charles came to see his father, his father said from his sickbed, "Where do I want to be buried?"

"You shouldn't be thinking such things," Charles had answered. "You're a strong man. You have years ahead of you."

"Naw, I'm done. I feel done. I'm past the Bible age. I want to be buried." He winked. "Why not? Everybody has to. I'm tired of the days, the days, the days. I want to be happy. I want to die and sleep forever. Now. Where do I—"

"Dad, this sort of attitude—"

"*Ach!* Attitude! Do you hear what I'm saying, boy? Now. Where do I want to be buried."

"You used to say where your shack was."

"Good! You're right! I *do*. And if you got anything to say about it, Charles, you'll see it's there, *ja?*"

"Mother's not buried there."

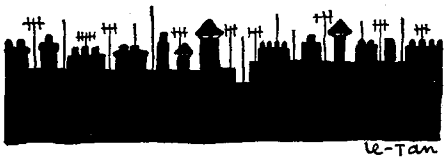
"Ah, well, your ma wanted better tings, she always did, God bless her. I don't. I want what I want. If there's a Heaven, I'll meet her in Heaven, and if not—" He threw up his hands. "Our bones ain't going to do anything in the ground together, especially locked up in steel boxes." He winked again. Charles was about to say these weren't light matters.

"Shush!" his father commanded, and lay back and closed his eyes and said in a weak voice, "I've spoke my piece."

Charles had started out of the room, when his father added, "And I don't want to be buried in no steel box. I want a wood one."

From the low ground of the homesteading shack, looking across the creek to the north and the east, the plain stretched off in golds and grays and blues to the line of the horizon; to the west, Charles could see the buildings of Mahomet and the road to the farm. A prairie willow grew a ways downstream, and standing closer was an oak his father had planted, nearly bare now, with large mismatched limbs bent by prevailing winds, and a brown-gold layer of fallen leaves around its base.

Charles walked into the depression, to the place where his father had said, "Here we slept," and lifted the iron bar with one hand and drove it into the ground.



God forgive me if I'm doing the wrong thing, he thought.

He went to the barn, picked up an armful of feed sacks, his metal tape, a tiling spade and a shovel, and came back to the gravesite. Using the bar as a center point, he measured the grave's dimensions, cut its outline into the sod with the tiling spade, moved the bar, which he'd need for rocks, and spread feed sacks over the weeds to hold the spaded earth. He began to dig the grave. When he reached a depth of three feet, the sun started to set. There was an aroma of a storm in the air, and the temperature had dropped ten degrees. He could see the gray vapor of his breath as he worked. He looked up at the sky—greenish blue, banded with yellow ribs of cirrocumulus that were tinged pink and were bending toward the horizon as though being bent down by the sun—and thought, Surely it will snow tomorrow.

He stepped the spade into the bottom of the grave and got up on ground level. He went to the creek, lay in the grass at its edge, leaned and drank his fill, then removed his cap and plunged his head in up to his shoulders, blowing air out his nose, came up for a breath, plunged his head in again, and shook it and scratched at his scalp to get it clean.

He came up and pressed the water out of his hair and wiped his face with the scrap of handkerchief, and just as he stood there, with his shirt soaked to below his shoulder blades, the atmosphere around him changed. The air darkened and a strong wind tore most of the remaining leaves from the oak and carried them across the creek, and a sheet of blowing dust filmed his eyes.

BRINGING IN THE FLOAT

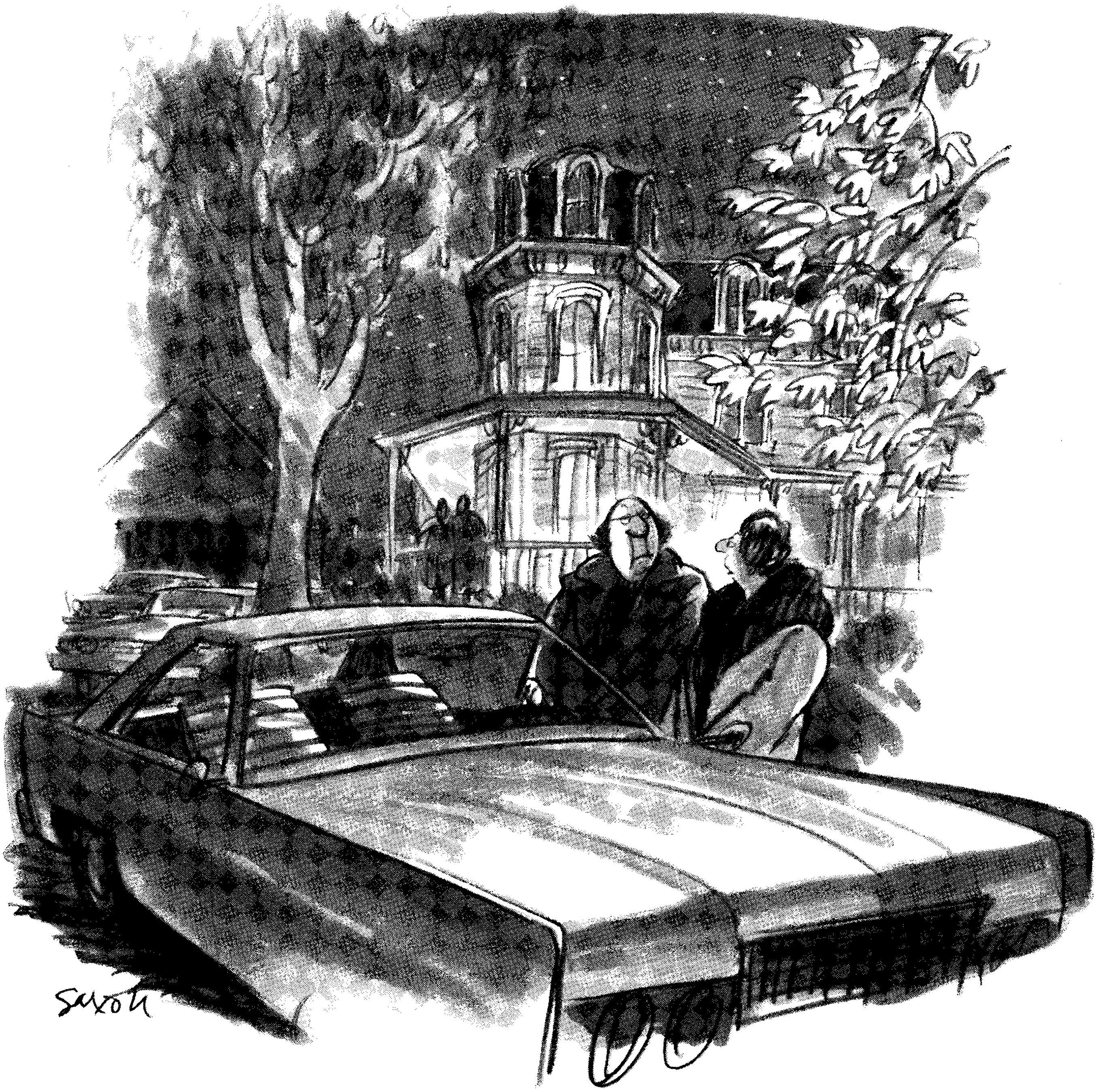
It looks like the old painterly palette
out here—my neighbor's son
reining the white float in, green dock
against blue water, two men
crouched over a come-along, hauling

while the river squalls and shrinks
in wrinkles, yellow and red
leaves stipple the eddy and follow
around a spiral of spring tide,

and I feel my back creak but no strain.
It's a great Sunday morning to bring home
all the summer landings, to break clean
with a season, taking what will come.

—LOUIS COXE

• •



"When did you start quoting 'Rolling Stone'?"

• •

He turned his back to the wind and blinked his eyes clear.

Why did he care for this godforsaken country so much? He turned again, and though he felt like running as he had when he was a boy, he walked up to the house at his usual pace, jumped onto the porch, and stepped into the parlor's warmth.

Supper was cooking. It was mutton stew—one of the dinners his mother made with such regularity when he was a boy he could tell a mile from the house what day of the week it was.

"Charles?" Augustina's voice came from the kitchen.

"Me."

She walked into the parlor, her face flushed from the stove, and he saw that she'd tidied her hair and changed into a different dress.

"Will there be a storm?" she asked.

"It feels it."

"A freeze?"

"Perhaps."

"You aren't sweating in this weather."

"I washed."

"Your eyes look bad."

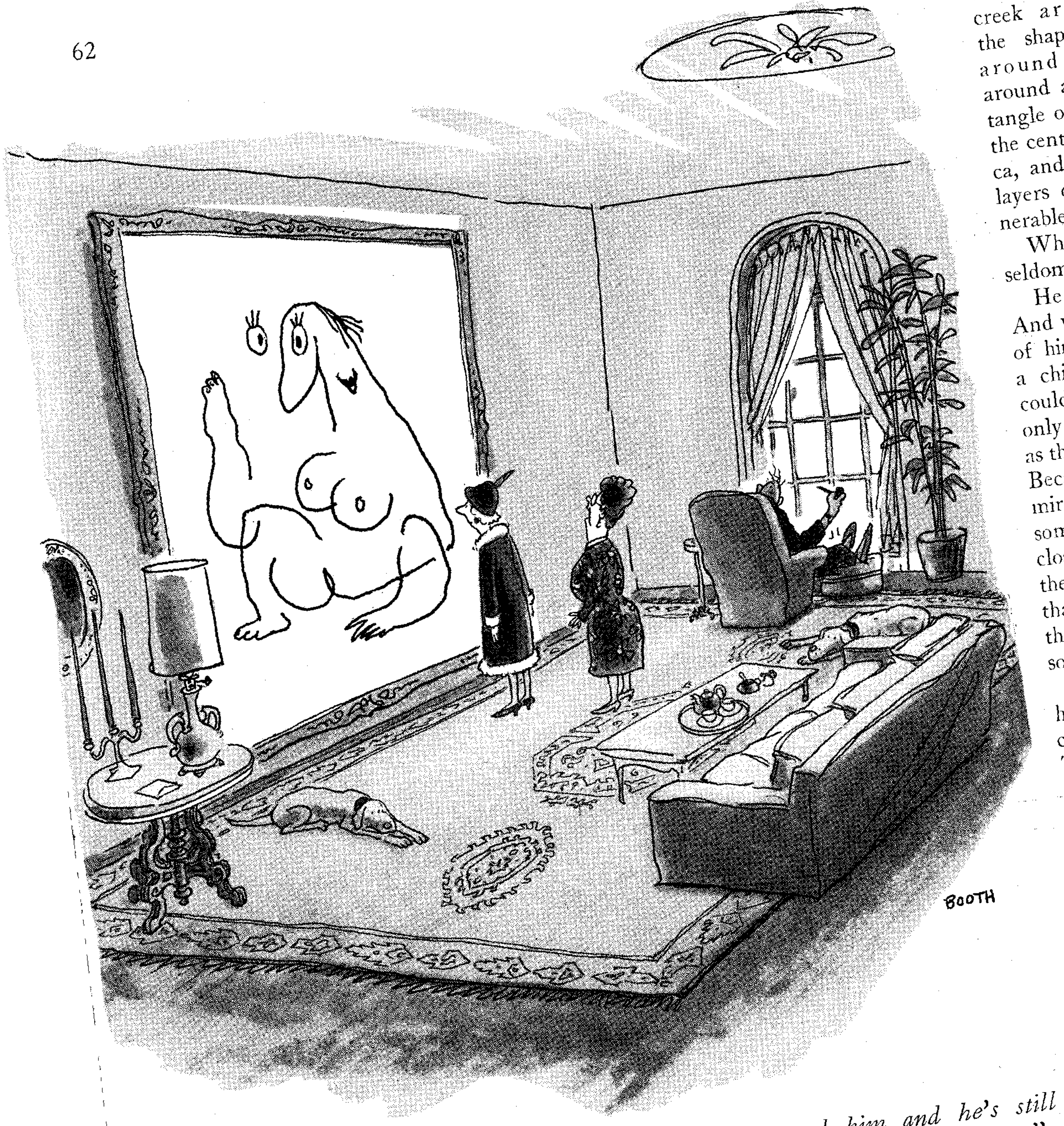
"The dust."

"You're worn out. Why don't you rest before supper? I've made up the bed in your room."

"I believe I will rest," he said, and started up the stairs. "Oh. I'll need a lot of clean rags, a sponge if we have one, some clean sheets, towels, the rose water, and a needle and thread, probably. Why don't you just leave out your sewing basket. Also, lay out Dad's best suit."

She nodded, and then bowed her head, as though she'd forgotten why he was here.

His room was nearly bare. There was a bed, a dresser, and a straight-backed chair shoved against the wall beside the bed. A picture of the Sacred Heart—with palm leaves plaited into the shape of pine cones dangling over its frame—was suspended on wire from an eightpenny nail above the bed. He went to the window and listened. A pane of the window was loose, and the



“The artist was unknown when Harold discovered him and he’s still unknown, except, of course, that he and Harold are acquainted now.”

• •

high, shifting wind was making the pane hum in nearly perfect fourths: F♯, B, F♯, B, baaaa, beee, baaaa, beee, it kept repeating an octave above C, in the tenor range. He hummed a low D and held it while the pane passed through its pair of notes several times. How he’d love to be able to afford a good pipe organ for the church in Mahomet!

It was nearly dark, but when he lifted the curtain he could see the gravesite, the mound of dirt, the upright iron bar, the blue of the grass and the outbuildings, the blue-black of Sand Grass Creek. This room had been his father’s favorite room in the house, and when Charles was young his father used any excuse to come upstairs and talk to him here; and from the day Charles’ mother died until just a few months ago, when his father’s final illness confined him downstairs, his father had slept here. Charles let the curtain fall.

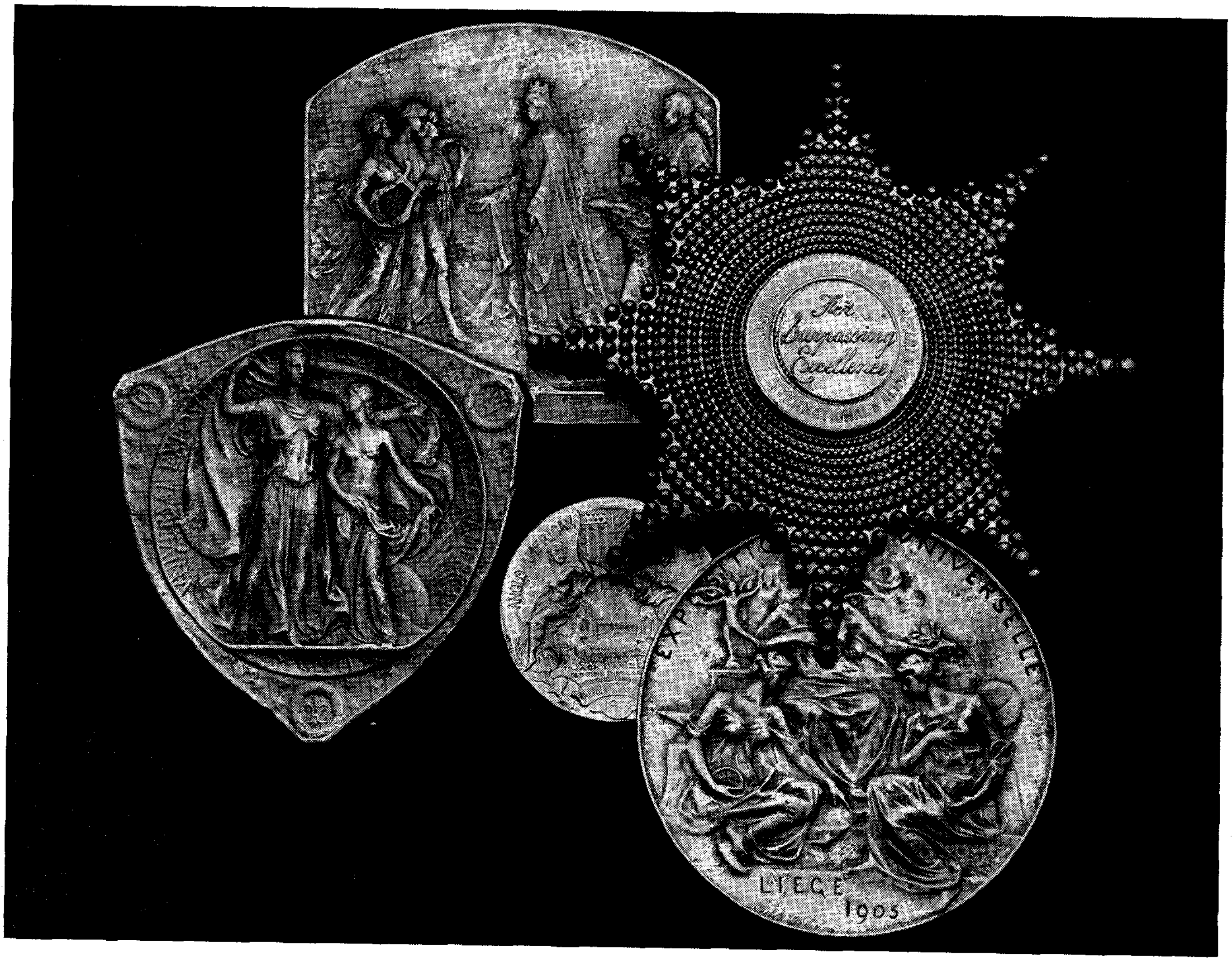
He went to the closet, opened the door, and was surrounded by a smell of cedar and camphor balls. Who’d put the camphor balls in a cedar-lined closet? The smell of camphor and the needlessness of it here gave him a wash of nausea. When he was a child, he used to sit in the closet with the door closed and pretend he was on needle-blanketed ground with heavy boughs above him, in the green center of a forest—or a forest as he imagined one; he’d never seen a real forest in his life, not to this day. And, sitting in the closet, he visualized the walls of his bedroom around him, and around his bedroom the house, and around that the farmyard, the shape of the creek around the fields, the shape of the county around the creek, and around all of that the rectangle of North Dakota, at the center of North America, and he felt enclosed in layers of protection, invulnerable.

Why was it that he so seldom thought of his past? He never thought of it. And why, when he thought of himself in this room as a child or a young man, could he picture himself only from the chest down, as though he’d had no face? Because there was never a mirror in the room? He sometimes fell asleep in the closet and slept through the night, and it was here that he’d first committed the boyhood sin he was so ashamed of, God forgive.

A single clothes bag hung from the pole in the closet. He unzipped it. There were dresses inside—his mother’s dresses—and behind the dresses he saw the shoulders of a man’s coat. He unhooked the hanger, pulled the coat out, and lifted it open by a lapel. There were trousers with it. The label over the breast pocket read “L. J. Frantz, Fargo.”

It was his high-school-graduation suit. His father had taken him on the train to Fargo to buy the suit, had made an occasion of the day, had embarrassed Charles by telling the clerks and old man Frantz himself that his son was a high-school graduate, and his father had picked out the suit. It was black, of a heavy hopsack weave, and its cut, Charles had thought then, was old-mannish and European, and he’d hated it. Had he worn it a dozen times? A half dozen, maybe.

He removed the jacket from the hanger and tried it on. It fit so perfectly it could have been tailored. He took it off, hung it over the chair back, took off his overalls, and pulled on the trousers. They fit nearly as well, but were big at the waist. The suit he’d brought, his only suit, was tan-colored and baggy on him, and he decided to wear this one tomorrow. He lifted the upper mattress, held it aloft with his head, smoothed the trousers over the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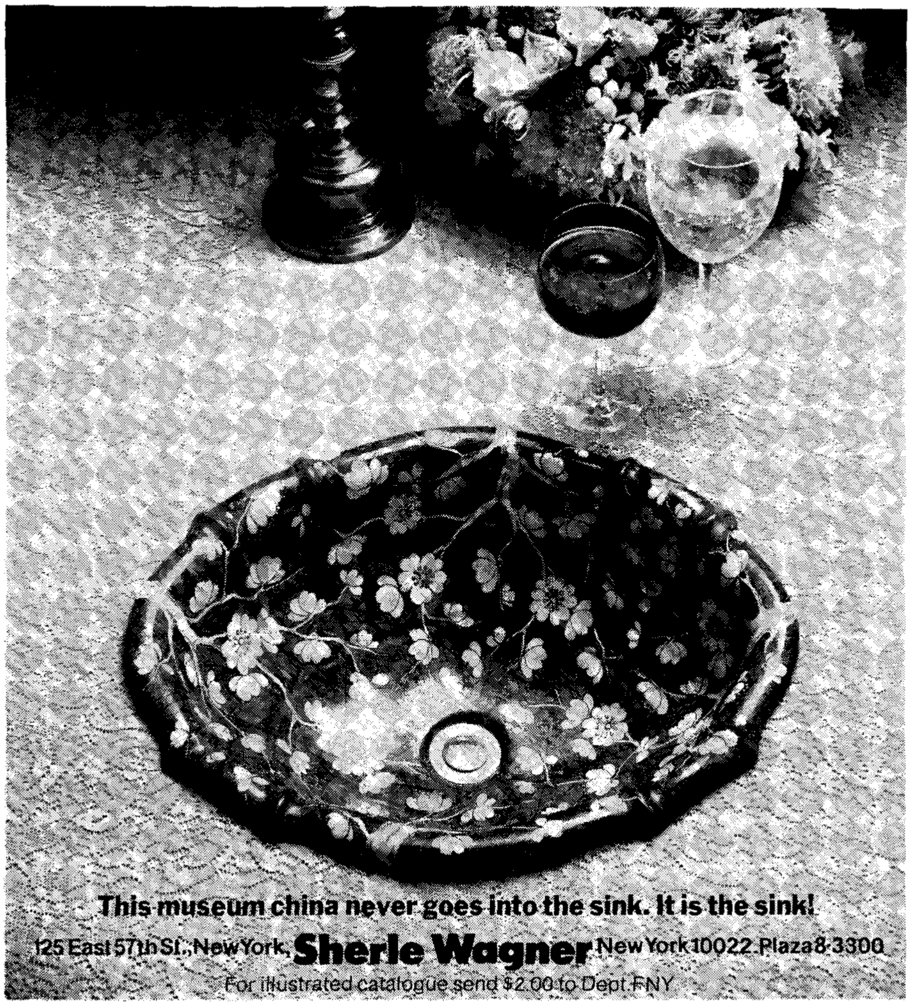

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bottom mattress, and lowered the upper mattress down on them. He went across the room in his undershorts and closed the closet door.

He pulled open the top drawer of the dresser. Inside were mismatched stockings heavily darned; a bronze bust of the Virgin; a white statuette of an elephant that tasted, he knew, like alum; arrowheads; a sachet; a slide rule; a screwdriver; and a clump of tangled rosaries. He took out a wallet-size notebook with a cover of stiff brown paperboard and thumbed through it. Poems, mostly of the self-improvement sort, were copied in the book in Augustina's correct and girlish hand—"The Psalm of Life," "Aim High," "Daughter, Don't Let Mother *Do It!*"—and there were also inspirational quotes from Abraham Lincoln.

Following the quotes and poems were several pages, which must have been dictated, and were entitled "Edicot":

> Stopping to look in shop windows is against the rule of street edicot.
>
> To eat anything on the street is a sign of bad breeding.
>
> A lady must recognize a gentleman by bowing before he can acknowledge any acquaintance with her.

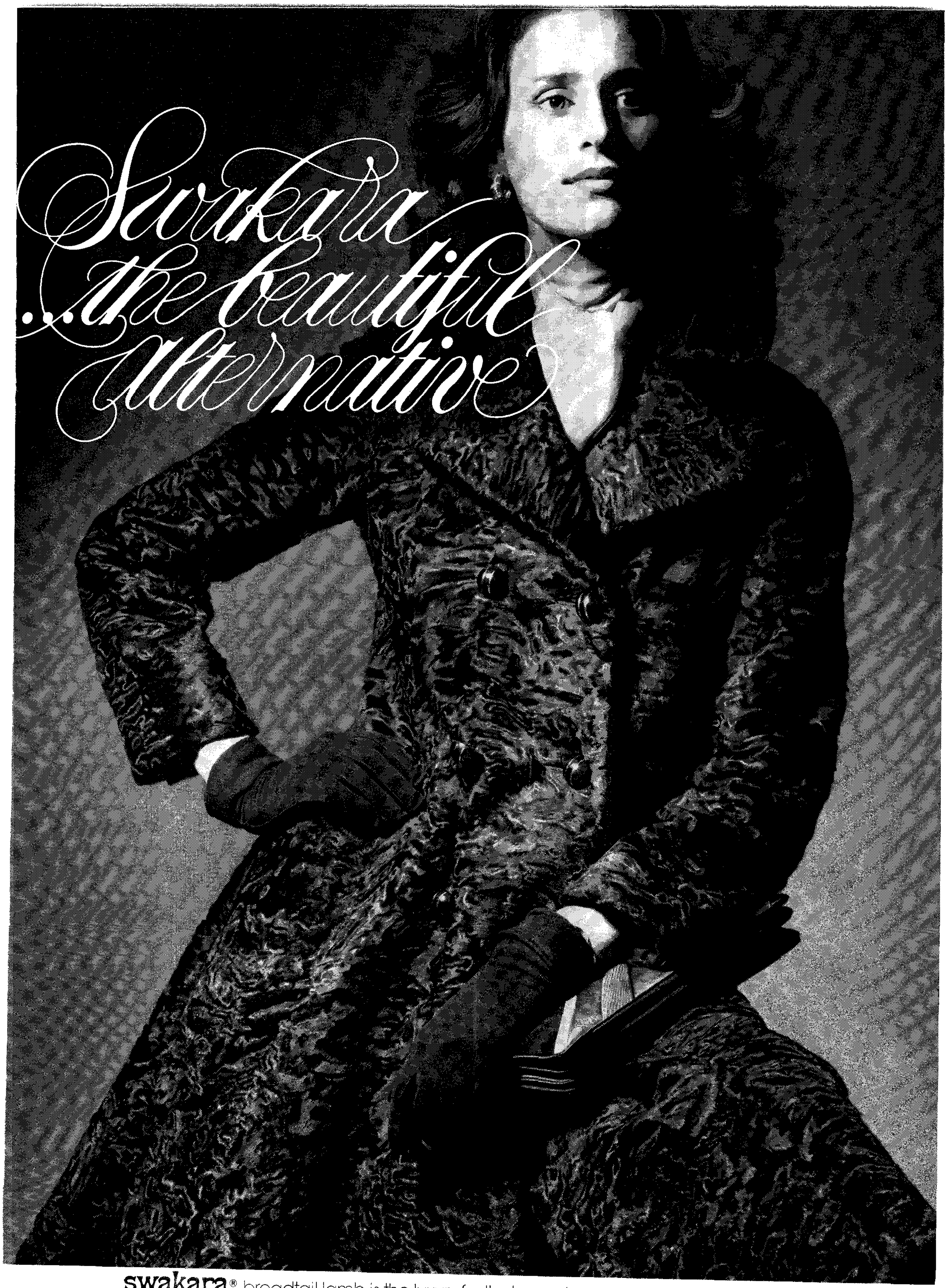
And farther on:

> In entering a carriage be careful that your back is toward the seat you are to occupy.
>
> If there be a step for entering the carriage land on it with your left foot, or there are two steps put right foot on the first and left foot on the next in order that you may enter the carriage with right foot.
>
> Sink easily into the seat and if you are to sit on the other side reverse the action.
>
> The seat facing the horses is the seat of honor and should be given to the eldest lady.

What was this from?

Charles flipped the pages backward and saw, on the inside of the front cover, Augustina's signature, and after it an address in Chicago: their father sent Augustina to an academy and finishing school when she was sixteen, but Charles couldn't remember now a time before he got married when Augustina was away from the farm. He did remember stories about her and her difficulties in the city: how she was terrified of the crowds, the forward men, the trolley cars and the noise, and especially the lake—the big lake she couldn't see the other side of. She kept to her room, and took sick often, and didn't finish out the year.

He dropped the notebook into the drawer and closed it. What was he doing while Augustina was away? If she was sixteen, he would be what? Elev-



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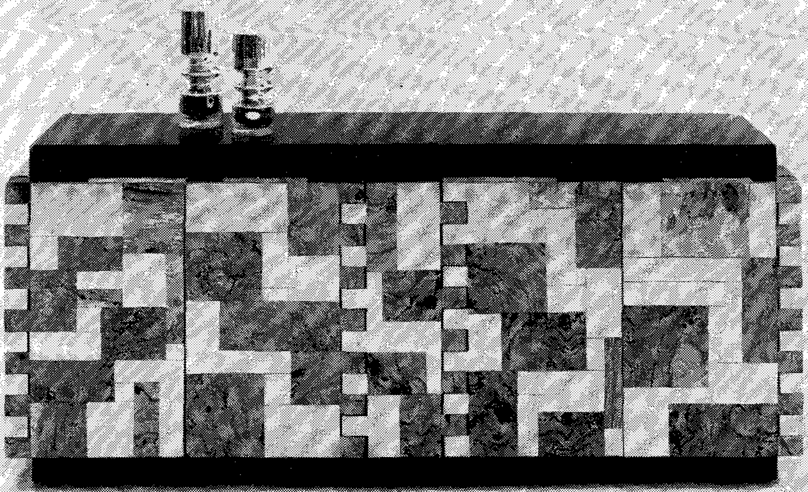

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en? Twelve? All he could really remember from most of his boyhood was working here in the fields, and the changes of season—as though his past were composed of only four memories: the work in the spring, the work in the summer, the work in the fall, and in the winter little work, except tending the stock and digging out after blizzards. Details were heaped within the walls of those divisions, and he'd never bothered to look back on the details again.

He realized he couldn't remember when Augustina was away because he was also away then. His father sent him to a Benedictine abbey west of Bismarck for the seventh and eighth grades. His father wanted him, before he entered high school, to have a better education than the country school could provide—for his father was determined that he finish high school—and his father also hoped that the life of the abbey would appeal to him enough to interest him in the priesthood. Was his father hurt that Charles had asked to leave the abbey after his second year? Of course.

He'd learned his Latin fairly well. All of the teachers were Benedictine priests, and his Latin teacher, the only teacher he liked or really remembered, a flashy Irishman who knew seven languages, referred to him as *Der Alte*, because he was so formal and solemn-faced even then. It wasn't that he disliked the abbey, he simply knew from the beginning that he'd never become a priest.

He went to the bed and lay down on top of the covers, drew the comforter at the footboard up to his chin, willed himself to be awake in one hour, and immediately fell asleep.

When he woke he rolled in bed and reached for his wife and then realized where he was. He took his pocket watch from his overalls on the chair; it was eight o'clock. He dressed and went downstairs. Augustina had laid out the articles he'd asked for on the oak table in the parlor.

After supper he said to her, "You'd better go to your room now."

She took up a kerosene lamp and went to the foot of the stairs. "I'm going to write Lucy and her husband," she said. "I think they might like living here."

"I'm sure they would."

"And it was good of you to think of Clarence. I won't worry about him now. I won't worry about the farm. I feel I've been delivered from worry."

"I'm glad."

"God bless you, Charles. I'm so grateful to you, I—" She turned away

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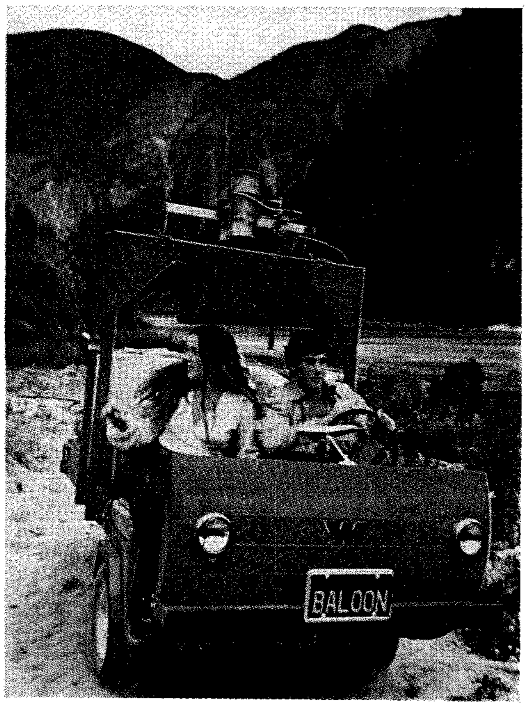

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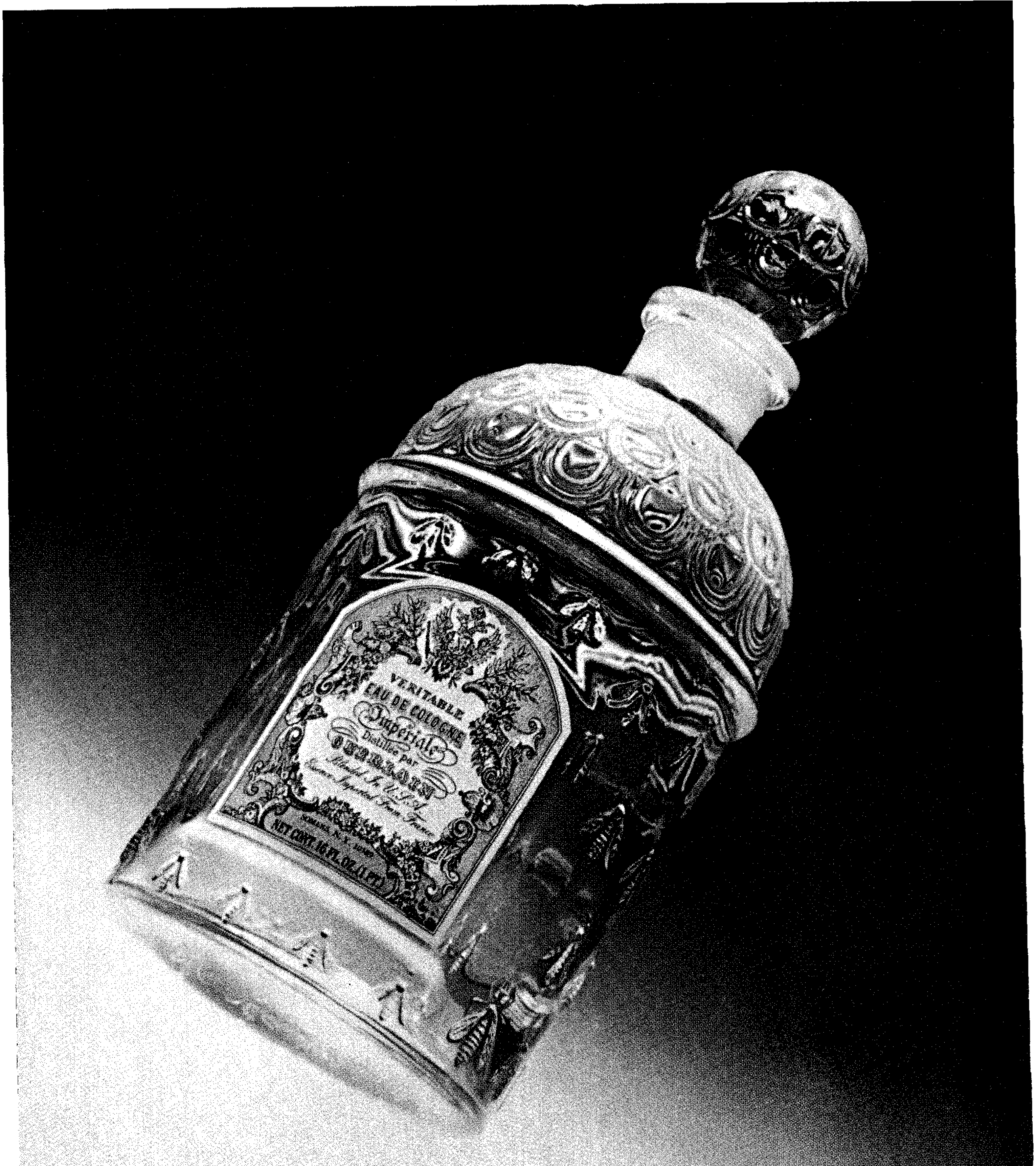
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and went up the stairs. He followed her footsteps after she was out of sight and realized, as she passed his room, that he could hear, from where he stood, the two notes of the windowpane, and he wondered if she would marry Clarence. He turned up the lamp on the table, went into the kitchen to the sink pump, pumped a basinful of water, and brought the basin in to the table. He laid down a thickness of sheets, and went to his father's room and put his hand on the doorknob. He'd never prepared a corpse.

He opened the door. The room had a warm, rank, sweetish-foul gastric smell, and he waited inside the doorway until his senses became acclimated to it. He drew the sheet away from his father's face and was startled to see the silver dollars. Moving around the bed, the floorboards groaning under his shoes, he pulled the lower sheet loose from the mattress, folded it over the sheet already covering his father's body, and worked his arms under his father's back and thighs. He lifted and went backward, off balance, the silver dollars crashing on the floor, and struck the bureau with his rear and made its legs grate. A silver dollar circling on its rim chattered to a noisy stop. He'd braced himself for a hundred and fifty pounds, his father's weight, but at this moment his father couldn't weigh more than eighty. His body was as stony, dehumanized, and rigid as bone. Charles carried him to the table and laid him on the thickness of sheets there.

He sloshed a bar of soap in the basin of water and washed his father's hair and beard with the sponge. He held a cloth over his index finger, dampened it, and wiped over the features of his father's face, where light from the lamp lay yellow-gold, and remembered his father saying, "I'm not pretty, but it's me, so I guess I've got to like it, and I do." Charles went to the stairs, where he'd hung his suit, took from the breast pocket of the coat his straight razor, hearing F♯, B, F♯, B, and placed his foot on the second tread of the stairs and stropped the razor across his overall thigh. He rubbed his fingers over the cake of soap and moved them ahead of the razor as he shaved the stubble grown in around his father's beard. Sweat was falling from his face in gray splashes on the sheet, and his intestines trembled and gave out a groan. He was grateful for the notes of the windowpane and concentrated on them until he became abstracted from his work.

He emptied the washbasin in the kitchen and refilled it. Then he drew the sheet away from his father's chest, matted with straight gray hair, and

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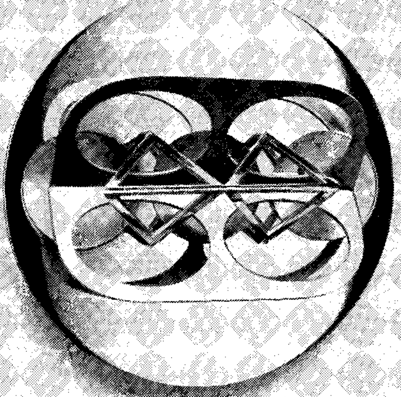

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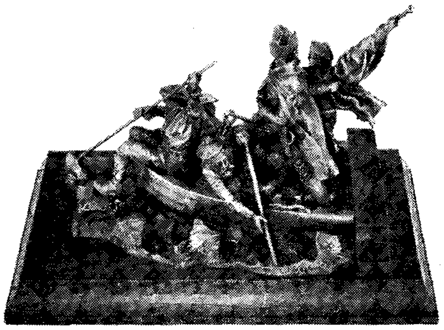

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washed it with the sponge. He drew the sheet down farther, below his father's stomach, which was swollen and discolored, and washed it carefully to the line of metallic-gray pubic hair. The yellow-gold light on his father's face trembled and faded, his features went brown, then deep blue, then orange-gold, and then the wick recovered and the lamp burned evenly again over a face that was a mask of a face. Charles laid a towel across his father's chest and stomach to absorb the moisture of washing, and removed the sheet completely.

It was the first time he'd seen his father's genitals.

He washed his father's arms and hands, his legs and feet, and cleaned his nails with a pocketknife. He rubbed rose water over the length of his father's body, and then folded a clean towel, placed it beside his father's head, his mind moving from F♯ to B to D, and turned his father face down. The backs of his father's arms and thighs, his shoulders and his buttocks were flattened and plum-colored, and his rectum was plugged with a cloth. Charles washed his father's back and rubbed it with rose water and turned him again.

He got the clothes Augustina had laid out and worked the trousers up his father's legs to his waist and then put on his stockings and shoes. His father's arms, bony and blue, were so rigid against his sides Charles knew that, without help, he couldn't put on the shirt and coat. It might be possible to pull them up his father's arms, but his father's skin, which was parchment-like to the touch, slid so easily over his flesh Charles was afraid it would tear. He took a pair of scissors from Augustina's sewing basket and cut off the sleeves of the shirt, cut through the back of the collar and along the side and shoulder seams, and removed the back panel. He tied the tie around his own neck, loosened the knot and removed it, and then laid the shirtfront over his father's chest and slipped the tie underneath his father's head, around his head and down to his throat, tucked the tie under the shirt collar, and used the tie to draw the collar tight.

Then he took the coat and began to rip it up the back, at the center seam, but the sound was so amplified in the silent house that he murmured a prayer and used the scissors to cut the seam up to the collar. He stopped there. From the center seam, at shoulder-blade level, he cut across the back of the coat to the right sleeve and down the seam of the sleeve through the cuff; he did the same to the other

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sleeve and opened the coat out. He slipped the collar under his father's head and buttoned the front of the coat. He had to remove, at the side seams, the two panels of the back, which made too much material to work with. He tucked the sleeve edges between his father's arms and his body, tucked the top of the coat under his shoulders, folded the towel beside his father's head so that a clean side was out, and turned him face down again. He drew the sleeve edges and coat sides through, up to each armpit, lay the panels he'd removed in place, and then took needle and thread and sewed up the whole coat.

He turned his father, unbuttoned the coat, sewed the sides of the shirt to its lining, and buttoned it up again. He put the razor back in his suit near the stairs, removed a comb from the breast pocket, and combed his father's hair and beard. He took the best sheet Augustina had left out and went into his father's room and spread it over the bed. He lifted the window shade. The woodshed and the weeds beyond were silver-blue, the weeds swaying with the wind in the moonlight, and from the window he could see, far off to the left, the mound of dirt and the upright bar. He drew the shade. He carried his father into the room, laid him down, and folded the clean sheet over him. He found the silver dollars—one beside a chair leg, one under the bed—and put them in the change purse in the bureau. He crossed himself at the font and closed the door.

He washed the table, gathered the sheets and towels up, took them into the kitchen and washed them in the sink, and went into a utility porch off the kitchen and hung them on clotheslines. He returned to the parlor, turned the lamp low, and took it with him up the stairs. There was a line of light under Augustina's door, and he remembered that she read at night, sometimes all through the night, until exhaustion overtook her. Inside his room, something was wrong. The bedcovers had been straightened, and the jacket was missing from the chair. He opened the closet door. Augustina had hung it up. He set the lamp down on the dresser, glanced behind him, and then drew open the dresser drawer and took out Augustina's notebook. What was there about this that unsettled him so?

Never open your napkin entirely but let it lay on your lap partway folded.
To blow soup to cool it or pouring out tea or coffee for same purpose shows illbreeding and is never seen in society.

Many of the entries were not in Augustina's usual hand—were ragged

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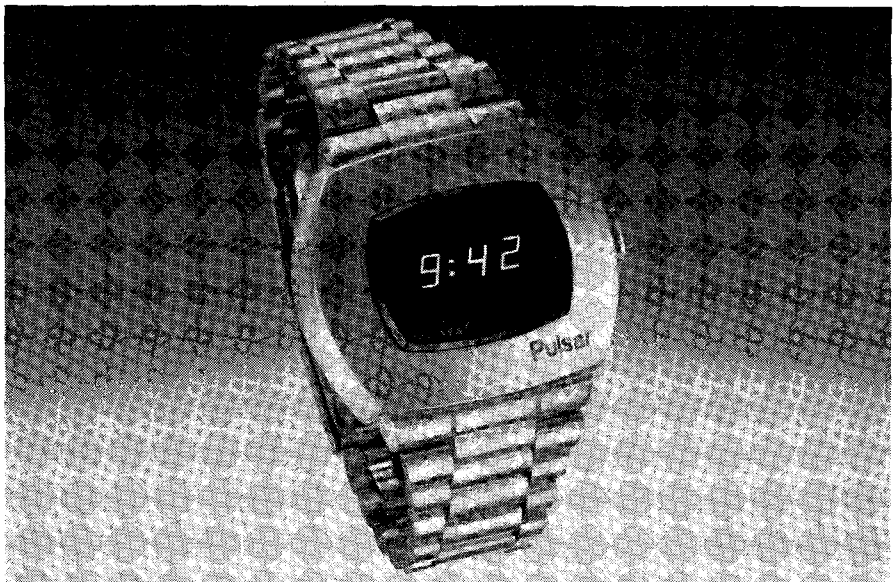

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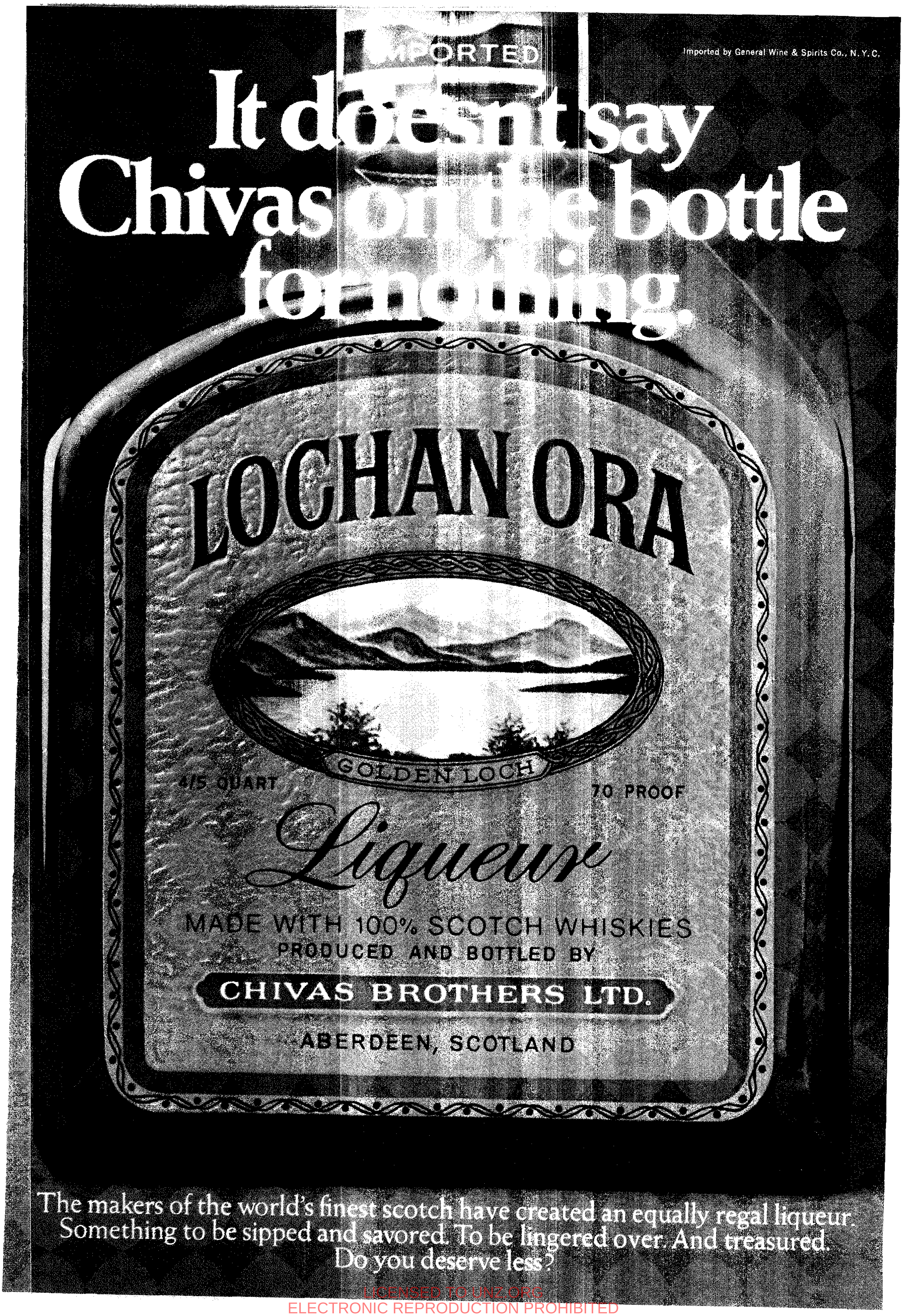
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or wholly illegible, as though she'd been forced to take dictation too fast, or was under nervous strain, and he wondered what all she'd been put through during that year. He felt eyes on him from the doorway and turned. Nobody was there. Augustina must have seen him with the notebook and stepped back in the hall, out of sight, to keep from embarrassing him. He dropped the notebook into the drawer, closed it, and cleared his throat. He could feel a presence just outside the door and turned, waiting for Augustina.

Then the presence moved into the room.

Charles stepped back and struck the dresser, and lamplight rocked in wobbling lines over the walls. The atmosphere of the room had changed as suddenly as the weather; it was cooler and less claustrophobic. The presence moved past him to the window. Had he summoned his boyhood self to this room by remembering earlier so much of his past here? The presence was so tangible he could even gauge its height at the window, just above the second mullion, and it was not his height as a young man. It was the height of his father. The presence turned a powerful side in Charles' direction.

"Ah!" Charles cried. He grabbed the lamp and hurried into the hall and saw Augustina in her doorway in a nightgown, silhouetted by the light in her room, her hair undone and down to her waist.

"Charles?"

He couldn't speak.

"Charles?" she said again.

"Water," he said, and it sounded as if not he but somebody else, a fugitive inside him with a hand at his throat, had spoken.

"What is it, Charles?"

"Overtired. Need some water."

"Are you all right?"

"Yes."

"You're sure?"

"Yes."

He started down the stairs, and her door closed. At the foot of the stairs he stopped, realizing how he'd react if any of his children came to him in the night and told him they'd felt a similar presence; he'd say it was foolishness, their imagination, and tell them to go back to bed. He climbed the stairs, entered his room, and went to the window. There was no presence now, and the air at the window was as mellow and cleansed as summer air after rain. It was the alcohol, the sleeplessness, his nerves, and handling his father's body that had affected his mind to such a point. How many times had

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Rodney D. Strong
Winemaker

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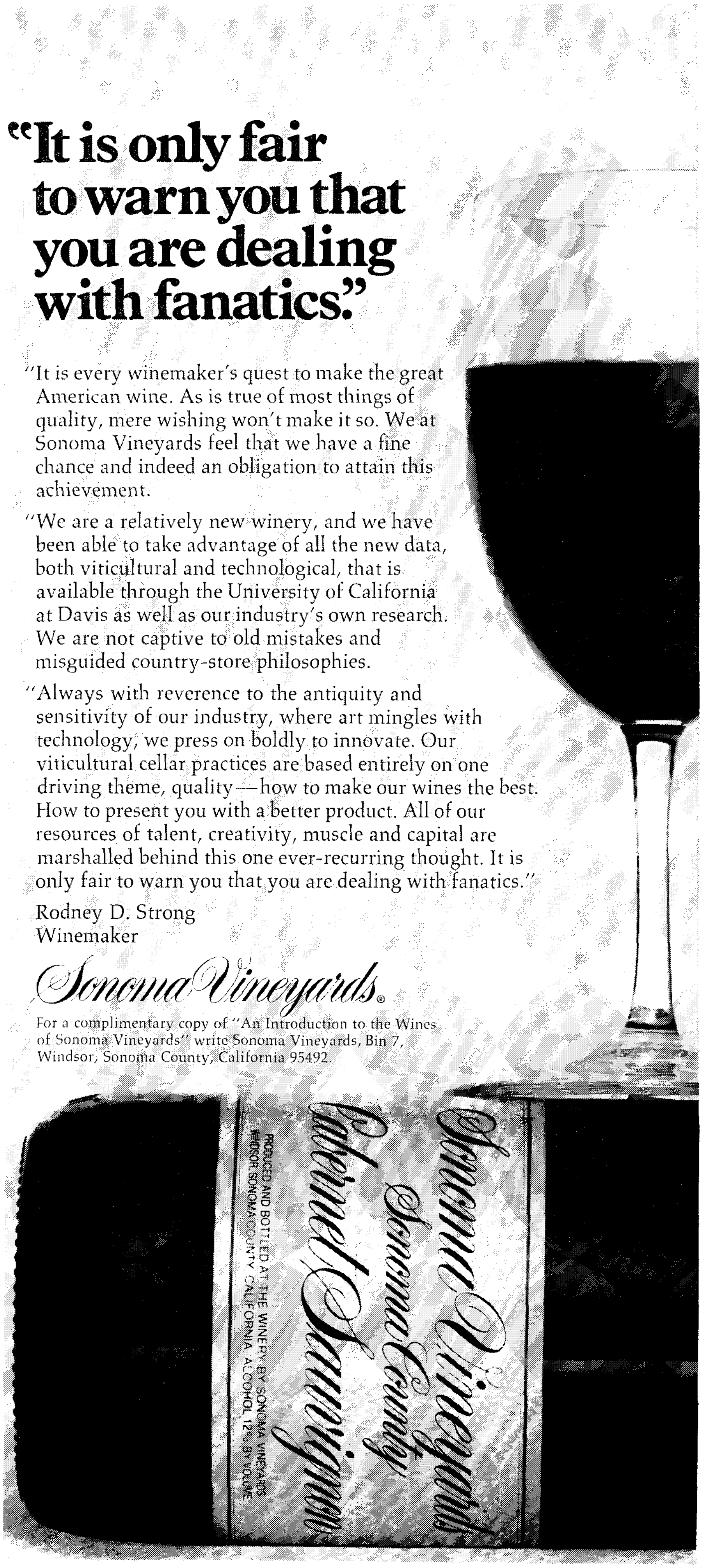
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he traced the shape of his father's body while he washed and rubbed him with rose water? Charles hummed the D to harmonize with the pane, nearly noiselessly this time, slipped a suspender off his shoulder, and turned to the chair.

The presence was now prone on his bed. He went to the bed and lifted the lamp high. There was no indentation in the covers. He passed his hand over the mattress and felt nothing but bedcovers and mattress, but when he drew back he could sense the presence lying concentrated there. He'd heard that the spirits of certain people, troubled or restless people, sometimes wandered searching until the detail troubling them was taken care of, or their restlessness met with affection and prayer. Was it right to bury his father so far from his mother? Should he wait for a priest?

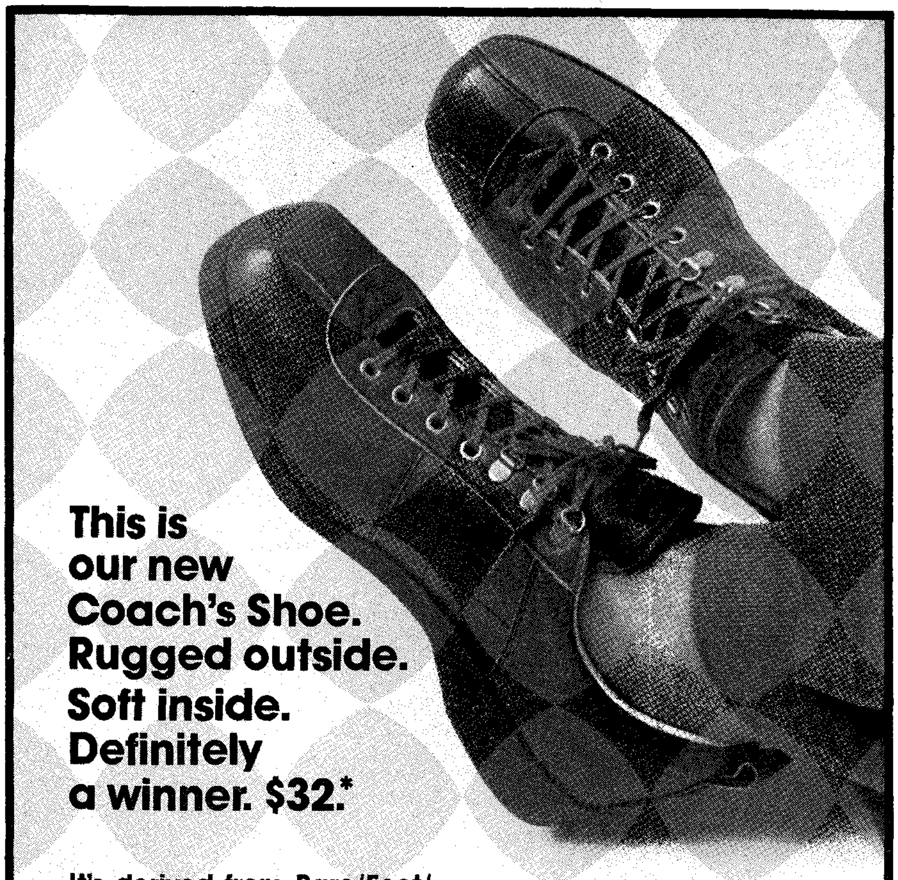
He took a rosary from the dresser drawer and went down the stairs to his father's room. He put the lamp on the bureau, closed the door, and went over and opened the window. The outbuildings and the weeds beyond were the same shade of blue, but it was colder now, and he could feel dew falling through the dark night air. He set a chair beside the bed, turned to blow out the lamp, and saw his father's missal on the bureau. He picked it up, and a square of paper adhering to its back cover dropped onto the bureau top. The paper was folded several times and had been handled so much it was oil-saturated and had the feel of old cloth. Charles unfolded it with care, seeing that most of the creases were worn through and parting, and opened it to the dim light. It was dated three years ago and was written in German, in laboriously formed old-fashioned script, and Charles saw that it was a letter from his son.

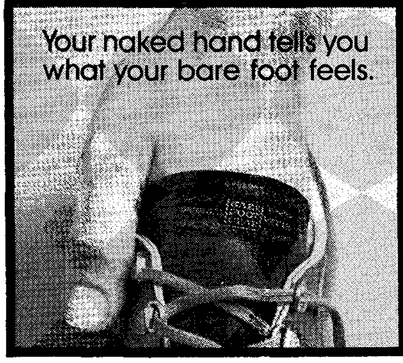
Greetings, Dearest Grandfather!

I send you this on the occasion of your 75th birthday to let you know you have my admiration and fondest wishes. A 75th birthday is a great event and needs a grand celebration. Please enjoy the day! You are many times in my thoughts here at the University, where I'm working my hardest to get as fine an education as I can, and I hope this letter will let you see that I've learned more than a little! God bless you, dearest Grandfather, and I send once again my greetings, my love, and all my warm thoughts to you.

Your Grandson,
Martin

Charles slipped the letter into the missal. He felt chastened by his son, and was ashamed that he himself had never been as open and affectionate to his father. He blew out the lamp. He





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sat in the chair and pulled it closer to the bed, and when his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he realized he could see, visible through the sheet against the moonlight, the dark shape of his father's body, and he thought, *Have I displeased you, Dad? Should I have shown more filial love? Am I wrong to bury you here? Would you like a priest and a Requiem? Is there a way you can let me know what you want? Should I pray now or just sit beside you? Do you want me to sit with you here until morning?*

He tried to say the Rosary but couldn't and put it aside. He began his boyhood bedtime prayers, which he hadn't said since he left this house and which once had a soporific effect on him equal to ether, and before he was halfway through them he woke to see sunlight shining in the open window.

There was a sound of metal wheels spanging over gravel, and a horizontal pole passed the window, and then the implement to which the pole was attached, a hay rake, rolled into view. Charles got up and ran out on the porch. A man in gray coveralls, Sy Rolfe, a young fellow Martin's age, the son of the neighboring farmer, was pulling the hay rake through the yard by hand. Charles ran out and took hold of a wheel. Sy pulled hard on the pole, swayed the pole from side to side, jerked it, and then said, "Now what the—" and turned. His eyes were the luminous, unsuspecting blue of youth. He said, "Oh. Mr. Neumiller. I wasn't sure you'd got in. Hi. I'm sorry about your dad."

"What are you doing?"

"Pa told me to come and get this."

"Is it yours?"

"No."

"Then, why?"

"Pa said your pa owes us for seed oats from five years back that Clarence got, or something. Pa figured they was worth about this much, er—" Sy raised and lowered the pole of the rake as though measuring its weight in money.

"Take it back where you got it," he said.

"But Pa said I was to come home with it."

"Tell your father he can make claims on the estate, if he has any, through the lawyer in town when the estate's being settled. There'll be no more of this. Now, take it back."

Charles released his grip on the wheel and Sy rolled the rake backward, close to the woodshed, let its pole drop, and went up the lane toward the road, glancing around at Charles as though his back felt vulnerable. Charles

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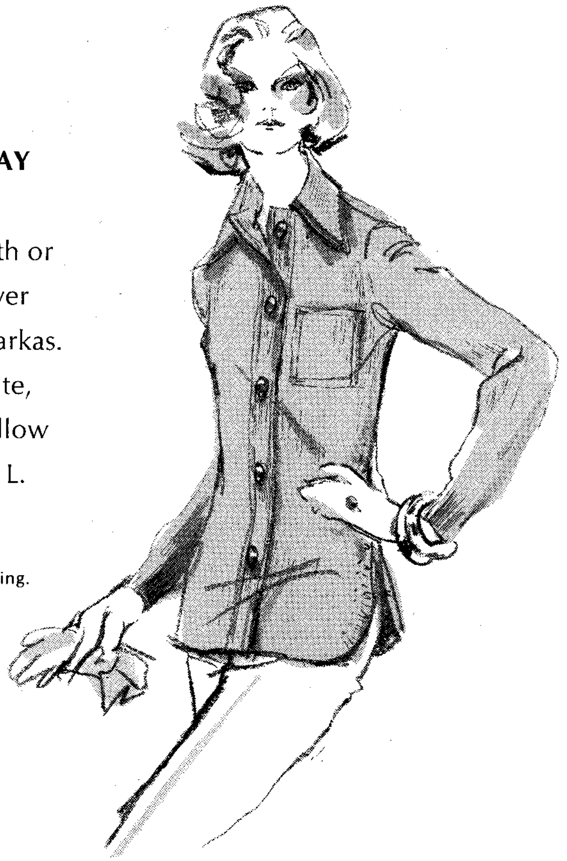

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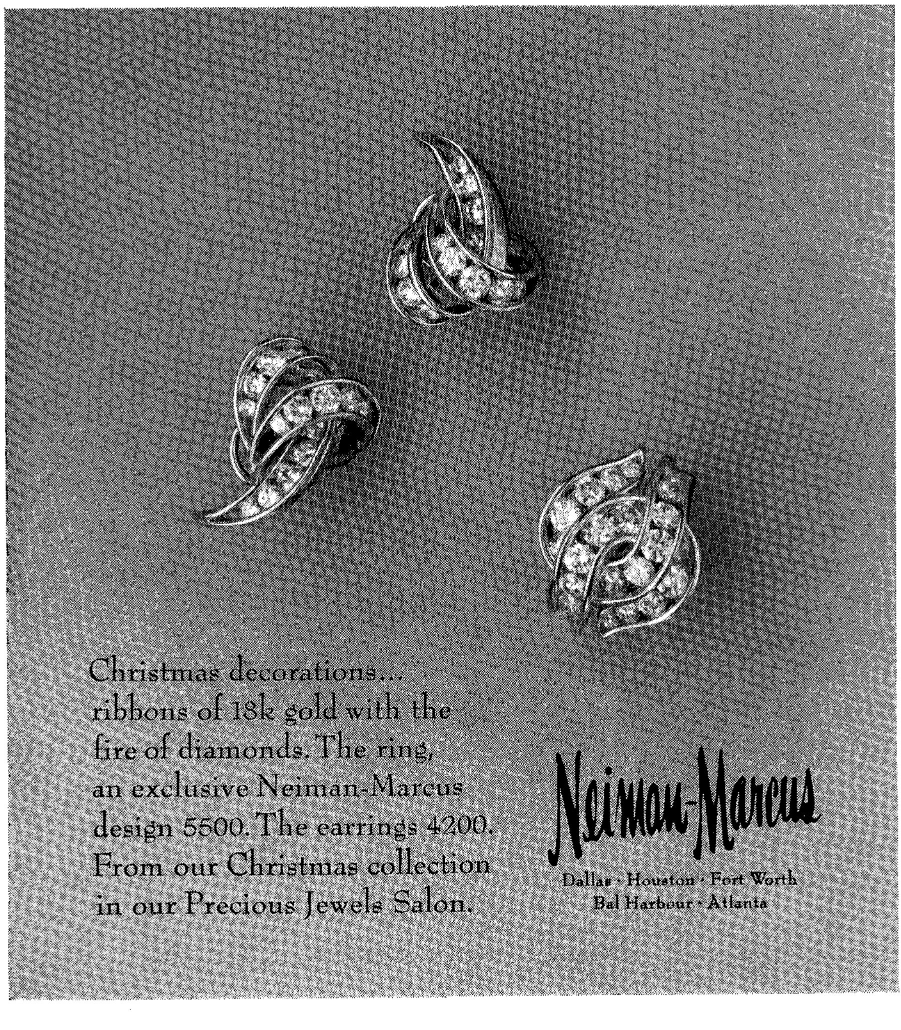

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went out to the curve in Sand Grass Creek, where weeds were silvered and dripping with dew, and began digging again.

He finished the grave at nine o'clock. He brought ropes, a hammer, and the coffin lid from the barn, laid the lid over feed sacks on top of the mound of dirt, concealed the ropes under it, and then got the coffin (the smell of tar was hardly noticeable in it) and carried it to the front porch. He went to the river beside the oak, pulled off his shirt and washed himself, and then removed his shoes and let his feet soak in the cold water as he took out a sack of tobacco and a package of papers and had a cigarette for the first time in two days. He went to the house and washed again at the kitchen sink—a more thorough washing with soap—and then shaved, told Augustina he wouldn't have breakfast, and went upstairs and changed into the black suit. He knelt at the bed and prayed for the peace and repose of his father's soul, and asked forgiveness for himself if he'd done anything amiss.

Clarence arrived from town at ten-thirty, wearing a jacket and bow tie with his worn trousers, and he and Charles carried the coffin into the parlor and placed it on the table. Charles went into his father's room and folded back the sheet and saw that both of his father's eyes were open and bulging in their sockets. Clarence came into the room and stared down at the body, frowning and shaking his head. Then he sighed and his small eye gleamed with emotion. He looked at Charles, glanced over his shoulder to the parlor, where Augustina was waiting, and eased the door shut with his hip. "Charles," he said, and pulled a pint of unopened whiskey from his pocket. "Do you mind?" He gestured toward the body with his chin. "You know, if I sort of give him this?"

"No."

Clarence slipped the bottle into a pocket of the sewn-together suit coat, folded the flap closed, and patted the pocket. He straightened and studied Charles. "Who knows, Charles?" he said. "Who really knows? The Indians used to do it."

"It might have pleased him. Thank you."

Clarence opened the door. Charles rolled the sheet into a tight roll on one side of his father, Clarence rolled it into a tight roll on the other, and then they lifted. "He's so light!" Clarence whispered. And Charles was astonished to see that his father's limbs were now as limp and slack as if he were sleep-

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ing. They carried their burden to the parlor and lowered it into the coffin, and Charles unrolled the sheet, drawing it into gathers, and arranged the gathers along the base of the coffin and around his father's sides and his head. Charles had built the coffin small, only two feet wide by five feet eight inches long, and still his father looked dwarfed by it, so diminished and childlike that Charles had the sensation his father was retreating from the three of them in front of their eyes.

Charles went into his father's room, took the missal from the bureau, and gave it to Augustina. Her face was ashen, with blotches of red, and she'd removed her thick glasses to dry her eyes, or to keep from seeing clearly this representation, this husk of their father.

"Clarence," Charles said, and went to the head of the coffin, facing down its length, and nodded for Clarence to go to the foot.

"Didn't you tell me it was to be at noon?"

"We're ready. I'd rather it was done." They were both whispering.

"Whatever you say."

Clarence took the foot of the coffin by the hardwood handles, Charles the head; they lifted. Augustina opened the screen door, and their heavy shoes scraped over the boards of the porch as the weight of the coffin swayed between them. Clarence held the foot higher as Charles came down the steps, and Charles saw a wet line running from Clarence's small eye down his cleanly shaved cheek. Clarence took another hold and turned, facing forward, and they went around the house, past the woodshed and the garden, and walked through thick weeds; and the brush and lateral sweep of the weeds across Charles' trousers and the coffin filled him with a sudden hope—the nameless race of emotion he'd felt on the train—and then he looked down at his father.

They set the coffin beside the open grave. Charles took the missal from Augustina, unable to look at her, and read the last rites at the grave in Latin. He sang "*Requiem aeternam dona ei Domine* . . ." and Augustina and Clarence gave the responses. He placed the missal beside his father's right hand and saw that his father's forehead and nose and beard were dusted with pollen. The shadow of Charles' head across his father's body looked grotesquely deformed, and he reached up and discovered he was wearing a cap. He removed it and was amazed; had he actually been wearing this striped work cap with his suit? And the shred-

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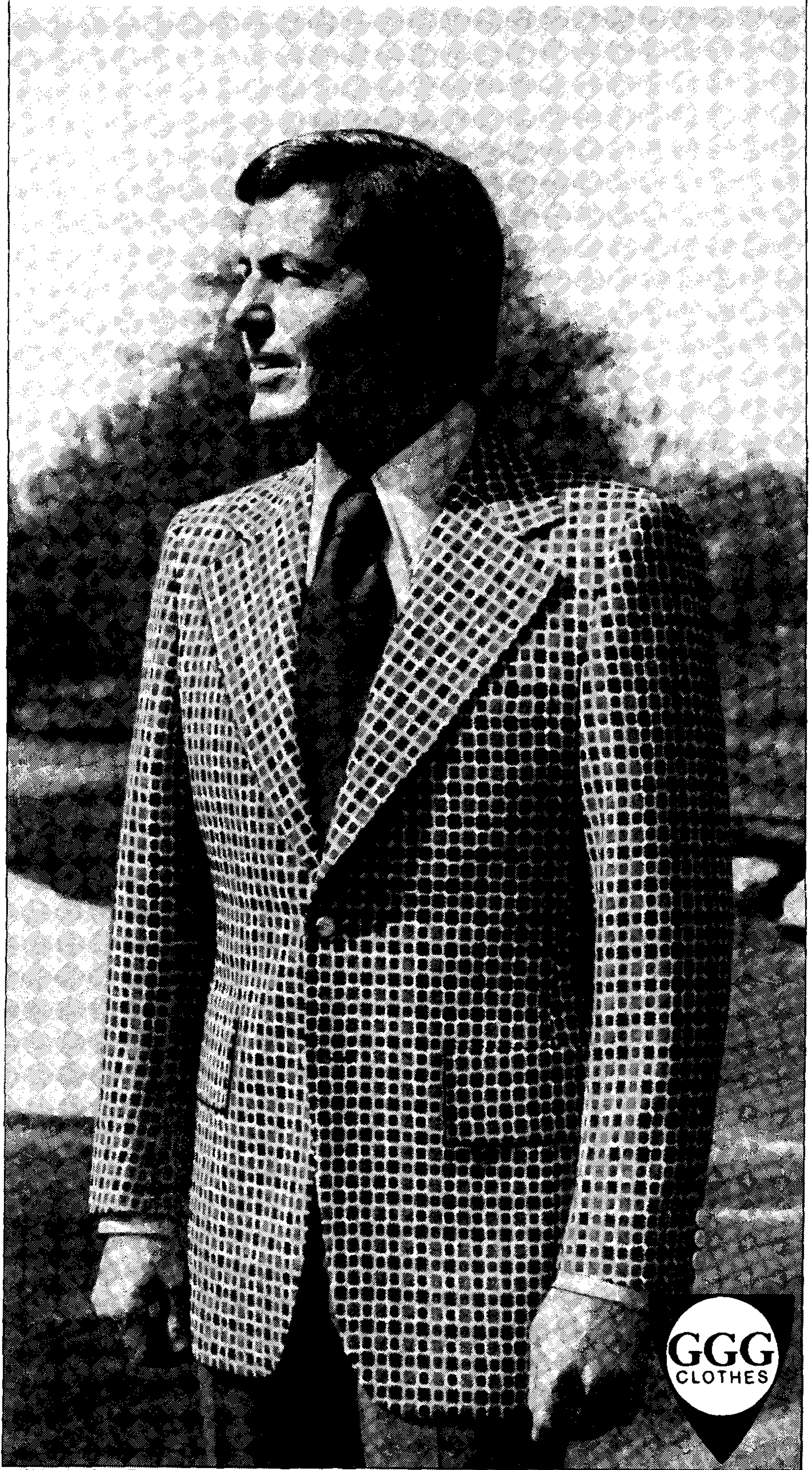

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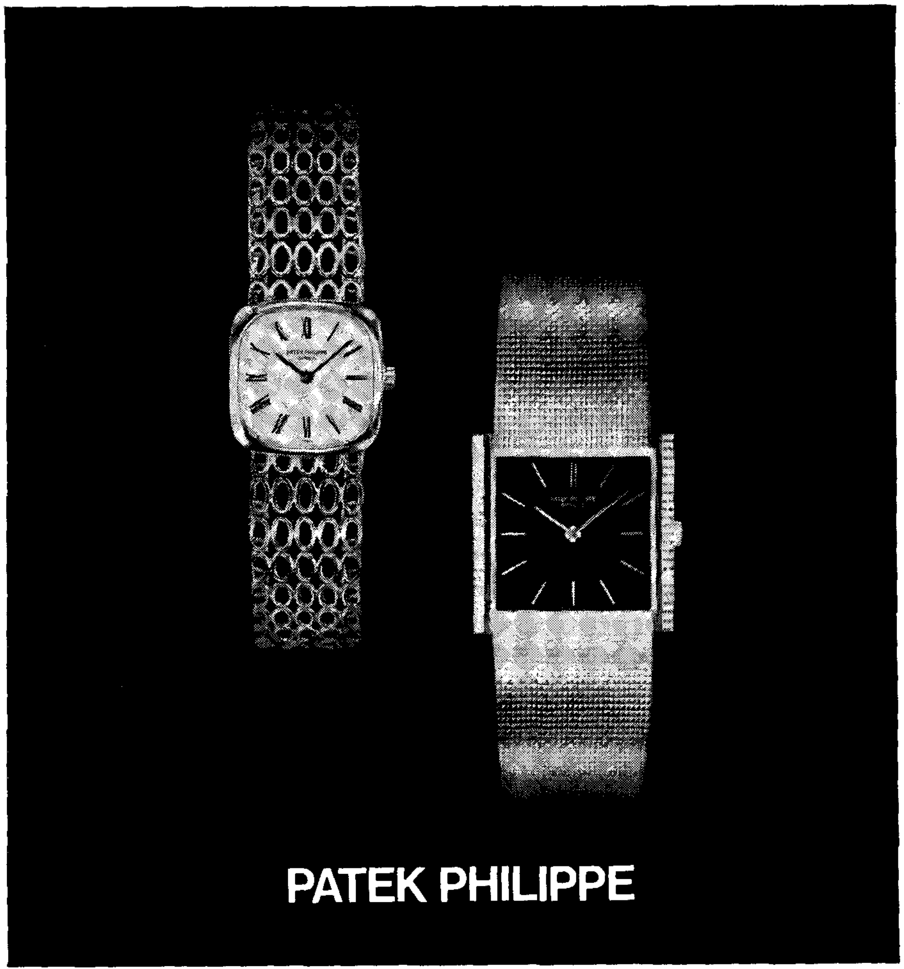

PATEK PHILIPPE

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ded strip of handkerchief was still around his thumb.

He stood, his thigh and chest muscles trembling, and began to sing, from the Benediction after Mass, "*Tantum ergo, sacramentum* . . ." His voice found its natural placement and began to open in deep tones, his breath appearing in columns of different lengths in front of his lips, and after "*Tantum ergo*" he started with hardly a pause his favorite song from Benediction, the slower, more sedate, more minor "*O Salutarus hostia, quae coeli pandis ostium* . . ." And he could see the censer at Benediction swinging from its chains, myrrh burning on charcoal, the ciborium beside the tabernacle, beside that the sunburst of the monstrance, which suddenly sent its rays through the walls and ceiling as his voice rose, and then there were arched windows letting in light, then arches of pure light, and he was lifted into the center of his voice, bodiless, and went gliding down the arches and emerged over a field of ripe wheat, limitlessly gold under the sun, and the sun became an entrance that his voice passed through.

"Amen."

Charles stared at the coffin lid, at the crucifix, the oval with his father's name countersunk into it, at the nails along the lid, each with its black shadow, at the hammer beside the lid, and suddenly felt such an uncharacteristic and malevolent bitterness that he had to lock his knees to feel his legs beneath him. He wanted to see lightning across the entire sky, a violent storm, falling snow, or a dove burst from his father's breast and fly off from the coffin—some sign that his father's life and good deeds had not gone unnoticed on earth, not for his father's sake or his own sake but so his sons and daughters would always feel he believed in a just and a reasonable God. He replaced his cap, got the lid and laid it over the coffin, picked the hammer up, and went down on one knee and drove the first nail home with a single blow. Augustina touched his shoulder, and Clarence said, "Wait." Charles looked up, and then he looked to where Clarence and Augustina were staring, and saw, in the direction of the farms to the north and the east, and in a ragged procession along the road from town, dark shapes, mourners in black clothes, grownups and children moving over the plain, coming to pay their last respects to his father. —L. Woiwode

•

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THE THEATRE

ANOTHER PHILADELPHIA STORY

AT the newly remodelled Vivian Beaumont, something that calls itself, in articleless telegraphese, "New York Shakespeare Festival Lincoln Center" (what would have been lost if it had chosen to call itself, in English, "The New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center"?) is putting on a new play by David Rabe, the author of "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel" and "Sticks and Bones." Perhaps because telegraphese is contagious, Mr. Rabe has named his latest work "Boom Boom Room." A week or so before it opened, Joseph Papp, the prestidigitous impresario of the Festival, took over the direction of the play from Julie Bovasso, and there are hints in Santo Loquasto's fanciful setting that the play may have had a more impressionistic nature in rehearsal than it has now. Mr. Papp has given it a hard edge of realism not unlike that of the Festival's "That Championship Season," with the result that one is at first puzzled by and then determined to ignore the presence of a number of dancing girls in dainty silver cages floating in not very helpful pantomime high above the stage. No doubt in later productions of the play—and it deserves and is sure to get other productions—people will experiment with taking the play farther, and more confidently, in one or the other of two opposing directions, emphasizing either its relationship to dance or the inherent melodrama of its plot.

By ill luck, Mr. Rabe has increased the air of uncertain objectives that haunts the present production not by making his text too vague, as is usually the case where such uncertainty is felt, but by making it too explicit. Having told us as much as we need to know about a given aspect of a character, he adds an obtrusive crusher of a line—one that might as well be blinking on and off in red neon: "FREUD, FREUD, FREUD." The story related in "Boom Boom Room" is so simple and touching, and at some points so familiar, that Mr. Rabe must take care not to resemble that arch-didact Norman Mailer lecturing us on Marilyn Monroe. For Mr. Rabe's heroine, Chrissy, is not unlike Marilyn in her sense of the gulf that yawns between her aspirations and her life. A ramshackle, valiant little creature, she works as a go-go dancer in a grubby night club in Philadelphia. Though Chrissy is not very good at her job—her bumps and grinds leave much to be desired, for reasons revealed as the play goes on—her ambition is to become a famous topless star in New York. She goes to bed with almost anyone who wishes her to do so; her bisexual girlfriend Susan, the only person capable of offering Chrissy tenderness, ruefully finds herself among the exceptions. Of the men about Chrissy, one is a stilted, unfeeling voyeur, another is a homosexual who cannot comfort her except on terms unsatisfactory to her, and a third is a tough blue-collar Jack-of-all-trades, whose closest buddy is a psychopath. Nor is there much affection to be gained at home: her mother hadn't wanted her to be born ("I was almost a abortion," Chrissy says plaintively, in wonder), and her father may or may not have molested her in her earliest years. The playwright summons all these characters to a series of lacerating confrontations with Chrissy; she survives the worst they can do to her, and in our last glimpse of Chrissy her dreadful dream has come true: an m.c. in a Broadway burlesque house is introducing her in all her hard-earned topless glory.

Madeline Kahn is superb as Chrissy; with the wary stance of a boxer accustomed to being clipped from behind and with a child's voice of mingled hope and doubt, she is a true heroine, indomitable in her pursuit of who she was, and is, and can be. Robert Loggia as the tough worker, Peter Bartlett as the homosexual, Frederick Coffin as the psychopath, Charles Durning as the father, Charlotte Rae as the mother, Michael Kell as the voyeur, and Mary Woronov as the girlfriend—all encircle Miss Kahn with acting worthy of the extraordinary standard she has set. The admirable costumes and the lighting are by, respectively, Theoni V. Aldredge and Martin Aronstein. A reviewer has written of the "chic filth" of the language of "Boom Boom Room," and I wish to record a contrary opinion: I detected nothing chic and nothing filthy in the play. Mr. Rabe is not that kind of playwright, and Mr. Papp is not that kind of producer. It would be a grave disservice to the New York Shakespeare Festival and to Lincoln Center as well if it were thought by subscribers to the Vivian Beaumont that in its very first appearance there the Festival had failed to manifest the highest possible intentions, aesthetic and intellectual.

"FULL CIRCLE," at the ANTA, is a dreary, synthetic melodrama about Berlin in the last days of the Third Reich. It has been hoked up in a dated, "golden age of Hollywood" style by Peter Stone, from a script by the late Erich Maria Remarque. The director, Otto Preminger, has pumped a good deal of raw energy into the play, in vain: the sawdust heaves but is without a pulse. Even twenty-five years ago, we would not have believed a word of the debate that ends the play and serves to sum it up—a debate between a German idealist, newly escaped from a concentration camp, and a Russian Army ideologue, whose exchanges are a model of dull-witted irrelevance. Bibi Andersson is beautiful and affecting as a widow awaiting with little interest the Russian conquest of Berlin, Leonard Nimoy makes a suitably haggard escaped prisoner, and James Tolkan has a forceful few minutes as a doomed Jew. The set, its drabness calculated to a nicety, is by Robin Wagner, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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[*From the August 21, 1972, Wall Street Journal*]

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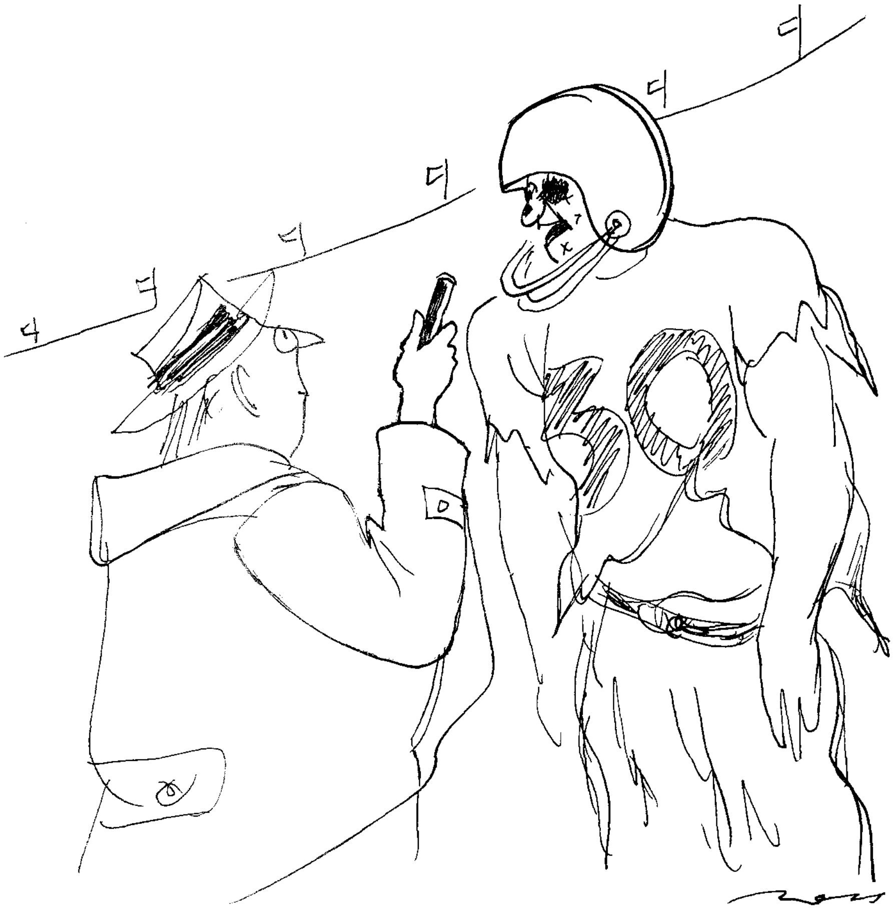
IV—NO TANGIBLE EFFECT ON SALES AND EARNINGS

UNDER the provisions of the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970, Congress authorized the Secretary of Labor to promulgate mandatory standards for exposure to toxic materials, so that no employee would suffer diminished health or life expectancy as a result of his work experience—a considerable undertaking, since American workers were being exposed to thousands of toxic substances, and since federal standards, often inadequate, existed for fewer than four hundred and fifty of them. Of all the industrial hazards, none was considered to be more serious than occupational exposure to asbestos. Indeed, mortality studies conducted by Dr. Irving J. Selikoff, the director of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine's Environmental Sciences Laboratory, and by Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, vice-president for epidemiology and statistics of the American Cancer Society, indicated that one out of every five deaths among asbestos-insulation workers in the United States was due to lung cancer; that almost one out of every ten deaths among these men was due to mesothelioma, an invariably fatal tumor of the linings of the chest or abdomen which rarely occurs without some, even if slight, exposure to asbestos; that another one out of ten deaths among them was due to asbestosis, which is scarring of the lungs resulting from inhalation of asbestos fibres; and that almost half of the men were dying of some form of asbestos disease. In spite of these findings, and in spite of the fact that the insulation workers constituted only a fraction of the total work force exposed to asbestos, no action was taken on the problem until December of 1971. At that time, under intense pressure from the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Industrial Union Department—an organization representing labor unions with several million members who had either direct or indirect exposure to asbestos—and partly as a result of disclosures made by Dr. William M. Johnson and Dr. Joseph K. Wagoner, of the Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, who had uncovered data long buried in the files of their predecessors that showed extraordinarily high levels of asbestos dust in asbestos factories across the land, Secretary of Labor James D. Hodgson declared a temporary emergency standard of five asbestos fibres greater than five microns in length per cubic centimetre of air to replace the grossly inadequate standard of twelve fibres per cubic centimetre then in effect. (Five microns is one five-thousandth of an inch, and a cubic centimetre of air is the amount that could be contained in a small thimble.) This, however, was more than double the standard—two fibres per cubic centimetre—that had been urged upon the Secretary by Dr. Selikoff and the union people. It is not known what medical data, if any, prompted Secretary Hodgson to choose the five-fibre standard, or why he chose to disregard data furnished by Dr. Selikoff and other leading epidemiologists indicating that disease could occur at this level of exposure, and that even a two-fibre standard could be expected to prevent only the occurrence of asbestosis, and not the development of asbestos-induced cancer. It is believed, however, that he was seeking some middle ground that he hoped would be acceptable both to industry and to the unions. In any case, the Act required him to replace the emergency standard with a permanent standard within six months, and to hold public hearings before doing so, and since this ruling would be the first he would make under his mandate to redefine occupational-safety-and-health regulations, industry and labor were prepared to look upon it as an indication of how determined or easygoing the federal government would be when it came time to set new standards for other hazardous substances.



"To put it in a nutshell, Wally, I'd say their violence was superior to our violence."

The public hearings, which took place in Washington, D.C., in March of 1972, provided a confrontation between those members of the independent medical and scientific community who had been studying the hazards of asbestos and members of the medical-industrial complex who were wholly or partly supported by the asbestos industry. On the one hand, the independent medical and scientific community strongly endorsed a recommendation made to the Secretary of Labor by the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) that the permanent standard for occupational

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exposure to asbestos be set at two fibres per cubic centimetre—a level that had also been recommended to Secretary Hodgson by the Advisory Committee on the Asbestos Standard, which was made up of five men chosen by the Secretary himself. On the other hand, the major asbestos companies, led by the giant Johns-Manville Corporation, presented testimony at the hearings which purported to show that the five-fibre standard would prevent disease, and put forth economic statistics to demonstrate that the cost of meeting a two-fibre standard would drive them out of business. Since the doctors working for the asbestos industry were unable to furnish any conclusive proof that asbestos disease would not occur at the five-fibre level, many observers felt that in setting a permanent standard the Secretary of Labor would surely follow the advice of NIOSH and his own Advisory Committee. This view, however, was not shared by Anthony Mazzocchi, the director of the Legislative Department of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers International Union—the union that had represented employees at the Pittsburgh Corning Corporation's asbestos-insulation plant in Tyler, Texas, where Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner had found an extremely critical health situation because of atrocious working conditions, which eventually led to Pittsburgh Corning's closing the plant. Mazzocchi considered the Tyler situation a prime example of how the medical-industrial complex could for years neglect and even suppress occupational-health data without opposition from key industrial-health officials of state and federal government, and, at a press conference held in Washington on February 10, 1972, he had harshly criticized not only Pittsburgh Corning and its medical consultant, Dr. Lee B. Grant, for having ignored the peril of workers at the factory but also the Department of Labor's Occupational Safety and Health Administration for having failed to enforce at the Tyler plant even the totally obsolete standard of twelve fibres per cubic centimetre. Because of similar failures involving dozens of other hazardous substances in hundreds of factories across the land, Mazzocchi was highly skeptical of the Administration's commitment to carry out the provisions of the 1970 Act. Insofar as the asbestos hazard was concerned, his skepticism was reinforced early in April, shortly after the public hearings were concluded, when word got out that the Administration had hired Arthur D. Little, Inc., a research and consulting firm based in Cambridge, Massachu-

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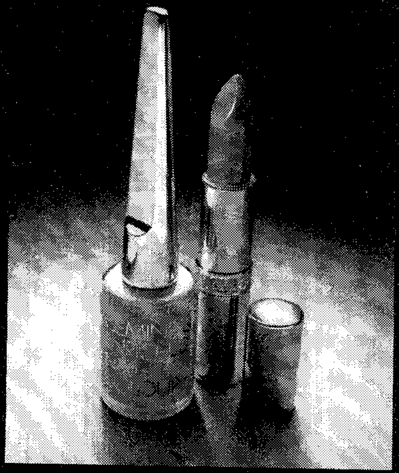

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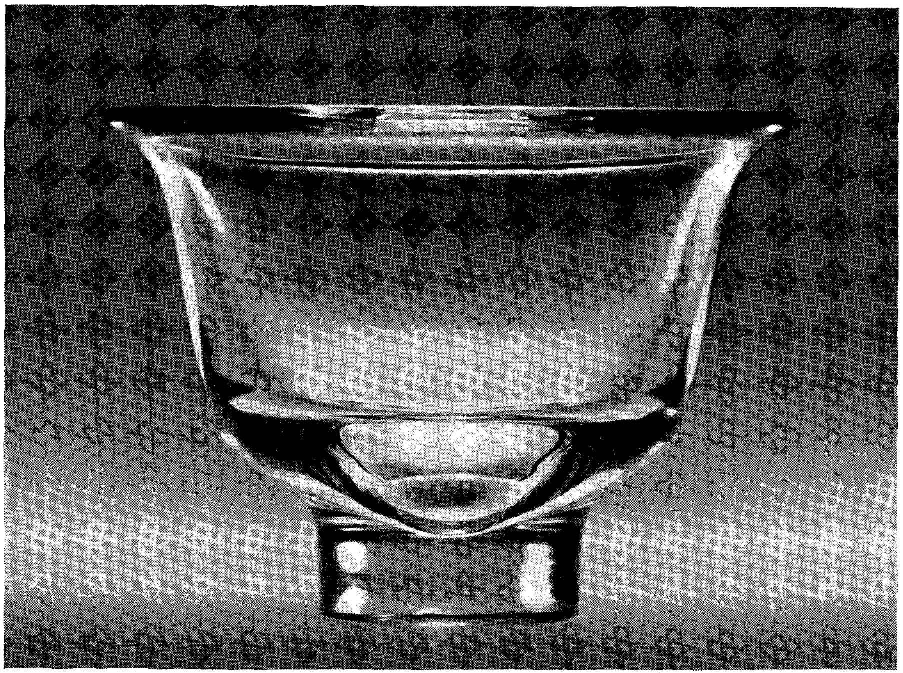

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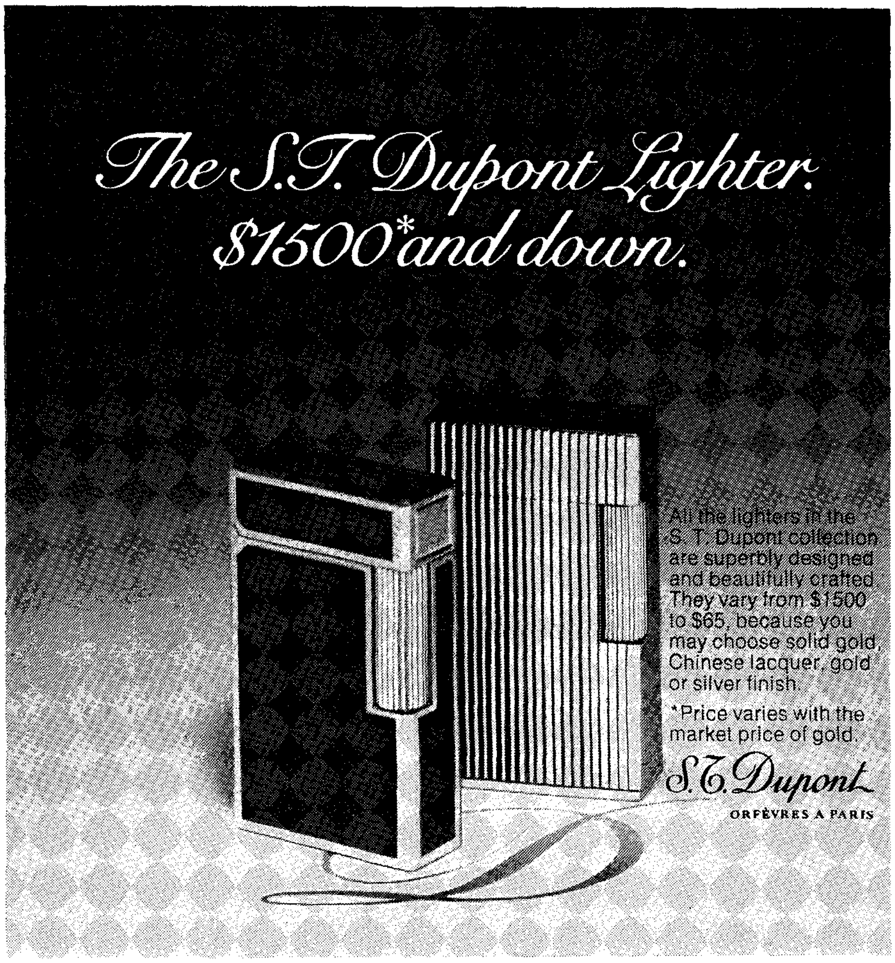

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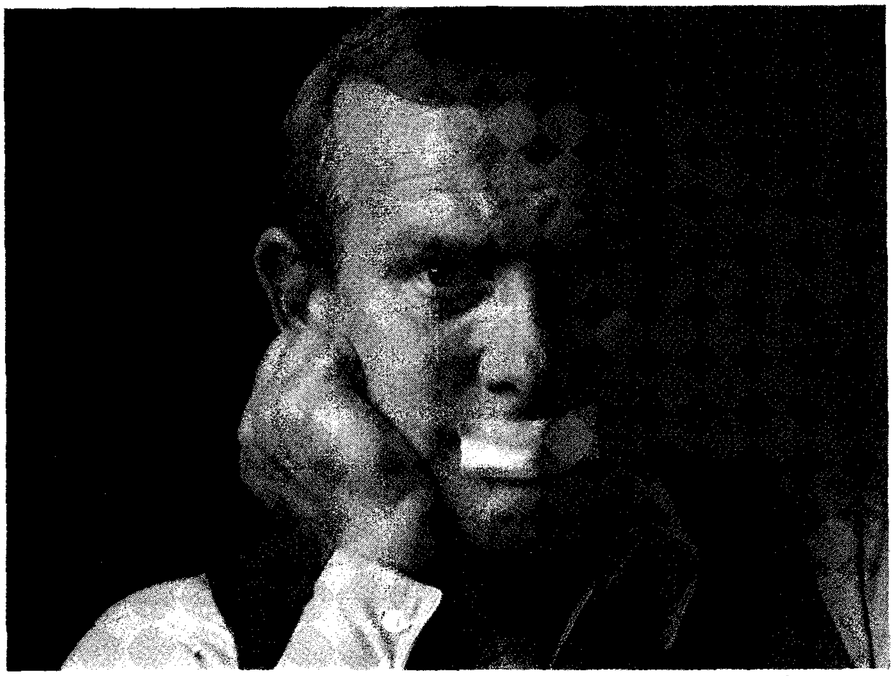
setts, to perform an economic-impact study of the proposed two-fibre standard. There were several disturbing factors in this development. First, there was no provision in the Act requiring the Department of Labor to undertake a cost-benefit analysis before promulgating a health regulation. Second, the impact study was apparently initiated in response to an executive policy handed down by President Nixon's Office of Management and Budget—an organization notably well disposed toward big business. Third, by sending out questionnaires soliciting "guess estimates" from doctors as to what the incidence of disease might be at various levels of exposure to asbestos over long periods, the Arthur D. Little people not only were questioning the exhaustive research already conducted by NIOSH but also were apparently bent less on collecting scientific data than on arriving at a consensus standard that would be more acceptable to industry than the standard recommended by NIOSH. However, the most ominous aspect of Arthur D. Little's involvement came to light at the beginning of May, when it was learned that even as the firm had been negotiating a contract with the federal government to conduct the cost-benefit analysis of the two-fibre standard, it had urged Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., a major producer of asbestos products, to move a plant from Stratford, Connecticut, to Mexico, where, of course, asbestos operations would be unhindered by any regulations that might be established in the United States. This obvious conflict of interest was simply another indication of how many tentacles the medical-industrial complex had acquired, and how deeply it had penetrated the workings of the government in matters relating to industrial disease.

While waiting to see what action the Secretary of Labor would take in the first week of June, his deadline for setting a permanent standard for asbestos, I received a copy of "The President's Report on Occupational Safety and Health," which described what had been done to carry out the provisions of the Act during its first year of operation. The report, addressed to Congress, actually consisted of two separate reports, submitted to President Nixon in May by Secretary of Labor Hodgson and by Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Elliot L. Richardson. Hodgson's report began by saying that each year, out of eighty million people employed in the civilian labor force, more than fourteen thousand are killed and two million two hundred thousand suffer disabling injuries on the job. He

First the Teacher's people told me I could say anything I wanted to about scotch. Then they censored me.

BY TOMMY SMOTHERS



I'VE BEEN CENSORED one way or another practically all my life.

It all started when my mother used to stick a pacifier into my mouth anytime I opened it. Later, it was a bar of soap.

When Dick and I were kids, once Mother got him a dog and me a muzzle.

When I started taking guitar lessons, people would always steal my pick.

Even my dreams have snips cut out of them. Always the good parts, too. [redacted].

That's the way it's always been with me.

So I wasn't surprised when one of the major networks joined the fun. It was annoying, I'll admit, but when it was all over all I could say was "et tu, CBS."

But all that is censorship under the bridge.

And speaking of censorship, it's certainly changed a lot since its beginning. Today, you can say anything as long as no one hears you. So probably the only way to steer clear of censors is to steer yourself into a closet and talk only to yourself.

Anyway, when the Teacher's advertising people heard I drink their scotch, they asked me to talk about it.

They gave me carte blanche, a yellow pad and a No. 2 pencil. Of course, the pencil had no point, but I got around that. [redacted]

Well, first I wrote about how happy I was that everybody and his brother doesn't drink Teacher's. Which, in my case, is a definite plus.

No problems so far.

Then I started reminiscing about my experiences with scotch, pre-Teachers.

The first time I tasted scotch I tried to belt it down like they always do in the movies when the hero has just lost his girl.

Ecccch. [redacted].

If this was what scotch tasted like, I vowed never to lose my girl or be a hero in a movie.

My stomach was the first casualty. Then my eyes started to water. And finally my tongue made itself heard. It gave me a severe tongue lashing.

However, I wasn't going to let myself be licked by a mere tongue, a pair of eyes and a stomach.

So I came back for less. [redacted].

This time, I started with a Presbyterian. 2 parts this, 3 parts that, 4 parts something else and, if there's any room left over, scotch. [redacted].

The trouble with that was I got tired of walking up to bars and ordering one Presbyterian only to have the bartender tell me I was in the wrong place and down the street at the church I could find all the Presbyterians I wanted.

So my conversion to Presbyterianism didn't last long.

Next I moved to scotch and soda. Or more accurately, scotch and soda, soda, soda and soda.

After that, it was the big time. Scotch on the rocks. Straight. At bars I'd order it out of the side of my mouth. I was tough. I started wearing black shirts white ties and woolen underwear. I even bought a hair piece for my chest. But again, secretly, I did such a terrific job of nursing my drink the Red Cross would have been proud of me.

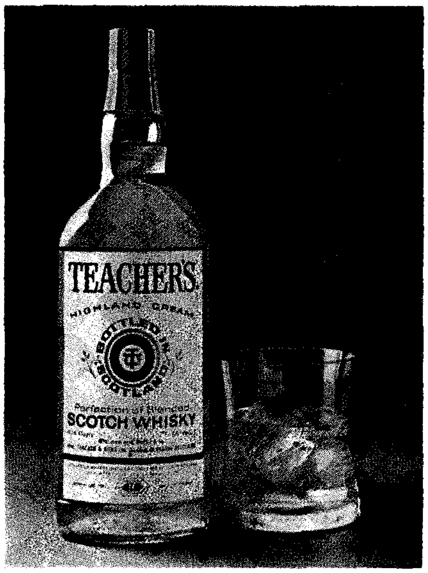
All of which brings me to Teacher's. The first time I ever tasted it was the first time I ever finished my scotch on the rocks before it turned to water.

A scotch I liked. Teacher's, my tongue thanks you, my eyes thank you, my stomach thanks you. Even my [redacted] thanks you.

Once there was this [redacted] and [redacted] the [redacted] of this old [redacted].

Boy, those Teacher's people are great. They really let you say anything.

So anyway, [redacted].



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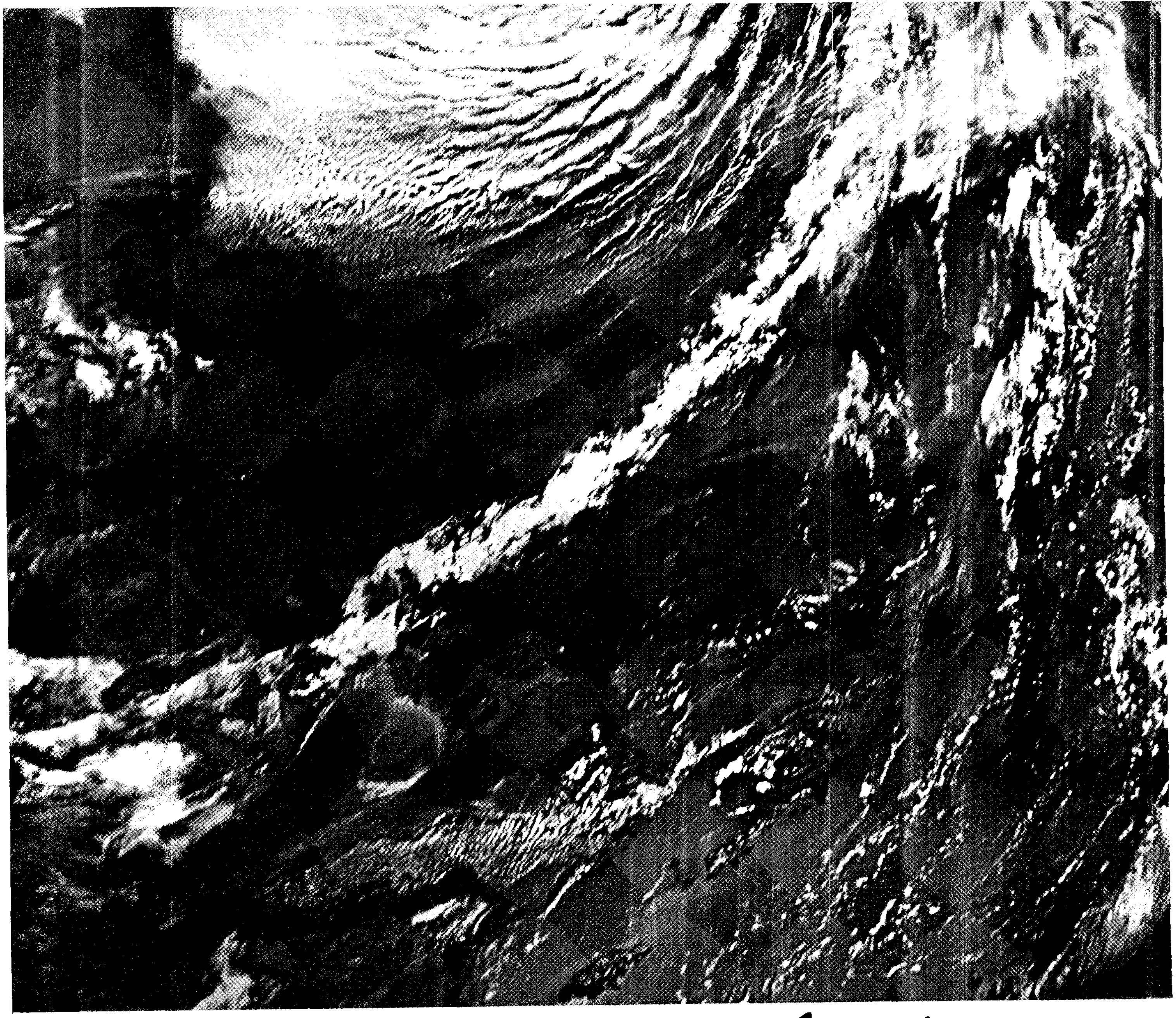

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then said that there were no reliable figures on the number of employees who suffer minor, nondisabling injuries or become ill after being exposed to hazardous conditions. Toward the end of his report, however, Hodgson stated that occupational illnesses were "at least as great a problem as injuries" but that "it was much more difficult to develop a special program that would allow O.S.H.A. [the Occupational Safety and Health Administration] to effectively focus on them." He went on to say that, through its Target Health Hazards Program, the Administration would concentrate on five substances—asbestos, cotton dust, silica, lead, and carbon monoxide—which were among the most hazardous of more than eight thousand toxic substances currently identified by NIOSH.

Secretary Richardson was considerably more explicit in his assessment of the problem. His report matter-of-factly stated that according to recent estimates there were at least three hundred and ninety thousand new cases of disabling occupational disease in the United States each year. This figure was followed by one that boggles the mind: "Based on limited analysis of violent/non-violent mortality in several industries, there may be as many as 100,000 deaths per year from occupationally caused diseases." Richardson went on to say that at the end of 1971 NIOSH had completed a criteria document for the Secretary of Labor which recommended a two-fibre asbestos standard. According to Richardson, the two-fibre standard proposed by NIOSH would "protect against asbestosis and asbestos-induced [cancer]; be measurable by techniques that are valid, reproducible, and available to industry and official agencies; and be attainable with existing technology."

In appendixes to Richardson's report, there were long lists of contracts and grants that had been awarded by NIOSH to various universities, medical schools, corporations, and research institutes for studies relating to occupational safety and health. Among them were two grants and one contract, totalling more than a hundred and forty-six thousand dollars, that had been awarded to the Industrial Health Foundation, Inc., in Pittsburgh, and to Dr. Paul Gross, the director of the foundation's research laboratories, for studies relating to asbestos disease. As it happened, Dr. Gross had testified for Johns-Manville in at least one workmen's-compensation case, and the Industrial Health Foundation, Inc., was none other than the old Industrial Hygiene Foundation of America, Inc., the

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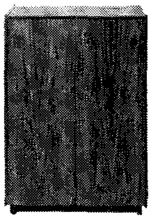

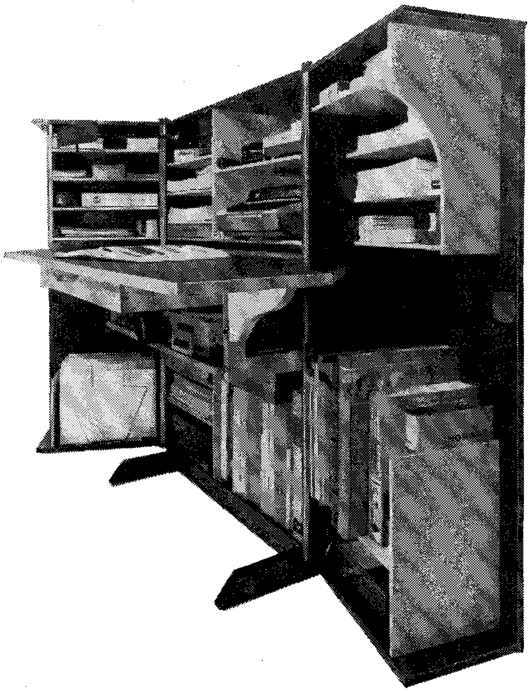

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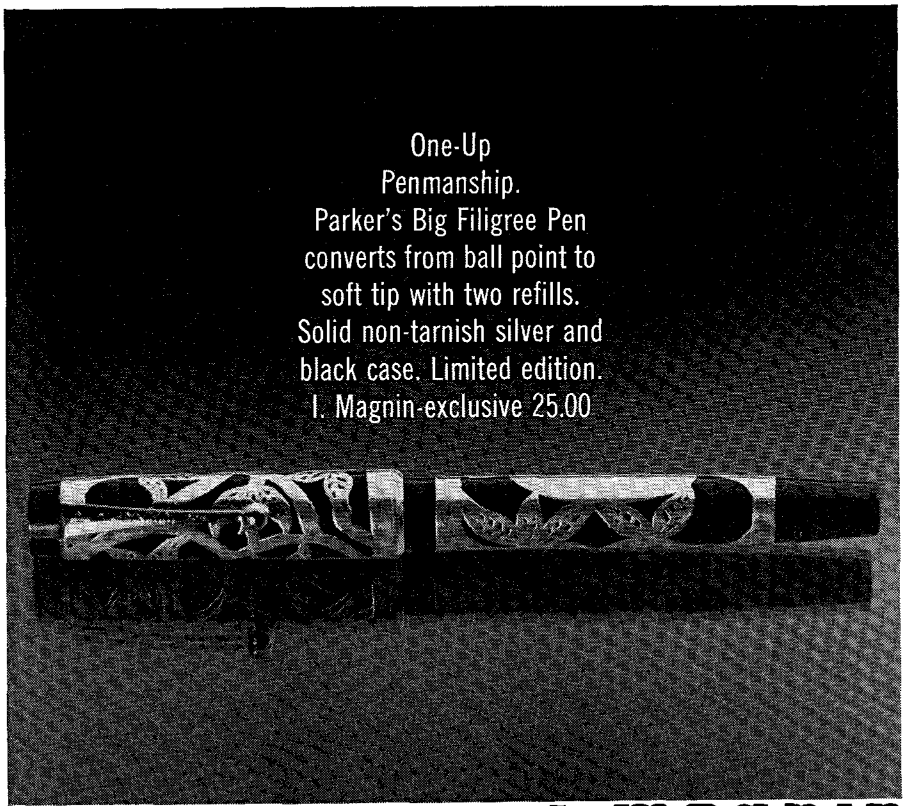

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self-styled "association of industries for the advancement of healthful working conditions," which was hired by Pittsburgh Corning in the summer of 1963 to evaluate the asbestos-dust hazard at its plant, then newly acquired, in Tyler. Moreover, NIOSH's project officer for a contract under which more than fifty-eight thousand dollars had been supplied up to that time was Dr. Lewis J. Cralley, who, when director of NIOSH's Division of Epidemiology and Special Services, had ignored the data showing excessive asbestos-dust counts at the Tyler plant. One of the appendixes to Richardson's report also listed a contract for forty-eight thousand nine hundred and seventy-six dollars which had been awarded to Arthur D. Little, Inc., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to "develop a priority rating system and identify general areas and specific problems where fruitful and necessary research in occupational safety should be undertaken."

IN the middle of May, something occurred to shed light on the role of Johns-Manville—the world's largest producer and user of asbestos, with mines, mills, and some sixty manufacturing plants in the United States and Canada—in the public hearings in Washington, where, acting as *éminence grise* for the entire asbestos industry, it had mounted strenuous opposition to the proposed two-fibre standard. On May 18th, speaking before the annual meeting of the American Industrial Hygiene Association, in San Francisco, Dr. William J. Nicholson, of the Mount Sinai Environmental Sciences Laboratory, described a mortality study he, Dr. Selikoff, and Dr. Hammond had conducted which showed that a hundred and ninety-nine deaths had occurred during thirteen years—or sixty-five more than were to be expected according to the standard mortality tables—among six hundred and eighty-nine workers at Johns-Manville's plant in Manville, New Jersey. An examination showed that a vast majority of the excess deaths were the result of asbestos-induced disease. On May 23rd, Johns-Manville issued a press release quoting Wilbur L. Ruff, the manager of the Manville plant, as saying that the asbestos-dust levels that caused the fatal disease among the workers were those of past years, "when conditions were much worse than they are now." After praising the corporation's dedication to medical research and industrial hygiene, Ruff said that "though spending money doesn't mean a thing where human health is concerned, the six and a half

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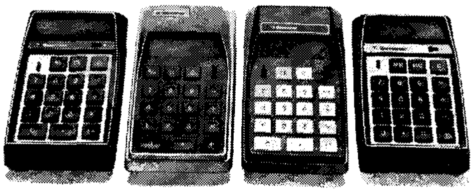

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million dollars we've spent on dust-control projects since 1949 does show that we're a company with conscience." Ruff also said that a recent dust survey conducted by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration indicated that the Manville plant had "an outstanding record in dust control."

This was the first I had heard of the Administration's inspection at Manville, so I called Robert Klinger, vice-president of Local 800 of the United Papermakers and Paperworkers Union, whom I had met at the public hearings in Washington, and asked him to tell me about it.

"Since April of 1971, when a government survey showed that some dust counts in the Manville textile operation were running as high as twenty fibres per cubic centimetre, there has been considerable improvement," Klinger said. "The 1971 survey and a previous survey that was conducted back in August of 1967 were buried in the files of the old Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health's Cincinnati offices, until Dr. Wagoner and Dr. Johnson brought them to light in the summer of 1971, along with a 1969 medical survey showing that seventeen per cent of a hundred and seventy-nine workers in the Manville textile operation had X-rays that were consistent with asbestosis. When we learned about these hidden studies, last fall, we requested an immediate inspection of the Manville plant by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. Its people came in November and December of that year, and returned in April of this year. Their latest survey shows that eighty-one per cent of the dust stations in the plant are operating at between zero and two fibres per cubic centimetre of air; that seventeen per cent are operating at between two and five fibres; and that only two per cent indicate dust counts above the five-fibre level. This has come about simply because J.-M. has expended a great amount of money and effort over the past two years to engineer improved dust-control equipment and install it throughout the Manville plant."

I asked Klinger what had impelled the company to make this expenditure, and he told me that it was probably a combination of things. "We had a long and costly strike here in the autumn of 1970," he said. "As part of the settlement, the company guaranteed to make a real effort to reduce dust levels in the plant. Then, too, in 1969 Johns-Manville paid out nearly nine hundred thousand dollars in workmen's compensation in New Jersey for asbestosis alone, over and above what it may

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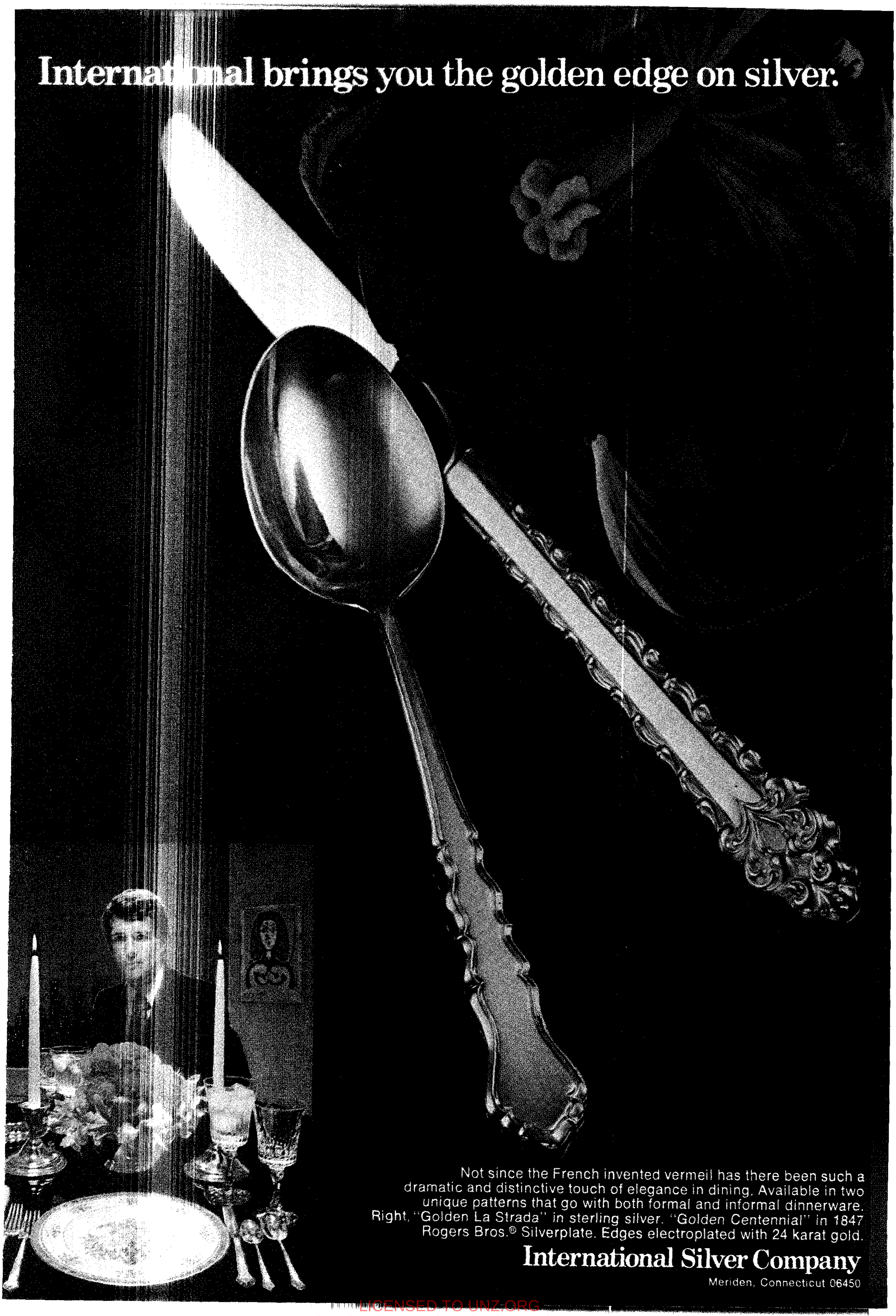
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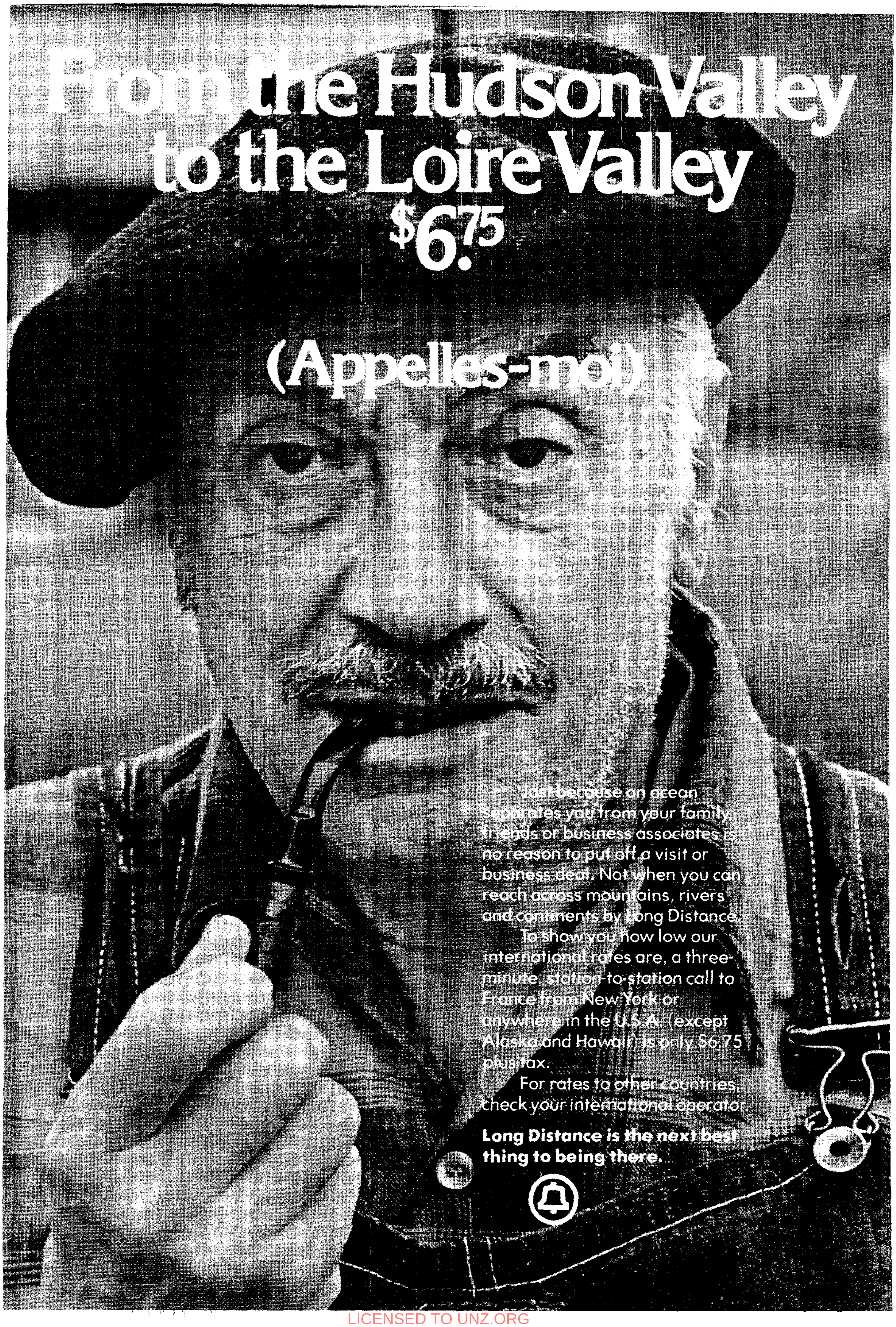

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have settled out of court in litigation brought against it by workers, or families of workers, who had contracted asbestos-induced cancer. In addition, the work of men like Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond was by then piling proof upon proof of the association between asbestos and disease. So the J.-M. people simply saw the writing on the wall, and decided they had better act."

At this point, I found myself remembering that without exception the testimony delivered by Johns-Manville officials and their medical associates at the public hearings in Washington had strongly urged the Secretary of Labor not to lower the standard for occupational exposure to asbestos from five to two fibres per cubic centimetre of air. Yet during the previous two years the company had undertaken to accomplish just that in the bulk of its operations in Manville, which has the largest complex of asbestos plants in the world. When I remarked upon this seeming contradiction to Klinger, however, he was not at all surprised.

"There's a simple explanation," he told me. "The Johns-Manville people sell huge amounts of raw asbestos fibre to competitors here and all over the world. In fact, they've pretty well got the chrysotile-asbestos market cornered. For example, according to their own announcement of 1970 earnings before taxes, the mining, milling, and selling of raw asbestos brought in twenty-five million dollars, which was nearly half of their total gross for that year. So, you see, a lower standard might drive the competitors to whom they sell raw fibre out of business, or cause them to look about for asbestos substitutes."

ON June 6, 1972, Secretary Hodgson and George C. Guenther, who was the Assistant Secretary of Labor and the director of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, announced the long awaited decision on a permanent standard for asbestos. It served to confirm the doubts that had been expressed by Mazzocchi and other labor leaders about the Department of Labor's commitment to the provisions of the Occupational Safety and Health Act, for, despite the recommendations of both the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health and the members of the Secretary's own Advisory Committee on the Asbestos Standard, the new regulations stipulated that the five-fibre standard would remain in effect for four more years, and that a two-fibre level would become effective only on July 1, 1976.

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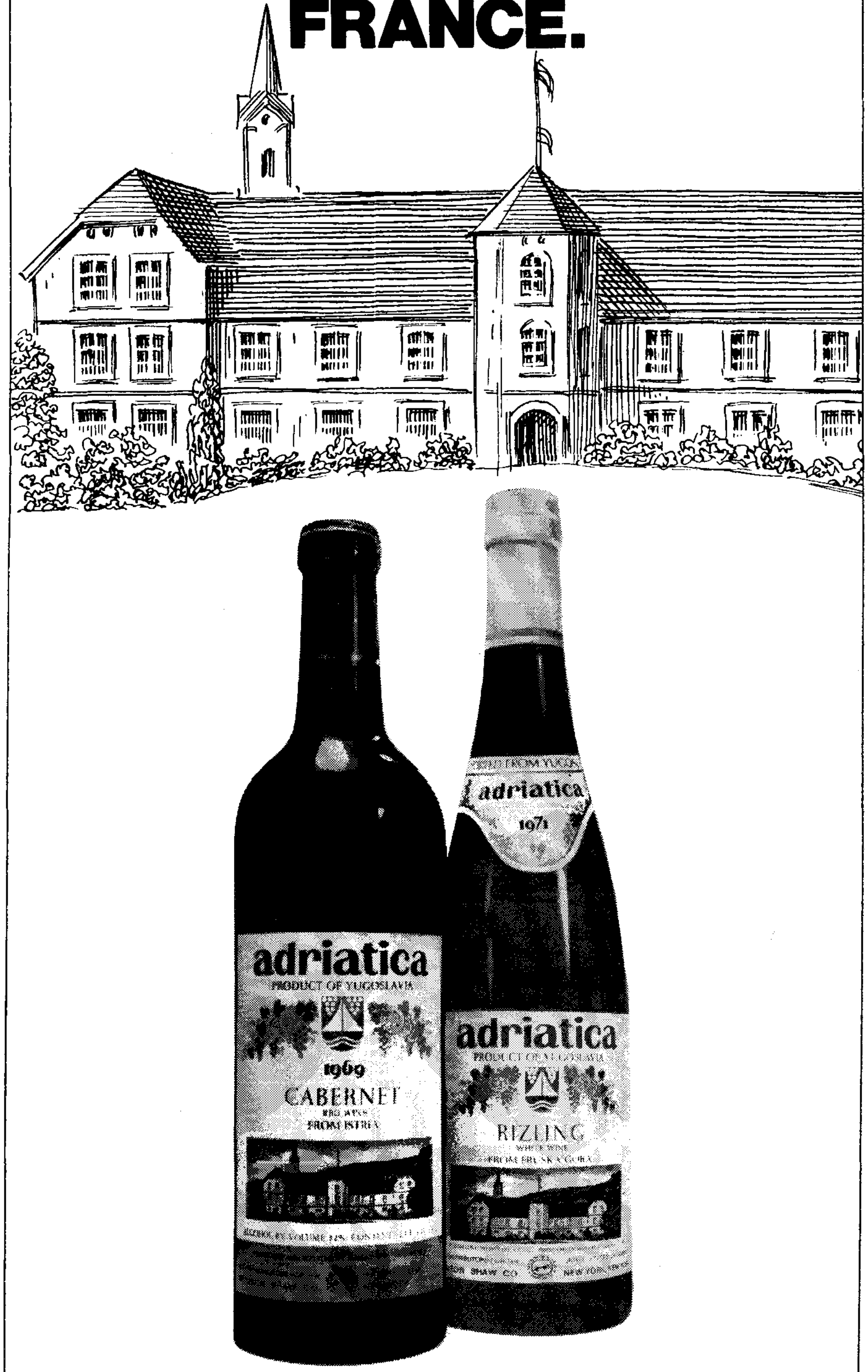

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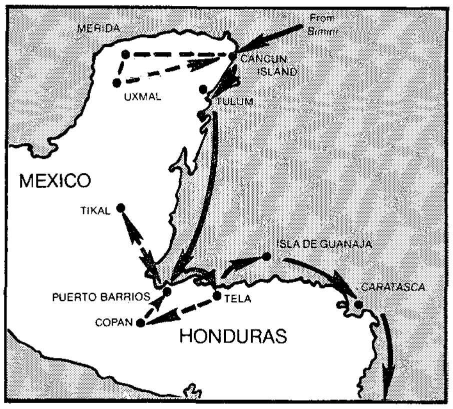

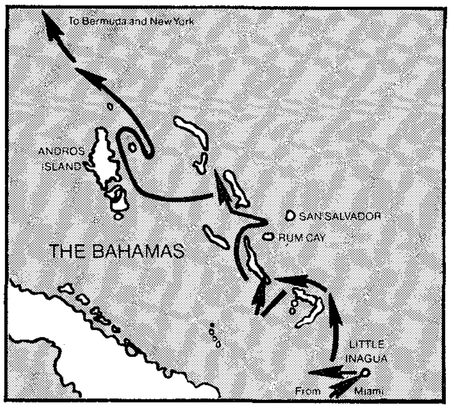

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ate, and it came from all quarters. On June 7th, John B. Jobe, vice-president in charge of operations for Johns-Manville, issued a statement from the company's headquarters, in Denver, assuring stockholders that the new controls would have "no tangible effect on sales and earnings." On the same day, the *Times* ran a short article on its inside back page that said, "The Occupational Safety and Health Administration ordered today a continuation of asbestos dust exposure limits for four more years despite the recommendations by a scientific panel that they be cut by more than half." The *Wall Street Journal*, in an article in its June 7th issue, put a slightly different interpretation on the news. "The Occupational Safety and Health Administration announced tough new curbs on asbestos in plants, but gave employers four years to comply," it stated. That same day, Sheldon W. Samuels, the director of Health, Safety, and Environmental Affairs for the A.F.L.-C.I.O's Industrial Union Department, told me that, in addition to giving industry two extra years in which to comply, the Administration had rejected recommendations from NIOSH for medical surveillance of asbestos workers, for medical record-keeping, and for labels on asbestos products warning that inhalation of asbestos could cause asbestosis or cancer. "Moreover, because the Administration has only a handful of industrial hygienists, the determination of actual levels of asbestos dust in workplaces will depend upon tests conducted by the employers," Samuels said. "No controls will be required if an employer finds, or believes, that dust levels do not exceed the standard, which, of course, makes a monstrous joke of the whole business. In fact, the new standard is so appallingly deficient that we plan to fight it in the courts."

Dr. Selikoff was quoted by one source as saying, when he was asked his opinion of the new standard, that his remarks "would have to be written on asbestos-coated paper." Then, in a speech he gave in Washington on June 12th, which was quoted in an article in the *Times*, he predicted that tens of thousands of workers exposed to asbestos would die because of inadequate regulations issued by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, and added that if the Administration showed the same disregard for essential precautions in setting standards for other toxic substances "we face an unparalleled disaster to the working people in our country." He charged Assistant Secretary Guenther with creating a situation in which "workers

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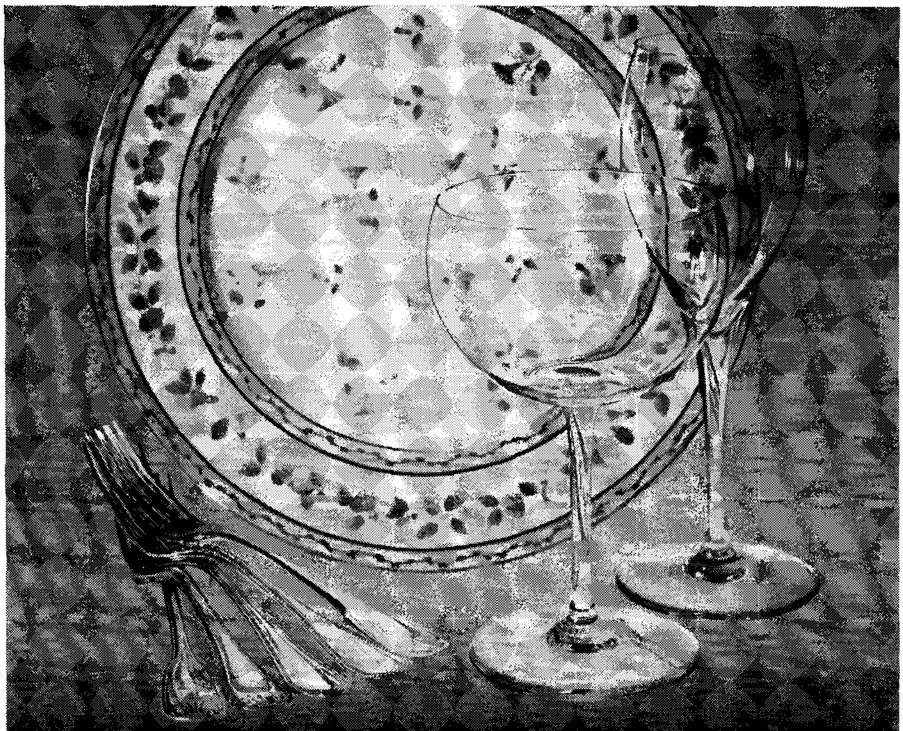

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In the same article, Guenther was quoted as saying that Dr. Selikoff had chosen to overdramatize the matter. "There is no question that exposure to asbestos is most hazardous," Guenther declared. "We believe that the new standards will provide substantial and real protection for exposed workers, and that they provide for reductions in levels of asbestos exposure that are reasonable and, in our judgment, based on tests from many quarters." Guenther did not identify the tests and the many quarters from which they supposedly came, but he certainly could not have been referring to any tests described in a story entitled "Asbestos: Airborne Danger," which appeared in the May-June, 1972, issue of *Safety Standards*, the official bimonthly magazine of his own Occupational Safety and Health Administration. After stating that "asbestos has been recognized as one of the most hazardous of air contaminants," the article described only one test concerning the effects of asbestos exposure. That was the study of the disastrous mortality experience of the asbestos-insulation workers which had been conducted by Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond.

For sheer irony, however, there was an event in the early part of June that rivalled Guenther's contradiction of his own house publication. On June 9th, NIOSH held its first-anniversary celebration and awards ceremony, at the Cincinnati Convention Center. Among the recipients of awards was Dr. Cralley, who was presented with the Public Health Service Meritorious Service Medal, "in recognition of his research into developing safe worker exposure levels to such potential occupational hazards as uranium, asbestos, silica, beryllium, and diatomaceous earth dust."

UP to that time, no one knew what conclusions the Arthur D. Little people had drawn in their study of the proposed asbestos standard, because the firm did not receive permission from the Department of Labor to print and distribute a report of the study until June 8th. Within a few days, however, Dr. Nicholson, of Mount Sinai, received his copy of the report and a letter from Dr. Donald W. Meals, of Arthur D. Little, Inc., thanking him for "your support as a member of one of the panels of experts." One indication that the Arthur D. Little people

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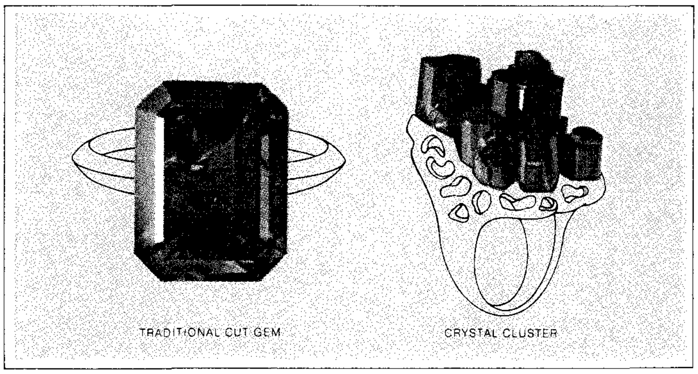

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Chatham Created Emeralds® are precious gems, not fakes, simulations nor imitations. They are internationally desired, man-created jewels. Their value has increased steadily year by year since 1939 when Carroll Chatham discovered the secret of nature's exquisite Colombian emerald.

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Not everyone can own a Chatham Created Emerald. They take over a year to mature. Their growth is limited and always will be.

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ROBERT WILLENS
Quality is the hallmark of this master designer. Solid elegance or the sudden flair of the ultra modern expressed in rich metals and clusters of precious jewels personally selected in the great gem centers the world around.
SHIFRIN-WILLENS, Troy, Wayne & Kalamazoo in Michigan; South Bend & Lafayette in Indiana.

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Breathtaking show pieces or exquisite casuals; mind-whirling ingenuity on the part of the designer that reveals unqualified good judgment and definitive taste on the part of the wearer.
Fine Jewelry Department at all J. W. ROBINSON CO. Stores, Southern California.

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Beckon boldly or shyly suggest there's smooth sailing ahead. With this skilled designer the choice is yours, the price is deceptively pleasant, the quality superb for over a quarter century.
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KARL STITTGEN DESIGNS
Designer for the young elegants. Creator of the lavish look. Bold extravagance in superb taste combined with incomparable craftsmanship tells the world you know.
GOLD & SILVER INTERNATIONAL, San Francisco; GOLD & SILVER, Calgary, Alta.; GOLD & SILVER, Vancouver, B.C.; STEWART JORDAN, Toronto, Ont. (all in Canada).

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CARL MAYER JEWELRY, Austin; KRUGER JEWELERS, Wichita Falls; NIEMAN MARCUS, Bal Harbour, Fla.; SANGER HARRIS, Houston; ODOM'S, Oklahoma City.

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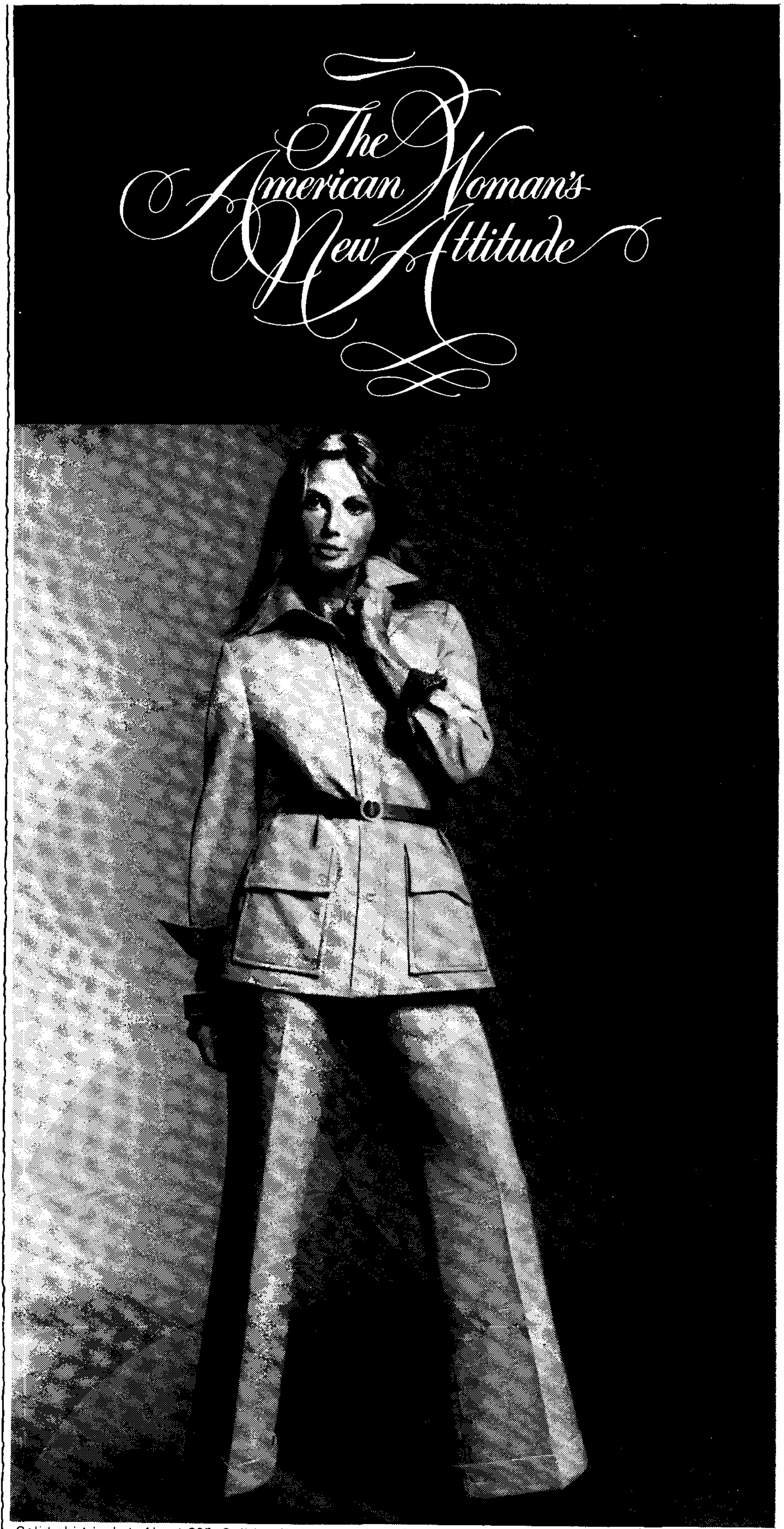
must have put the report together very hastily was that Dr. Nicholson, who had contributed to the study, was not listed in the report as a member of the panel of health experts, while Dr. Selikoff, who had written two letters to the Arthur D. Little people telling them that the methodology of their study had little scientific validity, did not receive a copy of the report or a letter of appreciation from Dr. Meals for his contribution to the study but was listed in the report as a member of the panel of health experts.

No one seems to know what the Arthur D. Little people had in mind in all this, but the possibility that they felt the need to achieve some semblance of balance and impartiality in their panel of health experts presents itself to anyone examining the roster of eleven men listed as its members. In the order in which their names appeared, they were Dr. Edward A. Gaensler, professor of surgery and director of thoracic services at Boston University's Medical Center, who has made useful contributions to the study of asbestos disease, and who has also been retained by Johns-Manville to examine workers at its asbestos-wallboard plant in Billerica, Massachusetts; Dr. Thomas H. Davison, medical director of Johns-Manville; Dr. John Corbett McDonald, the chairman of the Department of Epidemiology and Health of McGill University, in Montreal, and the author of a study entitled "Mortality in the Chrysotile Asbestos Mines and Mills of Quebec," which was financed by the Quebec Asbestos Mining Association, of which Johns-Manville is a leading member; Dr. Cralley, the former director of the Division of Epidemiology and Special Services, in whose files Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner had uncovered hidden data showing grossly excessive levels of asbestos dust in the Tyler plant and other asbestos factories across the land as well as data showing an appalling rate of deaths from asbestos disease among asbestos-textile workers; Howard E. Ayer, the former assistant director of the division, who, as its senior industrial hygienist, was involved in the interpretation of the dust levels measured over the years at asbestos factories; Dr. George W. Wright, head of medical research at St. Luke's Hospital in Cleveland, and a longtime paid consultant of Johns-Manville, who testified for the corporation at the public hearings in Washington; Dr. Hans Weill, a professor of medicine in the pulmonary-diseases section of the Tulane University School of Medicine, who had been given financial support by the Quebec Asbestos


The American Woman's New Attitude

Solid shirt jacket. About $35. Solid cuffed pants. About $23. In Creme or Denim Blue. 8-18. Machine wash and dry. Available at these stores and their branches: **A&S,** Brooklyn; **Burdine's,** Miami; **Lipman Wolfe,** Portland; and other fine stores across the country. New Attitude, 1411 Broadway, New York 10018

Prices slightly higher on West Coast. new attitude Division of Russ Togs, Inc.

Mining Association to conduct a study of asbestosis among men working at a Johns-Manville cement-products plant at Marrero, Louisiana; Dr. W. Clark Cooper, a former head of the old Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health and a partner in Tabershaw-Cooper Associates, Inc., a consulting firm in Berkeley, California, which has done research contract work not only for the National Insulation Manufacturers Association, of which Johns-Manville is a member, but also for Pittsburgh Corning; Dr. Philip E. Enterline, a professor in the Department of Biostatistics of the University of Pittsburgh, who was retained by Johns-Manville to study the health experiences of its retired employees; Commander Samuel H. Barboo, an industrial hygienist in the Medical Service Corps of the United States Navy (a large purchaser of asbestos insulation), who had never been involved in any studies concerning the health effects of asbestos; and, lastly, Dr. Selikoff.

Considering the backgrounds of most of the members of the expert health panel, and the fact that two additional panels of experts consisted of a committee of thirteen men representing private shipbuilding companies and a group of twelve men from various asbestos-producing companies (including two executives of Johns-Manville), it was hardly surprising that the Arthur D. Little people concluded in their report that "reduction of the exposure of workers to asbestos dust from present levels to five fibres per cubic centimetre will significantly reduce asbestos-related diseases and achieve more than 99% of the benefits attainable from the control of dust levels." (In talking about a reduction "from present levels," they apparently forgot that an emergency five-fibre standard had been in effect for nearly five months.) Their report went on to say that because of the cost the two-fibre standard very probably could not be met by the asbestos industry within the two-year period recommended by NIOSH; that the standard could not be achieved at any cost within two years by companies engaged in on-board ship repair in private shipyards (asbestos insulation being used extensively in shipbuilding); and that it would certainly lead to intensified foreign competition in this field and to the imposition of "difficult problems and costly solutions" upon United States Navy shipyards. In making this statement, the Arthur D. Little people overlooked evidence and statistical tables in the NIOSH criteria document showing that many asbestos plants were

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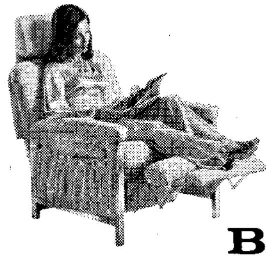

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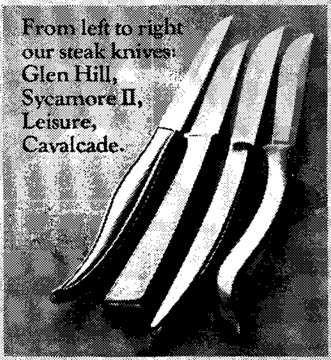
She does her job. And you proceed to indelicately massacre it.

It's time you learned a new skill. Carving. And we're the ones to teach it to you.

Since 1895 Carvel Hall has been one of the leading names in fine cutlery. Our blades are made of surgical stainless steel to take an awesomely sharp edge. And are finished to perfection. We literally spend days hand grinding, double honing and buffing them.

Our handles are, quite simply, designed to look like works of art.

And now that you know a little about our knives, we would like to teach you a little about what to do with them.


From left to right our steak knives: Glen Hill, Sycamore II, Leisure, Cavalcade.

A standing rib roast can get you a standing ovation.

First, arrange the meat on a platter with the largest end down to form a solid base. For a whole rib serving, cut beneath the first rib, close to the bone, cutting the meat from [illegible] tip inward (always slicing against the grain).

Continue slicing across the roast until you come to the second rib. With the tip of the knife cut along the rib bone to loosen the meat from the bone.

Repeat until there is nothing left to repeat.

A well-carved porterhouse steak can bring you fame.

Unlike roasts always carve with the grain. Start at the top of the bone and cut down and around it. Remove it. Cut off the tail end. Then, slice across the fillet section and then across the larger loin section. Trim off the fat. Start eating.

Turkey. Lamb. Ham. Veal. All in a book.

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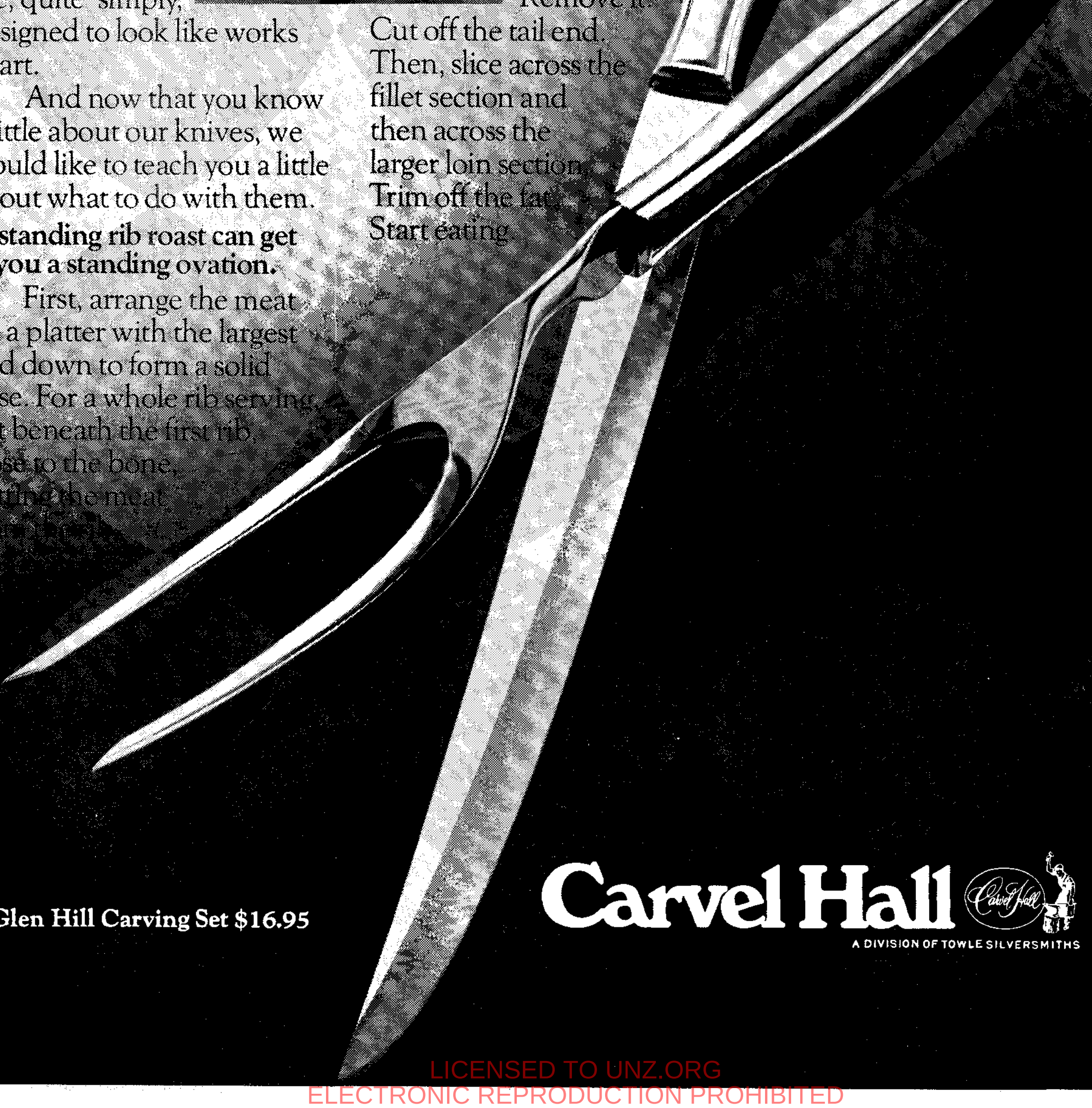
Its regular price is $3.95. But if you enclose a check or money order for $2.75 to Carvel Hall, Crisfield, Md. 21817 we'll send the book to you.

Between our knives and the book your carving can be as good as her cooking.



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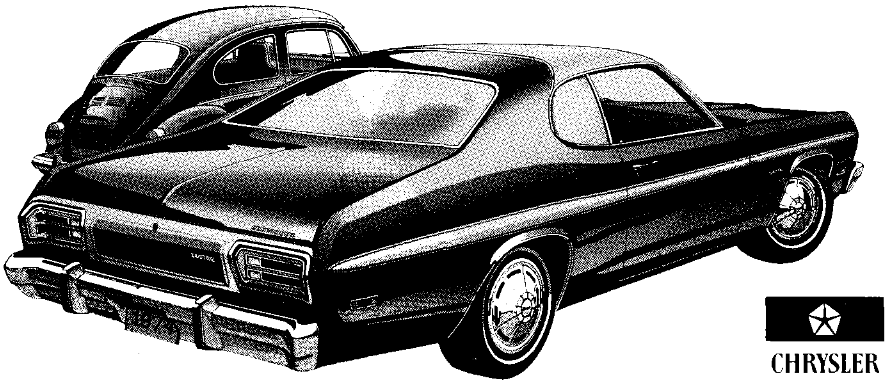

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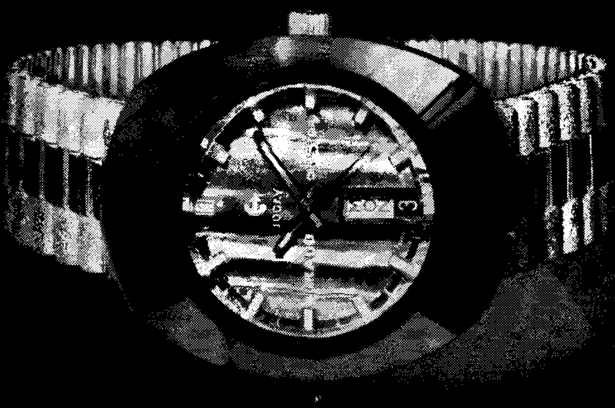

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already operating at or below a two-fibre level, and that most of the asbestos industry could comply with a two-fibre standard without undue technical hardship. And, piling oversight upon oversight, they went on to say that estimates of when each segment of the asbestos industry could meet various fibre levels "show at a first glance that only a twelve-fibre standard can be met immediately"—an assertion that ignored the fact that a twelve-fibre standard was supposed to have been in effect from 1968 until the temporary emergency standard of five fibres was declared by the Secretary of Labor six months earlier.

Later in their report, in a section that was entitled "Benefits from Asbestos Exposure Control Standards," the Arthur D. Little people got around to defining what they meant by benefits:

> The case against asbestos dust is firm and unquestioned by those familiar with available research data. Selikoff and others have amply demonstrated an association between exposure to asbestos fibres and increased morbidity. It follows that reduction of the hazard will provide increased freedom from disease and longer life for those working with or near asbestos.
>
> The question of how closely the goal of zero risk to asbestos-related diseases can be approached requires further exploration. The removal of this hazard requires changes that inevitably involve the expenditure of time and money, and in the world of business (including working men when jobs are at stake) the relationship between benefits and costs is an important issue. Numerous examples of the refusal of people individually and collectively to pay even modest inconvenience costs to completely remove risks demonstrate that eliminating a hazard at any cost is not always feasible. However, those who must pay the price for removing the hazard may be willing or able to do so within limits. Finding these limits usually involves comparing less than the maximum obtainable benefits with associated costs. This, of course, is the familiar cost/benefit framework for evaluating alternative courses of action. While we do not believe a purely quantitative cost/benefit analysis is feasible or desirable here, the conceptual scheme is useful. In the next section, we examine the probable costs for various reductions (fibre levels) in the hazard of asbestos dust. To place these costs in a perspective that may be useful in setting policy, it is important to estimate the benefits associated with each of several such levels of risk.

At this point, the Arthur D. Little people drew attention to Table 2 of their report, which incorporated estimates from eight of the eleven listed health-panel members as to the incidence of asbestosis, lung cancer, and mesothelioma among a hundred workers exposed to various levels of asbestos fibres during an eight-hour working day over a period of forty years. A

Honeywell Pentax ES II -- a camera for the busy, demanding and talented two percent.

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If you're successful in your business or profession, the drive to excel and the demand for perfection that helped you get there are the same qualities that can make you a fine photographer.

And now photography can be an exceptionally satisfying way to express your creativity and sensitivity without spending a lot of the one thing you're shortest of — time.

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You've probably known good photographers who spent years mastering complex cameras, lights and lenses. Complicated tools that had to become second nature to them so they could concentrate on the creative aspects.

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And you weren't willing to settle for the limited capability and just acceptable results of snapshot automatics. The Kharman Ghia is a good car . . . but your taste is Mercedes. At about $600.00, the Honeywell Pentax ES II was not designed for mass appeal.

The automated electronic ES II was designed to give picture perfect results. You're free to spend your time on creative composition, confident of a good exposure no matter how quickly the light changes or where your subject moves. Forget about flipping dials and matching needles. The ES II computer controlled electronic shutter automatically delivers the precise shutter speed needed. If 4-1/73 or 1/888 second is the ideal speed for best exposure, that's exactly what you'll get . . . automatically.

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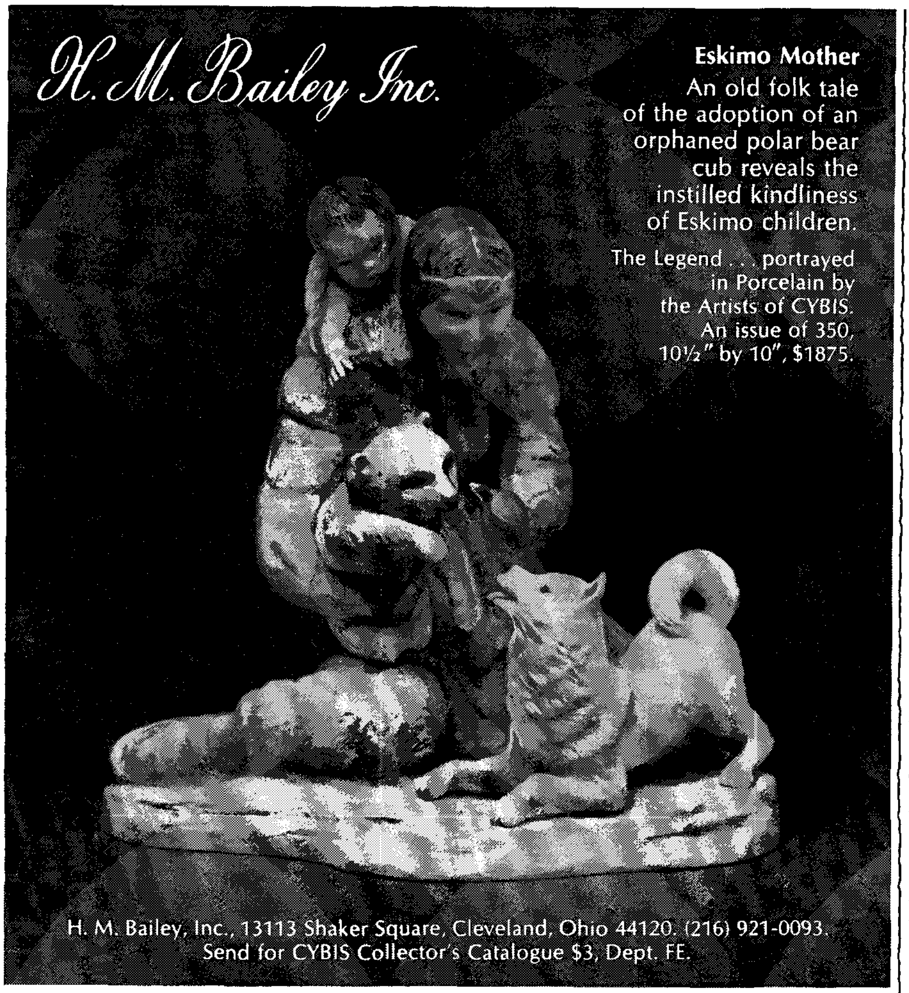
Within the Pentax photo system, there are 23 matched Super-Multi-Coated Takumar lenses, from extreme wide angle to telephoto.

At this point, you probably want to know more.

Write Honeywell Photographic, Dept. 117-283, P.O. Box 22083, Denver, Colorado 80222, for FREE literature that shows the photo quality you can capture the first time you use the Honeywell Pentax ES II. Better yet, stop by a Honeywell Photo Dealer for a demonstration.

Honeywell Pentax in the U.S. and Mexico. Asahi Pentax elsewhere. In Canada, McQueen Sales Ltd., a Honeywell subsidiary.



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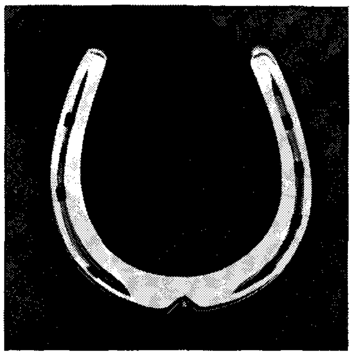

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footnote stated that by the time the report went to press two additional responses had been received, which did not change either the median or the range. The footnote did not mention that Dr. Selikoff's responses to this questionnaire were the only ones not included. As a result, Table 2 concluded that not one worker in a hundred would develop asbestosis after being exposed to two fibres per cubic centimetre for forty years, whereas Dr. Selikoff had estimated that fifty-five of a hundred workers would develop the disease under these conditions. In addition, Table 2 concluded that only one worker in a hundred would develop asbestosis after working for forty years in an environment containing five fibres per cubic centimetre, whereas Dr. Selikoff had estimated that eighty-five workers out of a hundred would contract the disease under such conditions. As for mesothelioma, the Arthur D. Little report concluded that only one out of a thousand workers would be afflicted with the disease after forty years of exposure to two fibres per cubic centimetre, whereas Dr. Selikoff had estimated that four out of every hundred workers would develop mesothelioma under these circumstances. And Table 2 concluded that only two out of a thousand workers would develop mesothelioma after forty years of exposure to a working environment containing five fibres per cubic centimetre of air, whereas Dr. Selikoff had estimated that seven out of a hundred workers would be afflicted with mesothelioma at this level.

Now, using Table 2 as a springboard, the Arthur D. Little people leaped to other unfounded conclusions. "It is apparent from this set of judgments that relatively large benefits correspond to the reduction of exposure from thirty to twelve fibres, and from twelve to five fibres," they wrote. "The judgments suggest, however, that a further reduction of the exposure level to two fibres is attended by very small benefits—on the order of less than one per cent." They could make such an assertion, of course, only because they had not seen fit to include in Table 2 the responses of Dr. Selikoff, who is widely regarded as one of the world's foremost epidemiologists in the field of asbestos disease, and whose epidemiological investigations of asbestos disease had never been supported by any segment of the asbestos industry. Having made the assertion, however, the Arthur D. Little people bounced along to others:

> Data on bronchogenic cancer and mesothelioma suggest that these diseases

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IF YOU CAN TASTE FOOD, YOU CAN TASTE WINE.

Contrary to popular belief, you don't have to come from Oxford or talk funny in order to taste wine.

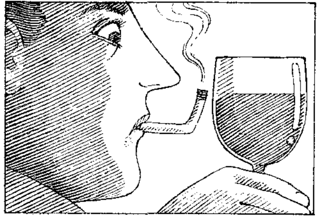
Anyone, man or woman, with a nose, a mouth and a tongue can become proficient in the art of wine tasting. All it takes is a desire to learn, some practice and the discipline to stick to the guidelines which we are now going to set forth for you free of charge.

There is something in it for us, however, in that if more people developed their palates, more Inglenook Wine would probably be sold, because the taste of our wine is complex enough to challenge the best of wine tasters.

8 PALATES ARE BETTER THAN 1.

If you're just getting into wine tasting, do it among friends.

For one thing, it's cheaper because the cost of the wines can be defrayed. And this is one case where too many cooks don't spoil the broth, for it helps to have several opinions on a wine that is particularly difficult to judge. So select 6 or 8 friends who are as interested in learning how to taste wine as you are and get them together. But tell them to check their cigarettes at the door.



Wine tasting is a difficult enough business under ideal conditions, and the last thing you need is a smoke screen between you and the wine.

TO SPIT OR TO SWALLOW.

A good wine list should include a selection of related wines. They should have something in common, such as vintage, region, varietal, or brand. This gives the palate a better chance to compare one wine with another and it gives the tasting a theme. Eight to ten wines is about right for a good tasting. Any more than this and your taste buds start to get confused. Always cover the labels when tasting and spit, don't swallow. Remember, this is a wine tasting, not a drinking bout, and if you swallow the wine your impressions of the last few wines will be anything but clear. A wine case half-full of sawdust can serve as an excellent make-shift spitoon.

NEVER TRUST YOUR MEMORY.

Even the best of wine tasters will forget a wine's name if he forgets to take notes. So always have paper and pen handy. Note the date of the tasting, name of the wine, vintage year, bottler, price, and a description of the wine's appearance, bouquet, and taste.

Try to keep your descriptions brief and to the point. Describe the wine as clearly as possible so that later, when you refer to your notes, you will be able to recall the wine.

ACIDITY: Natural sourness which bites the tongue.
AROMA: The perfume of the grape.
BOUQUET: The smell of the wine itself.
BODY: The feeling of weight in the mouth.
CHARACTER: Complexity in a wine.
CLEAN: Absence of foreign matter.
DEEP: A bouquet of full, rich and lasting quality.
DRY: Complete absence of sweetness.
EARTHY: A mineral or organic taste of the soil.
FRUITY: A ripe but not necessarily grapy smell.
FULL-BODIED: Thick in the tactile sense.
MELLOW: Soft, ripe and well-matured.
WOODY: A smell derived from aging in oak casks.

Armed with this information and willing to put in several hours a week, you should be able to tuck away 25 to 30 wines a year in your memory. Considering the fact that there are over 5,000 wines in the world, this should keep you busy until around the year 2169.

WINE IS LIKE MUSIC.

There are only two kinds of wine: wine you gulp and wine you taste. Trying to learn wine tasting with a "gulp" wine is like trying to learn music theory on a kazoo.

In our opinion, the better tasting wines should be the following:

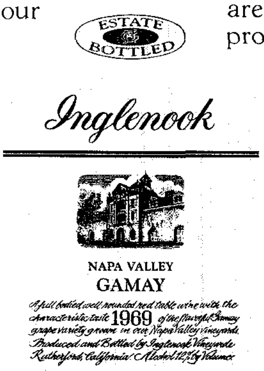
A. Estate bottled. This means that every grape used in the wine's production was grown, picked and crushed under the direct supervision of the vintner. It takes this kind of care to produce a truly great wine.

B. Napa Valley. The Napa Valley of California is, in our opinion, the finest wine producing area outside of France, and it consistently produces wines worthy of tasting.

C. Vintage dated. Sunshine and rainfall have a tremendous effect on a wine's taste, and only when a wine is marked with its year of production will you begin to make an association between its taste and the weather.

One wine which fulfills all of these requirements is Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine.

We mention this because any ad that explains wine tasting would have been incomplete without it.


ESTATE BOTTLED
Inglenook
NAPA VALLEY
GAMAY
A full bodied well rounded red table wine with the characteristic taste 1969 of the flavorful Gamay grape variety grown in our Napa Valley vineyards.
Produced and Bottled by Inglenook Vineyards Rutherford, California Alcohol 12% by Volume

INGLENOOK

In Europe, there are many great wines.
In America, there is Inglenook.

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Now you can use the American Express Card at Abercrombie & Fitch. To buy almost every kind of equipment for almost every active sport: trout flies, tennis racquets, sailing gear, even elephant guns.

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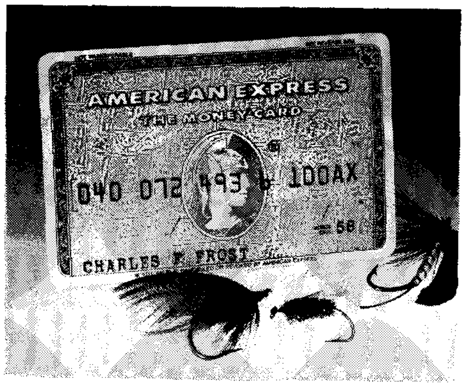

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> are also related to the degree of exposure. The numbers are small, however, and experience more limited than that available for asbestosis. The only inference we are prepared to draw from these data is that their explicit consideration by the panel members very probably yields better estimates than if they had not been included. Continuing studies of these diseases among asbestos workers should contribute to estimates that better justify interpretation and speculation than these.

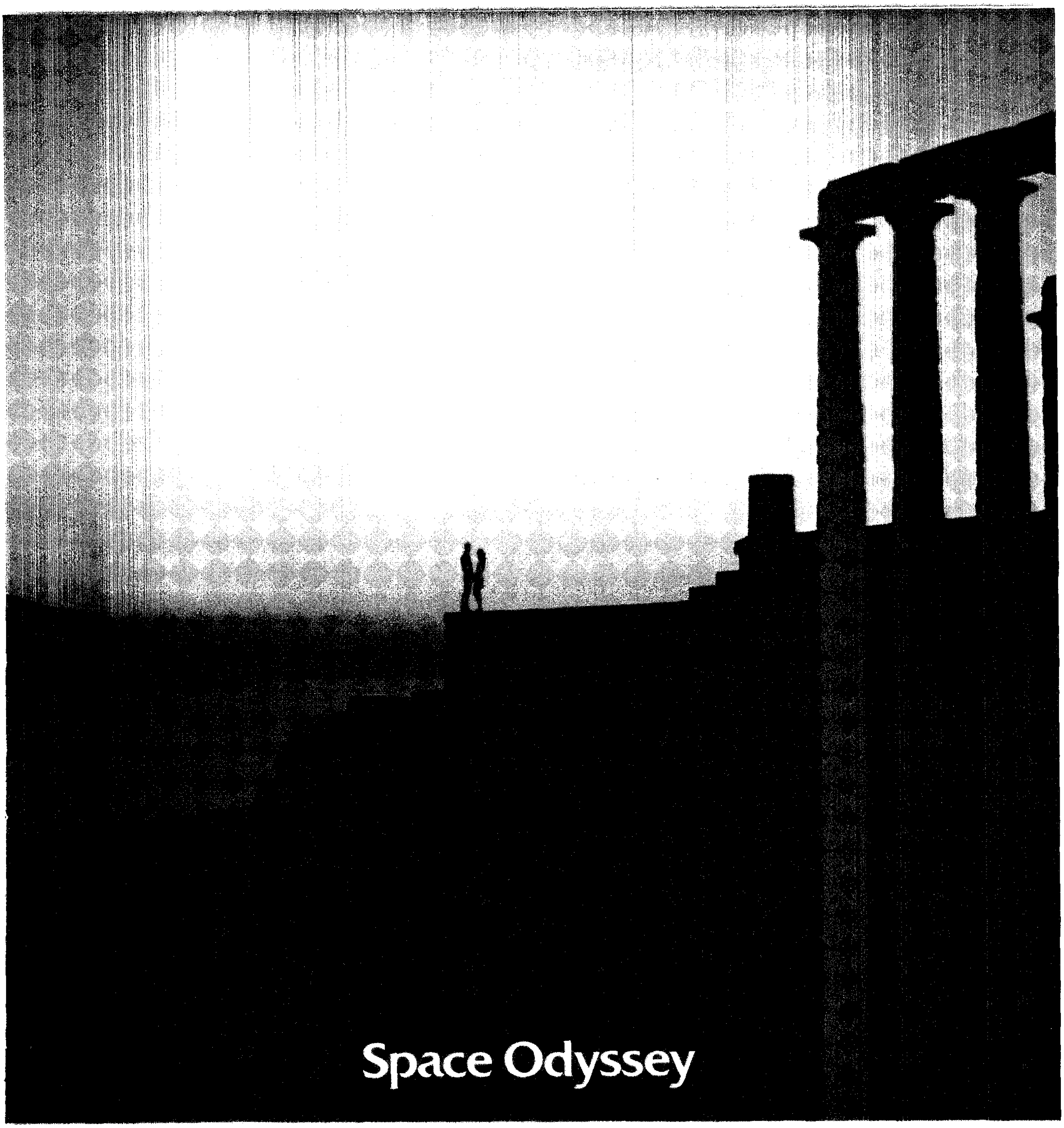
All this, of course, overlooked the fact that in their studies of the disastrous mortality experience of six hundred and thirty-two asbestos-insulation workers in New York City and Newark, and of nine hundred and thirty-three men who had worked at an asbestos-insulation factory in Paterson, New Jersey, Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond had furnished incontrovertible proof that two hundred and thirty out of three hundred and nineteen excess deaths among these men were caused by some form of cancer.

The rest of the Arthur D. Little report consisted of analyses of such things as the gross-sales profits of various segments of the asbestos industry and the estimated economic impact of various asbestos standards on shipbuilding companies and on manufacturers of asbestos products. A section entitled "Economic Impact on Manufacturers" contained this passage:

> With regard to technical feasibility, we judge that the five-fibre level is achievable. Even with the best available techniques, however, we do not know whether a two-fibre limit could be met. (In fact, we cannot be completely certain about the five-fibre limit until the best available equipment has been installed and evaluated.) Thus a reliable assessment of the validity of the "guesstimates" put forth on the cost of compliance to the two-fibre level is not really possible until technical feasibility has been established. In the meantime, the estimates shown in Table Six are the best that have been developed.

The estimates, or "guesstimates," in Table 6 may well have been the best that were available, but to me they were incomprehensible, so I went to Mount Sinai and asked Dr. Nicholson, whose copy of the report I had been reading, to interpret them for me.

Dr. Nicholson shook his head and gave a weary smile. "The cost estimates obtained by Arthur D. Little from its panel of experts are inappropriate on two counts," he said. "First, the panelists were asked to estimate time and costs to achieve specific dust levels, and not costs to achieve effective worker protection. Second, the cost estimates were obtained by soliciting guesses from representatives of the asbestos industry rather than by review-



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What rankles about Potsdam is the way it was thrown together with absolute unconcern for appropriate supplies of food and drink. Considering what havoc might have been wrought had a person like Stalin come down with dyspepsia, it seems a wonder the world isn't in sadder shape than it is. Fortunately, some unsung hero had stocked Eisenhower's commissary at Babelsburg with fairly civilized comestibles and it was his SHAEF commissary which was commandeered to cater the affair at the last minute.

That was how our King's Ransom scotch whisky happened to be present at Potsdam. We can hardly brag about what was merely a twist of fate! We speculate, of course, whether things might not have turned worse were it not for our mellowing influence. We will, of course, never be sure.

As you may have divined, King's Ransom (the very whisky which, for all we know, blunted the more intemperate plans of the Potsdam conferees) is still doing business at the same old stand. Every drop is twelve years old and the price is still steep enough to bring tears to your eyes. No longer the world's most expensive whisky, King's Ransom is now merely one of the most expensive. It is, however, still King's Ransom and, hence, quite probably the best. Our hope is that you will try it.

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12
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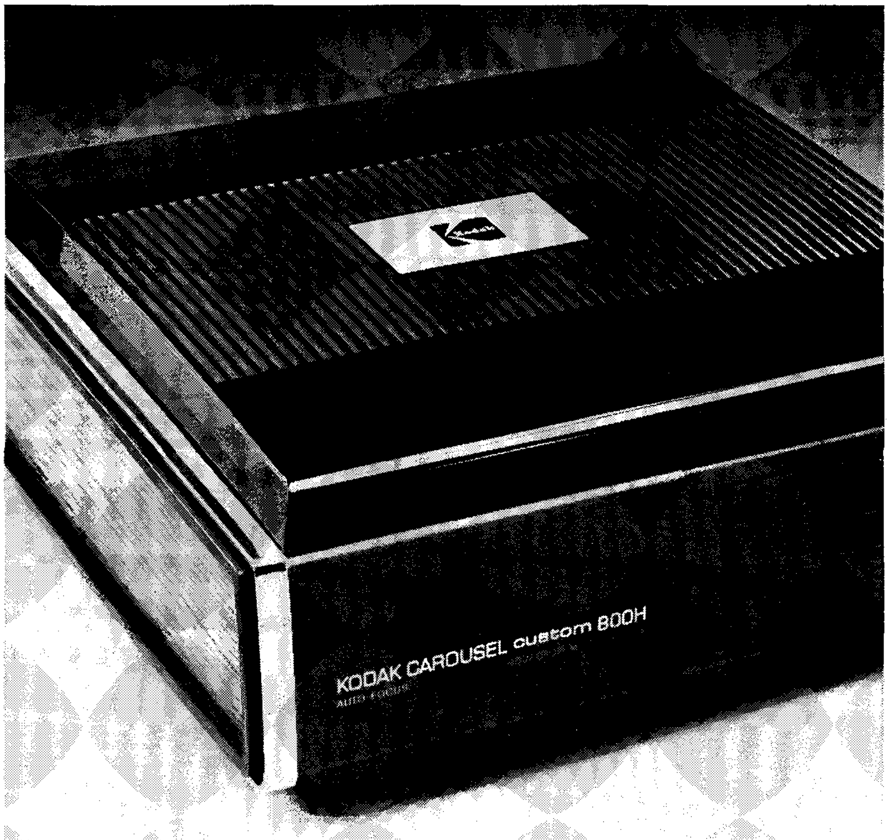
Glancing over the names and corporate affiliations of Arthur D. Little's twelve-man expert panel from the asbestos industry, I saw that all eleven of the companies they represented had sent officials to the public hearings to testify against the proposed two-fibre standard. When I pointed this out to Dr. Nicholson, he shook his head again.

"The ins and outs of this whole affair constitute an endless labyrinth that never ceases to amaze me," Dr. Nicholson said. "I just noticed, for example, that both the Certain-teed Products Corporation and Nicolet Industries, Inc., are represented on the panel, and that reminds me of a story I read in the *Wall Street Journal* earlier this month. It was about the old Keasbey & Mattison Company, which used to make milk of magnesia in the town of Ambler, Pennsylvania, near Valley Forge. The article described an incident in the early history of the company, when Dr. Royal Mattison accidentally spilled some milk of magnesia on a hot pipe and found that it adhered. That brought the Keasbey & Mattison people into the insulation business. In 1962, however, the company went out of business and sold its facilities to Certain-teed Products, which started manufacturing asbestos-cement pipe. Since that time, Ambler has also been the site of a plant operated by Nicolet Industries, which manufactures other asbestos-cement products. In the *Journal* article, there was a description of a large open-air dump that has existed in the town since 1867, that is owned by Nicolet and Certain-teed, and that is still used by Certain-teed, which adds twenty-seven hundred tons of crushed asbestos pipe to the dump each year. Naturally, this aroused my curiosity, so I drove down to Ambler the other day to take a look at it. When I got there, I could hardly believe my eyes. The dump not only snakes diagonally through the very center of the town, which has a population of about eight thousand, but it is fifty feet high, anywhere from one to two city blocks wide, and about ten city blocks long. In fact, it is estimated to contain some million and a half cubic yards of waste material. I brought back a dozen or so



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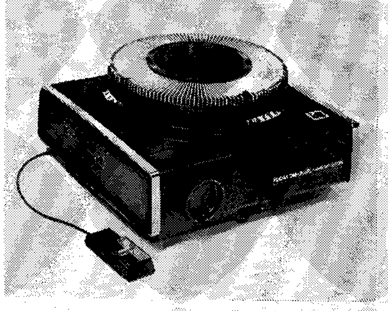

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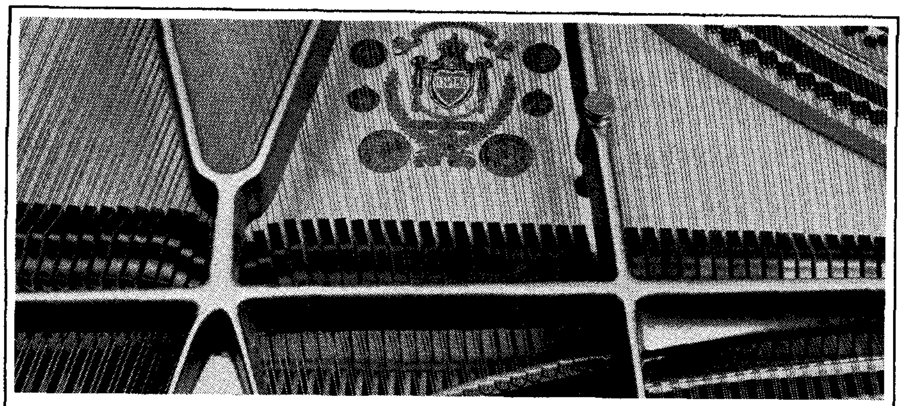
samples of debris to our mineralogy laboratory for analysis, and we found that all of them contained large amounts of chrysotile-asbestos fibre. The incredible thing, however, is that while the townspeople of Ambler want to get rid of the dump—it's an eyesore, of course—almost no one down there seems to be aware of the health hazard it poses. Kids play on an asphalt basketball court that has been built smack on top of material from the dump, and is literally covered with loose asbestos fibre and wads of waste material containing asbestos. Not only that but the dump itself is pockmarked with holes and tunnels dug over the years by kids searching for old milk-of-magnesia bottles, which have become collector's items. As you may already be aware, cases of mesothelioma have been reported among people whose exposure to asbestos was that as children they had played on asbestos dumps."

A few days later, I was reminded of the Ambler dump while looking at an exhibit submitted as evidence during the public hearings by Bruce J. Phillips, a senior vice-president of Certain-teed. "We do not feel that there is sufficient medical justification for a two-fibre limit at this time," Phillips had said. "We propose a five-fibre standard." However, this statement of Phillips' aroused my curiosity less than the next. "We feel that asbestos scrap and waste, including asbestos dust, can be disposed of in quantity only in a landfill, where the waste can be covered each day, and will present no danger to anyone. Furthermore, these disposal problems are solid-waste-management problems to be covered by the Environmental Protection Agency, and not O.S.H.A.," he said. Whether Phillips had the Ambler dump in mind when he made this statement is a matter of conjecture, but it is a matter of record that the Environmental Protection Agency had not then got around to declaring a standard for asbestos dust in the ambient air.

TOWARD the end of June, Herman Yandle, the former union committee chairman at the Tyler plant, called me from Hawkins, Texas, to inform me that ten thousand-odd bags of asbestos fibre left in the warehouse after Pittsburgh Corning closed the factory, and either buried or otherwise disposed of virtually all the rest of its innards, had been shipped to Canada during the last part of May. Yandle had been told that the fibre had been bought by a company with facilities on Manitoulin Island, in Ontario.

That piece of information sent me to a map, where I discovered that



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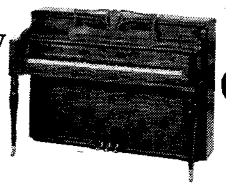

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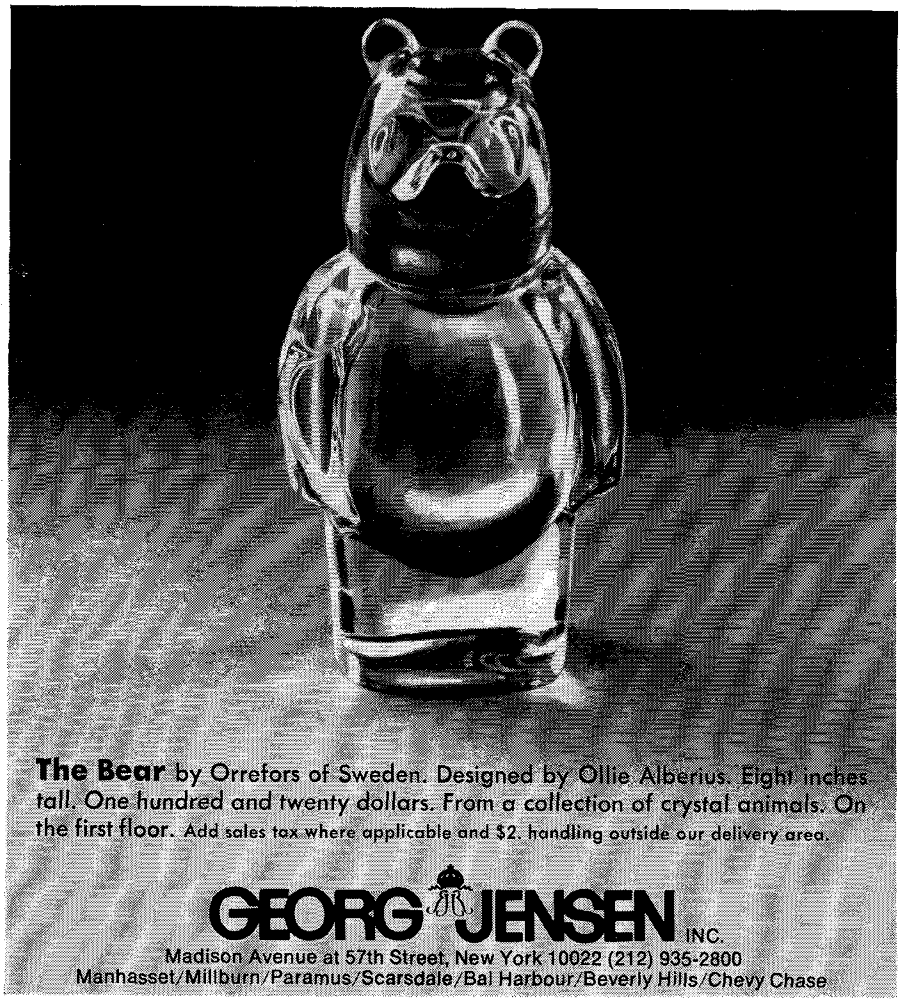

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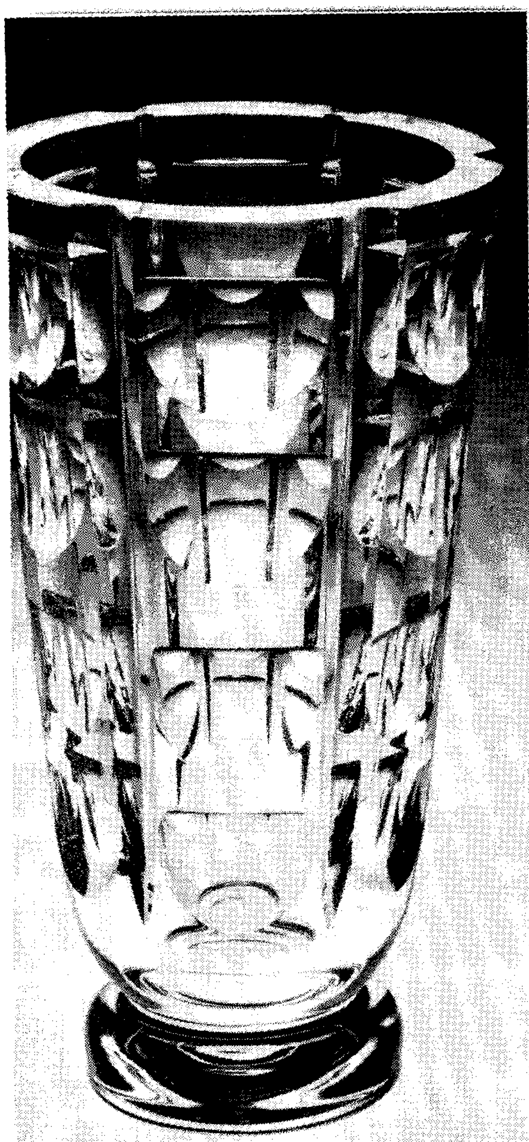
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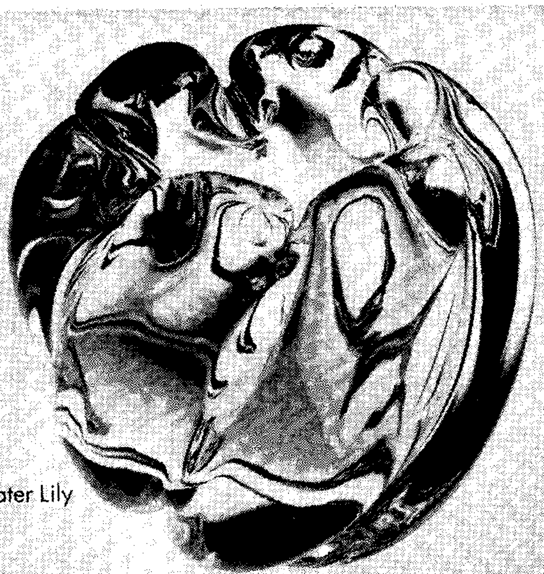
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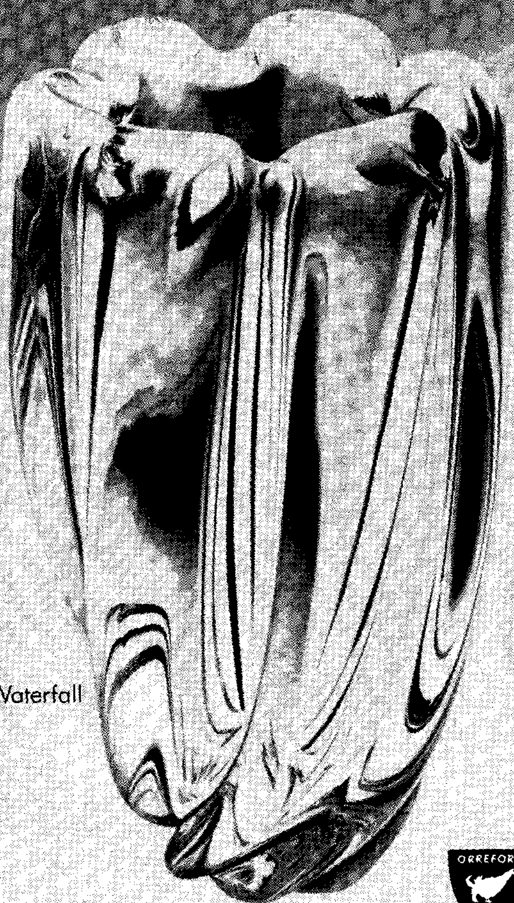
Waterfall

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Manitoulin is a very large island in the northern part of Lake Huron, about a hundred miles east of Sault Ste. Marie. As a result of inquiries I made to find someone who might be able to tell me something about the company, I got in touch with Dr. Ernest Mastromatteo, who is the director of the Environmental Health Services Branch of the Ontario Ministry of Health, in Toronto.

"Manitoulin Island is way up in the wilds, and I've never heard of any asbestos plant up there," Dr. Mastromatteo said. "But I'll have our people look into it, and get back to you as soon as we have something to report."

DURING July, another intricate tier was added to the labyrinth constructed by the medical-industrial complex in its dealings with the problem of occupational exposure to asbestos, and I heard about it from Dr. Selikoff. I had not seen him since the Department of Labor decided to keep the five-fibre standard for four more years, and I had gone to Mount Sinai to ask him about an article from England which, I had been told, bore on the question of the asbestos standard.

"As you know, the two-fibre standard we had hoped for was designed only for the prevention of asbestosis, and not of cancer," Dr. Selikoff said. "It was first proposed back in 1968 by the British Occupational Hygiene Society's Committee on Hygiene Standards. At that time, the committee reported in the *Annals of Occupational Hygiene*, a respected British medical journal, what appeared to be strong evidence suggesting that a person working with chrysotile asbestos could be exposed for fifty years to a level of two fibres per cubic centimetre with practically no risk of developing asbestosis. The committee therefore recommended a two-fibre level for occupational exposure to asbestos—a proposal I considered to be reasonable, and one which was adopted by the British Inspectorate of Factories that same year. The British action was one of the chief determining factors in the decision of NIOSH to recommend a two-fibre standard to the Secretary of Labor. The report of the society's committee noted that its recommendation was based entirely upon information provided by two of the committee's members who were employees of the Turner Brothers Asbestos Company, Ltd., of Rochdale, England—one of the largest asbestos companies in Britain. They were Dr. John F. Knox, who was then chief medical officer for Turner Brothers, and Dr. Stephen Holmes,

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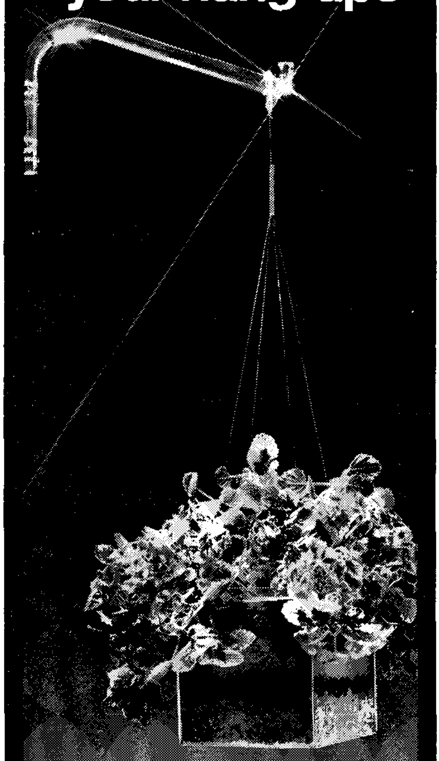

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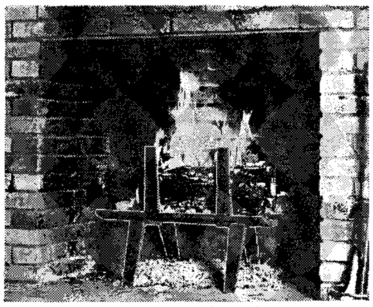

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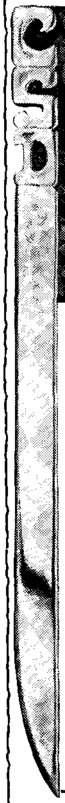

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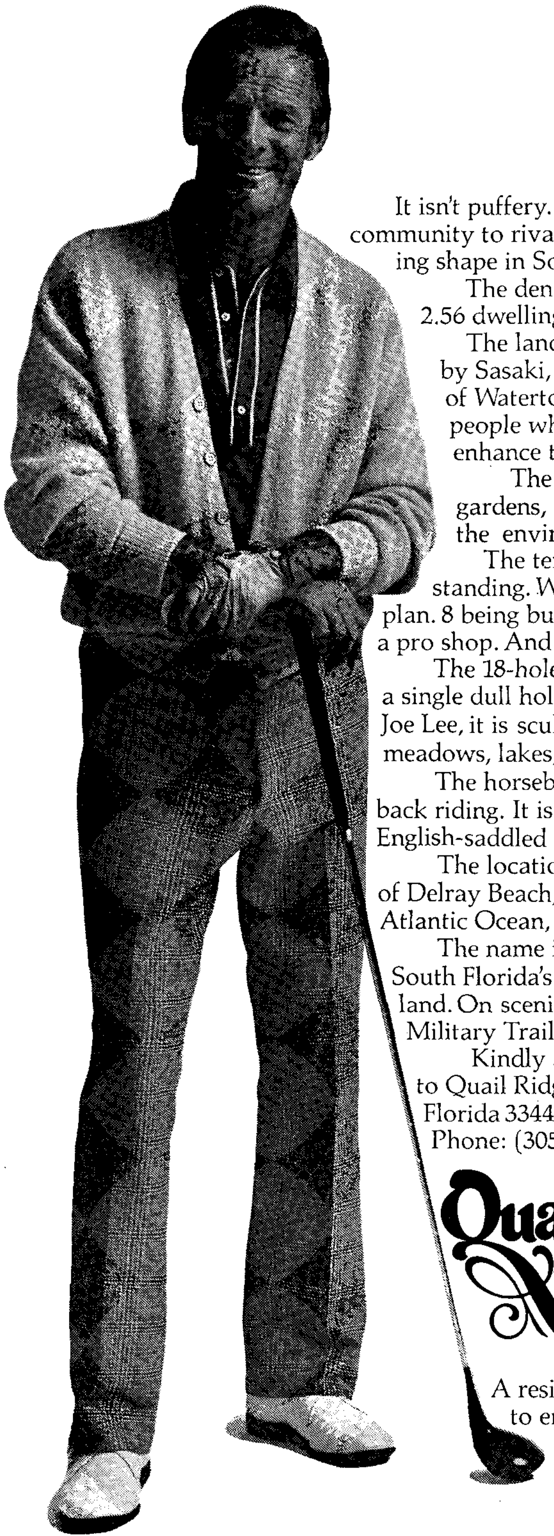

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the company's industrial hygienist. Dust counts had been made at the Turner Brothers factory in Rochdale for many years, and in 1966 Dr. Knox and Dr. Holmes had undertaken to correlate the health status of current employees with past exposure levels. Accordingly, they had reviewed chest X-rays of two hundred and ninety workers at the factory who had been employed for ten years or more after January 1, 1933, and were still employed there as of June 30, 1966. They then reported to the committee that among these employees they had found only eight whose X-rays could be diagnosed as asbestotic. Among the eighty-one men exposed to levels of somewhat more than ten fibres per cubic centimetre for twenty years or more, they found only six with relevant X-ray changes, and out of thirty-seven workers exposed over a twenty-to-thirty-year period to levels of about four fibres per cubic centimetre, they found only one man with a possibly asbestotic X-ray abnormality. This was comforting information indeed, and the committee, after providing a safety margin by halving the four-fibre level, recommended the two-fibre standard in the full assurance that it would prevent the occurrence of asbestosis."

I was reminded by Dr. Selikoff's remarks that Dr. Holmes had flown to the United States in March to testify in behalf of the American asbestos industry at the Department of Labor's public hearings, and had stated his opinion that workers could safely inhale air containing four or five fibres per cubic centimetre. When I mentioned this to Dr. Selikoff, he told me that not long after the hearings ended, the April, 1972, issue of the *Royal Society of Health Journal* arrived in the United States. "It contained an article by Dr. Hilton C. Lewinsohn, a young South African physician, who had replaced Dr. Knox as chief medical officer of Turner Brothers," Dr. Selikoff said. "Dr. Lewinsohn wrote that in December of 1970 he had given chest X-rays to workers employed at the Turner Brothers Rochdale factory. Although some workers had left the firm or had died, and although others had only recently completed ten years of employment, the men with long-term exposure who were examined by Dr. Lewinsohn were in large part the same men who had been studied four and a half years before by Dr. Knox and Dr. Holmes. However, Dr. Lewinsohn's assessment of X-ray findings among them was quite different from that of his predecessor, Dr. Knox. He reported that more than half of those

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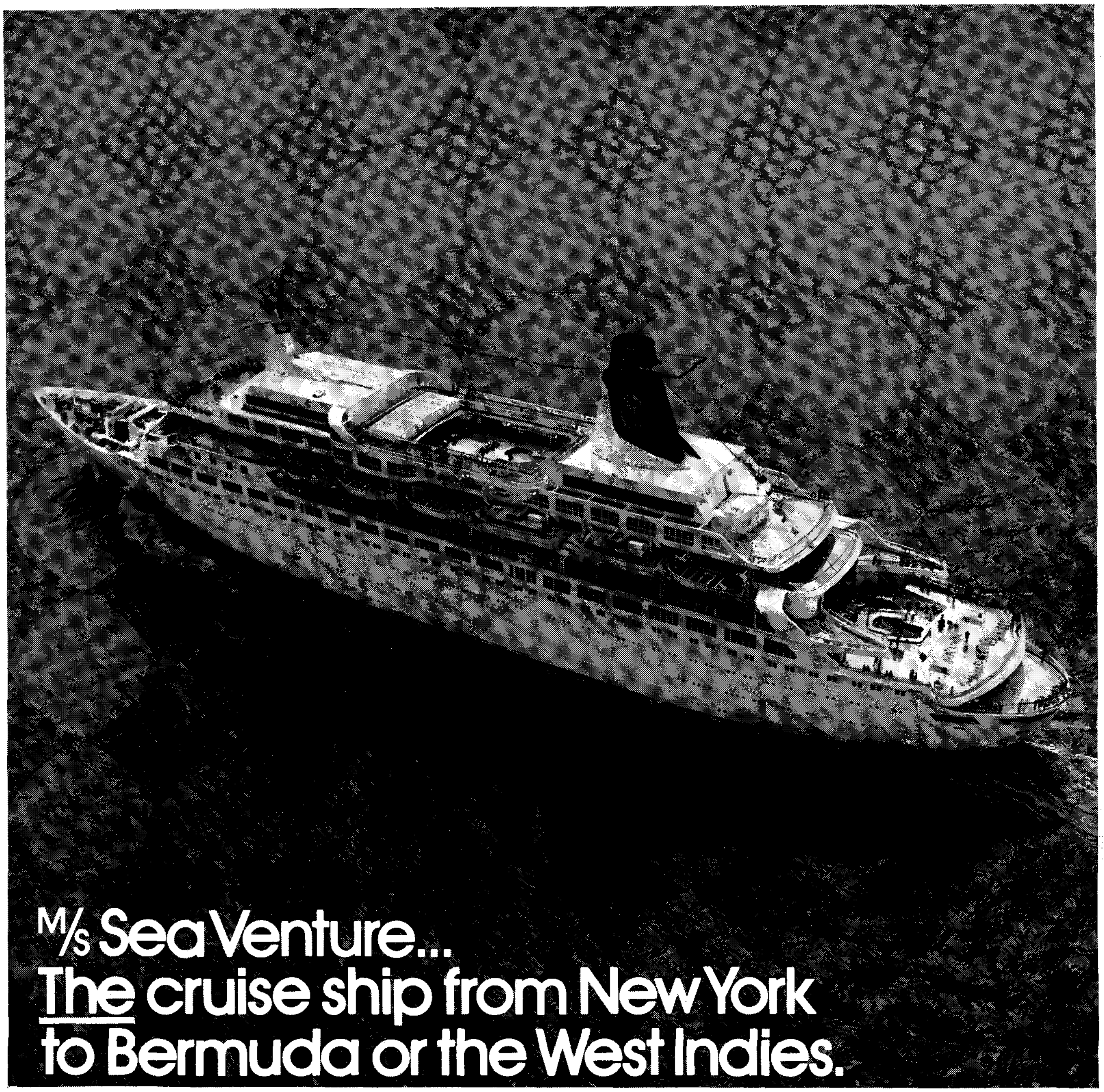

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men X-rayed twenty years or longer after first exposure to asbestos showed some abnormal lung changes. Moreover, upon analyzing these changes he determined that almost forty per cent of the men who had been employed at the factory for twenty years or more had lung scarring consistent with asbestosis. Unfortunately, our hearings were concluded by the time the *Royal Society of Health Journal* arrived, so there was no opportunity to ask Dr. Holmes about the apparent gross discrepancy between the two sets of findings."

I asked Dr. Selikoff how he explained the startling discrepancy, and he replied that it must lie in the interpretation of the X-rays, since it was highly unlikely that there could have been such a marked increase in detectable lung disease in four and a half years. He added that Dr. Nicholson had prepared a statistical analysis of the dose-disease responses that could be derived from these two conflicting sets of data, and had determined that they showed as much as a tenfold difference in the incidence of X-ray changes characteristic of asbestosis among the workers at the Turner Brothers Rochdale factory.

"Do you mean that Dr. Lewinsohn found ten times as much disease among some Turner Brothers workers as Dr. Knox and Dr. Holmes had found four and a half years earlier?" I asked.

"Yes," Dr. Selikoff replied. "At least, that is what the data published so far suggest."

"So the two-fibre standard, even if it had been adopted without the four-year delay, is not sufficient," I said.

"Until the discrepancy is resolved, it would appear useful only as an interim measure for the prevention of asbestosis," Dr. Selikoff replied. "Further, one should remember that when the British Occupational Hygiene Society recommended the two-fibre standard in 1968, it took the prudent position that the standard was intended only for the prevention of lung scarring, since it was not possible at that time to specify a concentration of asbestos in the air which was known to be free of the risk of inducing cancer."

THE possibility presented by this new data—that industry influence might have had an effect on medical considerations concerning the problem of occupational exposure to asbestos in England—came as a surprise to me for two reasons. The first was that until Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond had conducted their pioneering studies of the asbestos-insulation workers, in the early nineteen-sixties, by far the best

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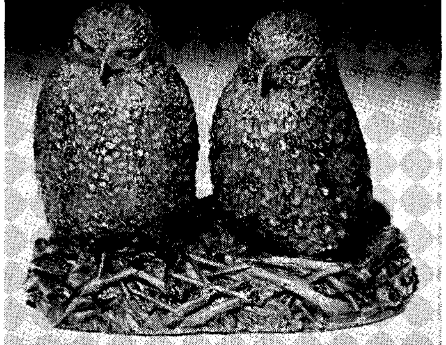

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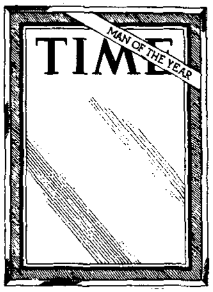

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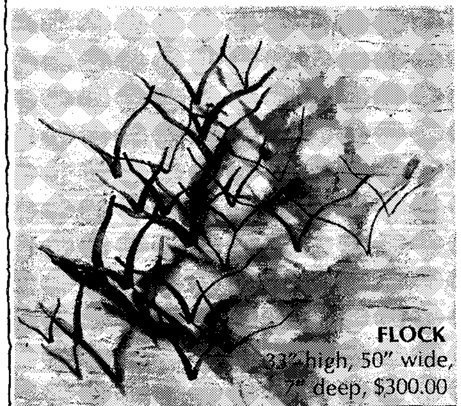

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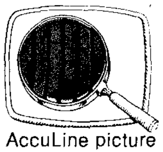

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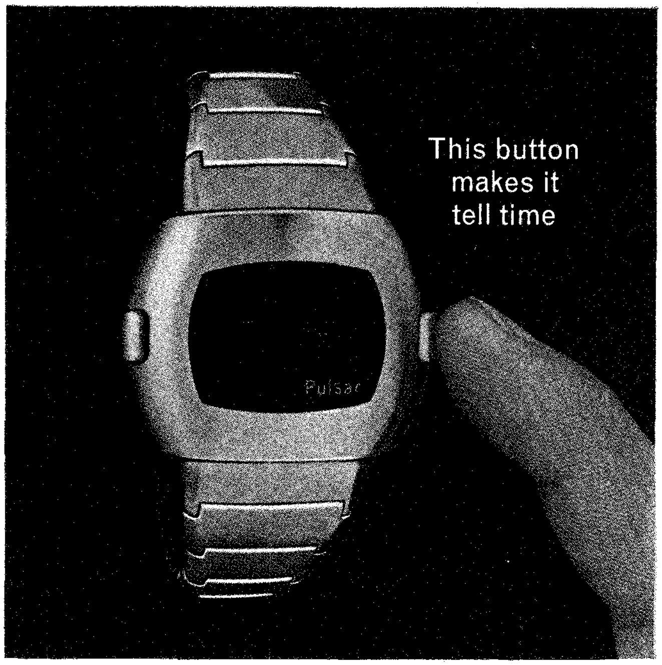

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and most thorough investigations of asbestos disease had been conducted in England, where asbestosis had been recognized as a serious occupational-health hazard since the nineteen-twenties. The second was that I had talked at length with several leading English epidemiologists in London some months earlier, and when I told them that occupational-health data were being suppressed and ignored in the United States, they had solemnly assured me that, because of the independent character of English medicine and of the British government's occupational-health agencies, such a situation could not exist in their country.

When I told Sheldon Samuels the news from England, he was not at all surprised. "Business is always business," he said. "In fact, I have a new wrinkle for you here at home. When I came to the Industrial Union Department last year, I undertook an investigation of the company-doctor system, because it occurred to me that the system was operating to thwart the Occupational Safety and Health Act. A month or so after I began the investigation, I talked with Dr. Norbert Roberts, who is associate medical director of the Standard Oil Corporation of New Jersey, and was then president of the Industrial Medical Association. Dr. Roberts told me that he and his associates in the Industrial Medical Association hoped to reform and improve the industrial medical profession by setting standards for the professional performance of company doctors. They proposed to set up an organization called the Occupational Health Institute, which would derive its chief support from the Industrial Medical Association, the American Industrial Hygiene Association, and the American Association of Industrial Nurses, Inc.—all of which are organizations supported and controlled by industry. The institute would undertake to create a program to validate occupational-health programs and to set up standards that would enable industry, through voluntary compliance, to clean up the major health problems afflicting workers in the United States. After listening to him, I told Dr. Roberts that in my opinion voluntary ethical standards would not accomplish the purpose of raising the professional performance of company doctors but should be part of enforceable O.S.H.A. regulations in order to guarantee the participatory role of workers envisioned in the Occupational Safety and Health Act, such as their guaranteed right to have access to medical records and to records per-

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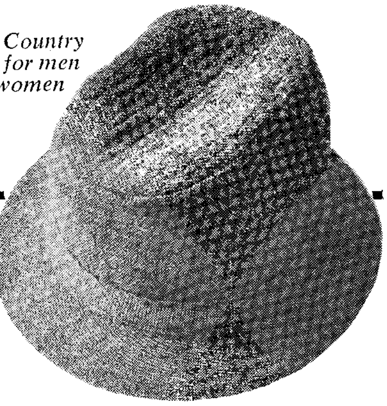
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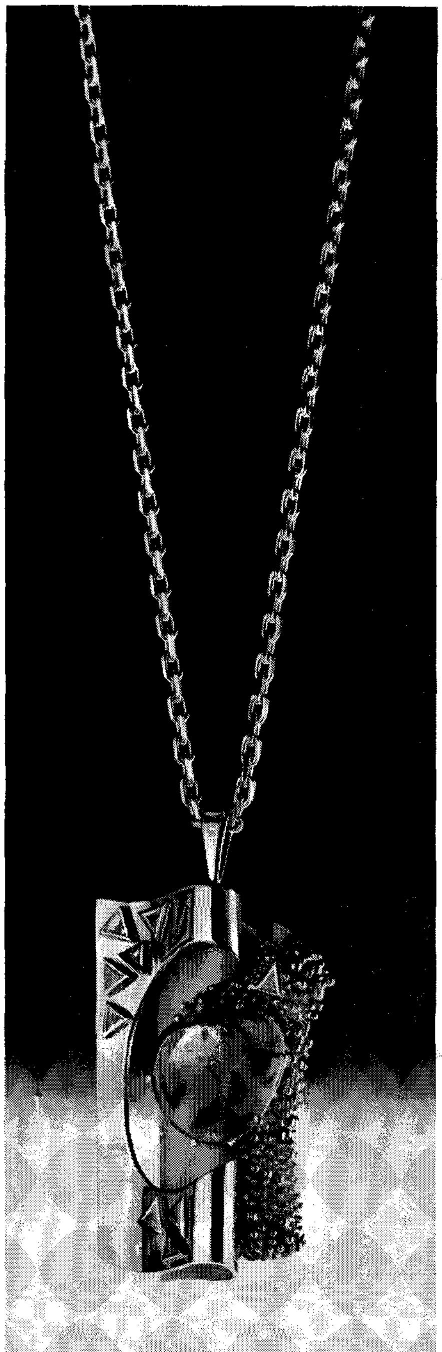

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taining to exposure to toxic substances. That was the last I heard of the matter for some time. Last November, however, I sent Dr. Roberts the results of the NIOSH survey of Pittsburgh Corning's Tyler plant and asked him to have the Industrial Medical Association conduct its own investigation of the situation. Then, in February, I sent him an account of the charges Mazzocchi had levelled against Pittsburgh Corning at his press conference, which included some information about how the affair had been handled by the company's medical consultant, Dr. Grant. In the meantime, Dr. Roberts and his associates had pursued their plan to set up the Occupational Health Institute. At their request, a meeting to discuss the aims of the institute was held here at the Industrial Union Department on March 24th. In addition to Dr. Roberts and myself, the meeting was attended by Dr. Duane Block, medical director of the Ford Motor Company; by Dr. Gilbert H. Collings, general medical director of the New York Telephone Company, who had been named to head the Occupational Health Institute; and by Dr. Marcus M. Key, who is the director of NIOSH, who was being asked to give NIOSH support to the new institute and its programs. According to Dr. Roberts and Dr. Collings, an accreditation commission initiated by the institute would pressure management to become enlightened in the field of occupational health by certifying valid industrial medical programs. Imagine my surprise, however, when I learned that Dr. Roberts and his colleagues were proposing Dr. Grant as one of the members of this accreditation commission. I pointed out that the very fact that Dr. Grant was being considered for such a position while serious allegations concerning his professional conduct remained to be resolved scarcely inspired confidence in the purpose and viability of the Occupational Health Institute. Subsequently, Dr. Roberts and his associates must have brought pressure to bear upon Dr. Grant to remove himself from consideration for the commission, for early this month I received a telephone call from William D. Kelley, the director of NIOSH's Division of Training, in Cincinnati, telling me that he had received a letter from Dr. Grant complaining that, because of his consultant relationship with Pittsburgh Corning, I considered him to be antilabor and, therefore, unacceptable as a commissioner. Now, what do you think of that?"

I told Samuels that I found it surprising, but I was really thinking that

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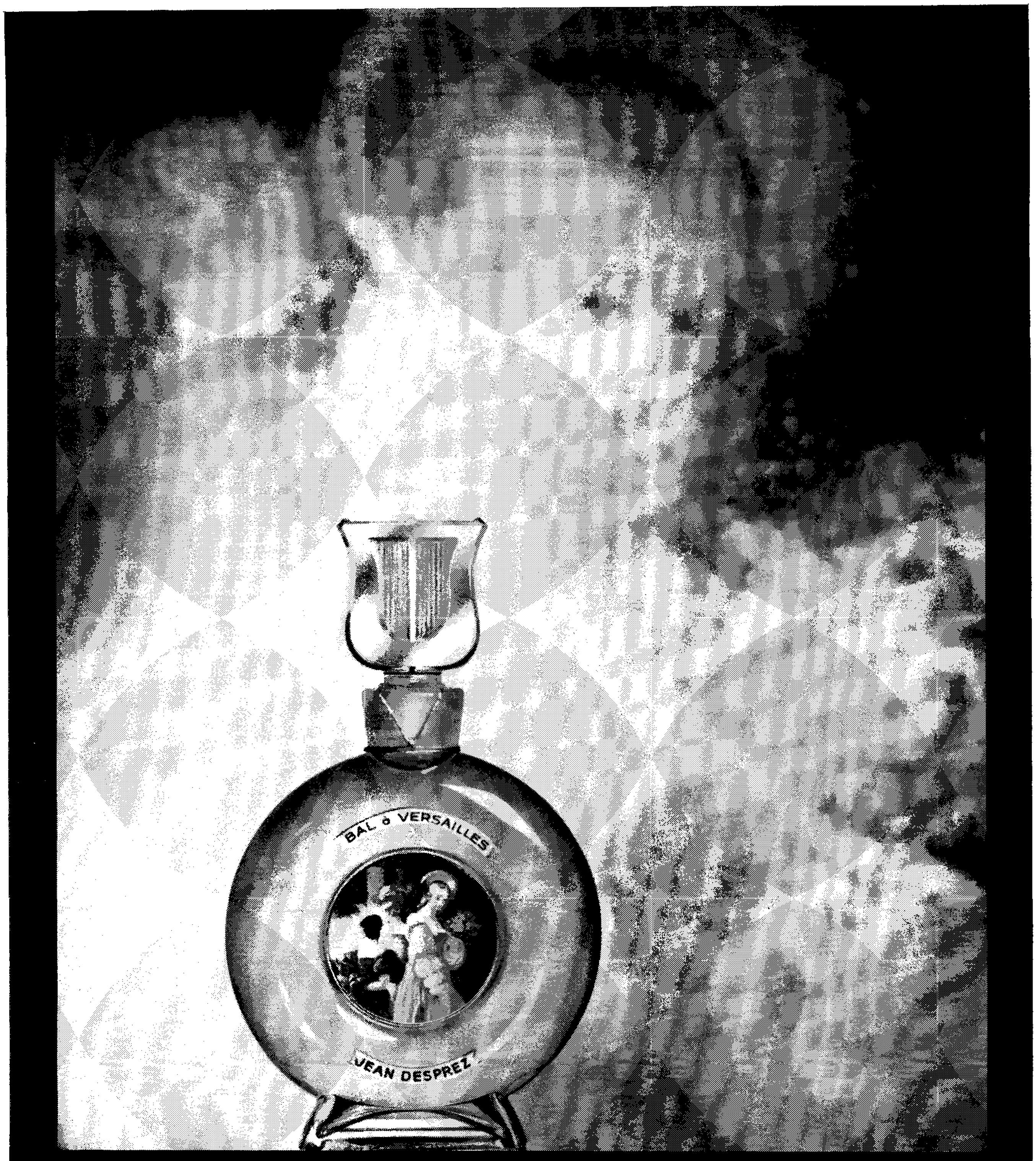
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the medical-industrial complex went about its business in ways whose intricacies were a wonder to behold, and that the story I had been following for so many months seemed not only to repeat itself endlessly but to employ the same cast of characters.

"And now for the clincher," Samuels said. "Guess what outfit has just received a seventy-one-thousand-four-hundred-and-eighty-one-dollar contract from NIOSH, in order to—and I quote—'develop and validate criteria for program performance standards of occupational-health programs which will provide guidelines to NIOSH in promoting the development of such programs as well as provide guidance to facilities in establishing and/or upgrading their own operational program standards.' "

"The Occupational Health Institute?" I said.

"Of Chicago, Illinois," Samuels replied.

A FEW days later, I telephoned Dr. Mastromatteo in Toronto, and asked him if he had been able to find out anything about an asbestos plant on Manitoulin Island.

"I'm sorry to say I haven't," Dr. Mastromatteo replied. "We've checked all the available records and made inquiries by phone, but there doesn't appear to be any asbestos industry at all on Manitoulin Island."

I apologized to Dr. Mastromatteo for bothering him with what was obviously a false lead, and thanked him for taking the trouble to follow it up. Then I telephoned Herman Yandle in Hawkins, and told him what had happened.

"Well, that's what they told the boys at the plant when the stuff got sent out," Yandle said, with a chuckle. "But I got a new address for you just the other day, from a fellow who saw a shipping tag. The asbestos went to Canada, all right, but not to Manitoulin Island. It got sent to a company called Holmes Insulation, Ltd., at Point Edward, Ontario."

I called Dr. Mastromatteo back and told him what I had learned from Yandle.

"We'll try to run it down for you," he said. "I've never heard of Holmes Insulation, but I know where Point Edward is. It's about two hundred miles west of here, in the middle of a large petroleum-chemical complex."

IN the second week of September, I received some rather interesting mail. From the August issue of the *Archives of Environmental Health* I

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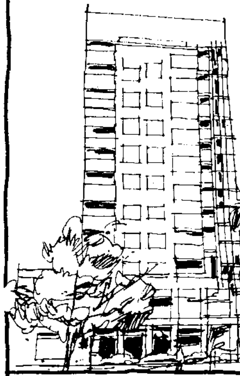

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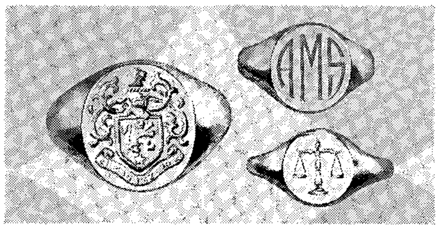

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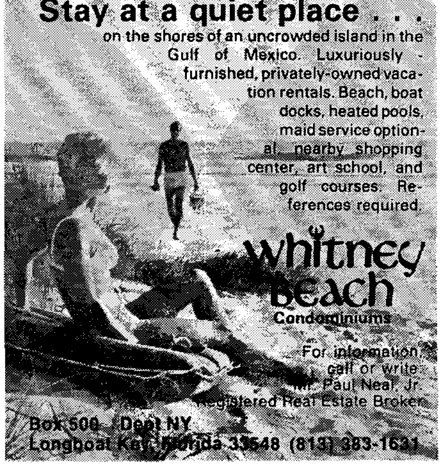

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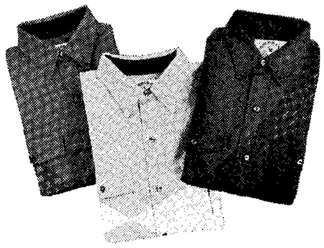

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learned that Dr. Grant had been elected treasurer of the American Academy of Occupational Medicine. In a clipping from the August 25th edition of the Cincinnati *Post,* I read that Dr. Wagoner and Dr. Johnson had been looking into the spraying of asbestos insulation on the steel girders of a new Procter & Gamble technical center in Blue Ash, Ohio, a suburb of Cincinnati. The *Post* article stated that the spraying of asbestos insulation in construction had been banned in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, but that in Cincinnati and the rest of Ohio there were no ordinances either banning or controlling its use. The article went on to quote Dr. Mitchell R. Zavon, Assistant Health Commissioner for Cincinnati, who said that he had not seen fit to issue any regulations, since the evidence incriminating asbestos as a health hazard "is not sufficiently clear-cut." This surprised me, since I knew that Dr. Zavon was a member of the sixteen-man Threshold Limit Value Airborne Contaminants Committee of the American Conference of Governmental Industrial Hygienists, so I filed the newspaper clipping away with a mental note to make some inquiries about him.

A week or so later, Samuels sent me a copy of a statement delivered before the House Select Committee on Labor by Jacob Clayman, administrative director of the Industrial Union Department, concerning the activities of the government in enforcing the Occupational Safety and Health Act. It was obvious that Clayman did not think much of the government's performance. After reminding the committee members that the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare had estimated that there might be as many as a hundred thousand deaths each year from occupationally caused disease, he told them that seventeen months after the Act went into effect there were only four hundred inspectors to enforce its provisions in more than four million workshops, and that only one new health standard—that for asbestos—had been set during that time. "Even then, we have had to complain about its inadequacies," Clayman said. "Indeed, we have gone to court to emphasize its failure, in our judgment, to pursue the basic purpose of the law." Clayman said that his organization had never ceased to point out that not one of the nine carcinogens rated by the Conference of Hygienists and by forty-five states as being too dangerous for any exposure at all was included in the federal standards. "Benzidine is one of these," he declared. "More than seven-

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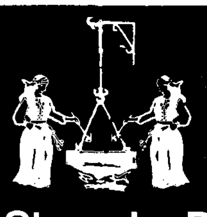

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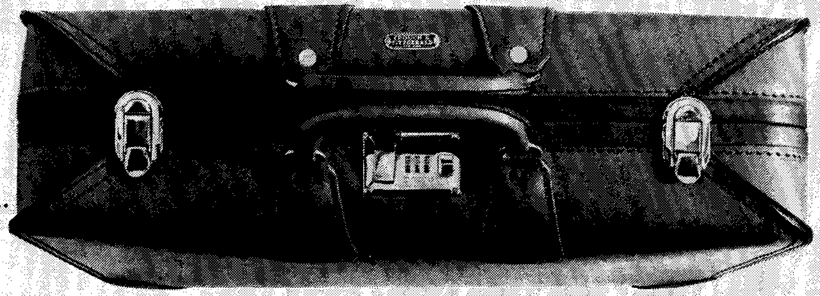

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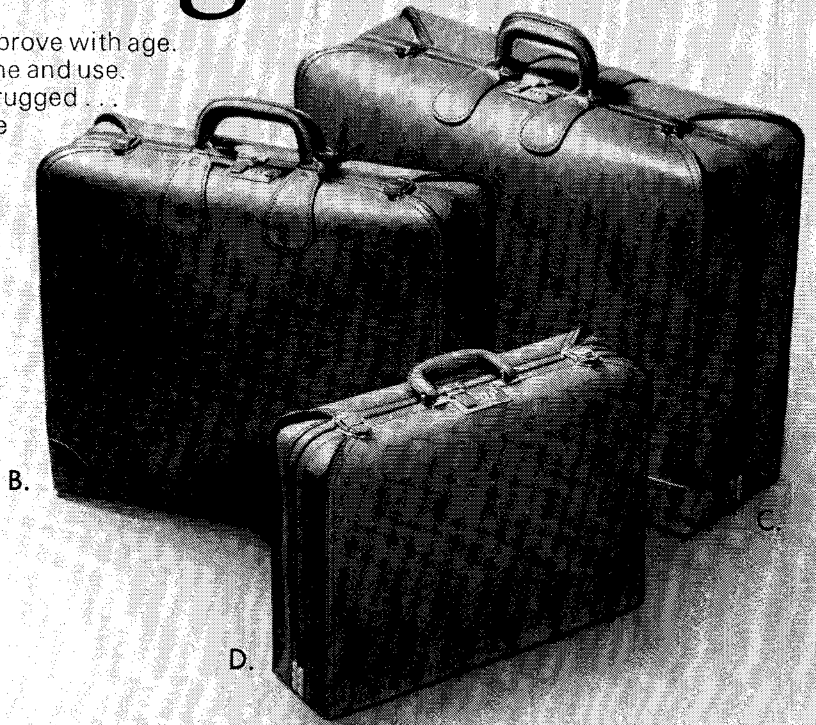

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UP to that time, my investigation of the workings of the medical-industrial complex had evolved out of the critical situation that had existed at Pittsburgh Corning's Tyler plant, and had focussed on the problem of exposure to asbestos. During the past six months, however, I had been told by Mazzocchi, Samuels, and others that the complex was hard at work trying to put the lid on dozens of occupational-health problems involving, among other things, beryllium, benzidine, and beta-naphthylamine. (Indeed, Samuels and the Industrial Union Department had been pressing unsuccessfully for the Occupational Safety and Health Administration to take action on known chemical carcinogens for more than a year.) Now, reminded by Clayman's testimony of the multiplicity of the hazards, I decided to take a closer look at some of them.

On Monday, September 25th, I caught an early-morning flight to Cincinnati and went to the Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations to ask Dr. Johnson, whom I had not seen since March, what was being done about the problem of occupational exposure to beryllium, benzidine, and beta-naphthylamine. "Let's start with beryllium," Dr. Johnson said. "It is a metal that has been used in the United States since the nineteen-twenties, when it was alloyed with copper and other metals in order to give them greater tensile strength and fatigue resistance. During the late nineteen-thirties, it was used extensively in the manufacture of fluorescent-lamp tubes Subsequently, however, thanks to the pioneering work of Dr. Harriet L. Hardy, who was then an occupational-health physician at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, beryllium was found to be a cause of acute and chronic pulmonary disease among workers in the fluorescent-lamp industry, and in 1949 its use in the manufacture of those appliances was discontinued. Because of its light weight, its rigidity, and its stability, beryllium has achieved wide use in other areas. It is employed in nuclear reactors, in aerospace structural materials and inertial guidance systems, and in satellite antennae, rocket-motor parts, heat shields, rotor blades,

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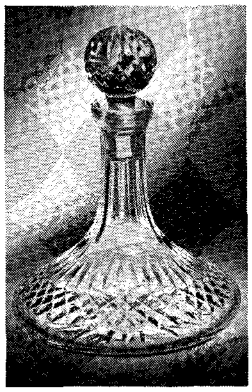

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and airplane brakes. It also appears to have considerable potential as a solid rocket fuel. Suffice it to say that beryllium and its compounds have an important use in modern technology, and that, as I've indicated, exposure to them can result in beryllium disease, which can cause death from pulmonary insufficiency, or right-sided heart failure."

Dr. Johnson went on to say that during the summer of 1971, while he was unearthing from his predecessors' files the data on the Tyler plant and other asbestos factories, he had come across the report of an environmental survey that had been conducted in 1968 by engineers from Dr. Cralley's Division of Epidemiology and Special Services at a factory owned by Kawecki Berylco Industries, Inc., in Hazleton, Pennsylvania. "As in the case of the Tyler studies, no action had been instituted as a result of the Hazleton-plant survey," Dr. Johnson told me. "Yet the data showed incredibly high airborne levels of beryllium dust, especially in the factory's attrition-mill operations, where beryllium powder is made. Indeed, the engineers had recorded concentrations in the Hazleton plant as high as two hundred micrograms of beryllium per cubic metre of air, though the Conference of Hygienists had already adopted the Atomic Energy Commission's standard of a peak value of twenty-five micrograms per cubic metre of air and a time-weighted average of only two micrograms per cubic metre."

When I asked Dr. Johnson what he had done with the information he uncovered, he told me that, just as in the case of the data on conditions in the Tyler plant—data that were collected and ignored—he had relayed them to Anthony Mazzocchi and Steven Wodka, of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union, which, as it happened, also represented workers at the Hazleton plant. "As a result, just as in the case of Tyler, the union expressed concern to our division, and we conducted a comprehensive environmental survey of the plant last November," Dr. Johnson said. "The beryllium-dust levels we measured at that time showed that the company's powder-handling operations were still grossly out of control. In March of this year, beryllium levels at the Hazleton plant were measured again, by the Pennsylvania State Department of Health, and once more the levels far exceeded the recommended threshold limit value of two micrograms per cubic metre of air. Consequently, on July 28th, Harry M. Donaldson,

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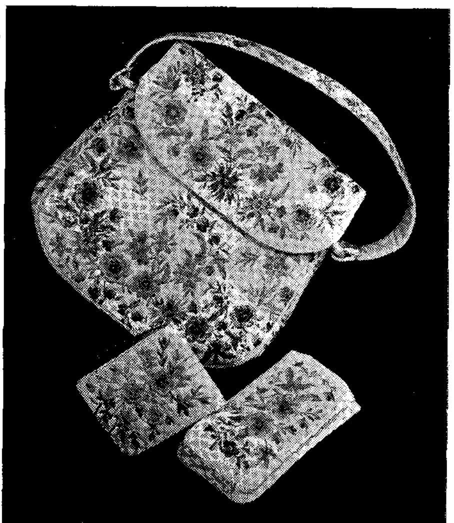
one of our industrial hygienists, wrote a letter to the Kawecki Berylco people saying that we planned to conduct another survey of the Hazleton plant in the near future and asking what improvements they intended to make in their powder-handling operations, how they were going to make them, and when they would complete them. On August 3rd, I sent a second memo of concern to the regional administrator of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration in Philadelphia—I had sent him one on the same subject last December 22nd. I told him again that a potential for serious medical consequences existed in the Hazleton plant, and I enclosed the results of a medical survey of two hundred and nineteen of the plant's employees which had been conducted last November by Dr. Homayoun Kazemi, the chief of the pulmonary unit of Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston. Dr. Kazemi had found symptoms possibly related to beryllium disease in twenty-five cases and significant beryllium disease in half a dozen cases."

I asked Dr. Johnson if he or Donaldson had received any reply from the company, or if any action had been taken with regard to the situation at the plant. He smiled grimly and handed me a memorandum. It was sent to division directors, deputy directors, and assistant division directors; it was headed "Policy Memorandum," was dated September 12, 1972, and was signed by Dr. Edward J. Fairchild II, acting associate director for NIOSH's Cincinnati Operations, who was working under the direction of Dr. Key, the director of NIOSH. It read:

> There have been in the recent past certain communications, verbal as well as written, with distinct overtones of abatement-type language. It is not the intent, nor the policy, of NIOSH to convey to the outside world that our role under the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970 is one having authority for enforcement. Rather, we must present an image more in keeping with that of a research agency. The Act distinctly separates enforcement, the primary activity of the Department of Labor (O.S.H.A.), from research, the primary activity of HEW (NIOSH).
>
> Accordingly, you are requested to monitor those actions which could evoke connotations of enforcement, especially those which may be so borderline that NIOSH involvement could be appropriate under certain circumstances, yet highly inappropriate under different circumstances. Those of your people who may have occasion for involvement should be informed of this policy.
>
> Through authority delegated to me by Dr. Key, and by copy of this memorandum, I assign Dr. [William S.] Lainhart as your contact in the event that questionable issues arise. Thus, if you are in



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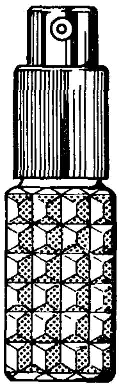

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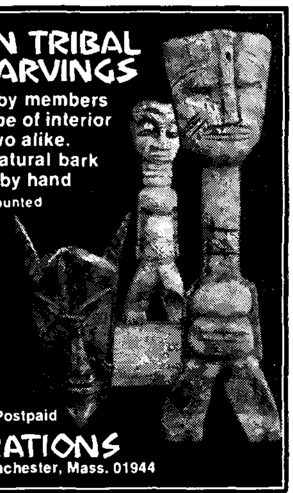

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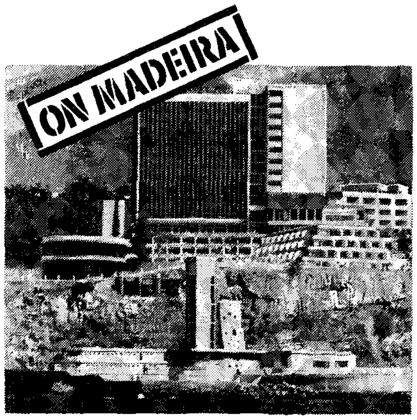

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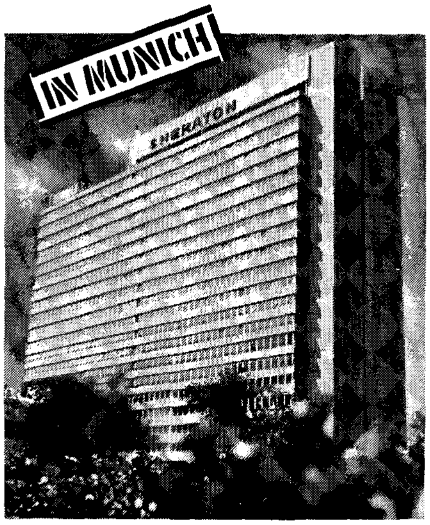

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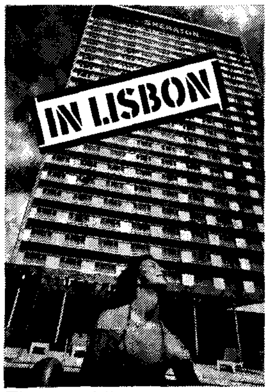

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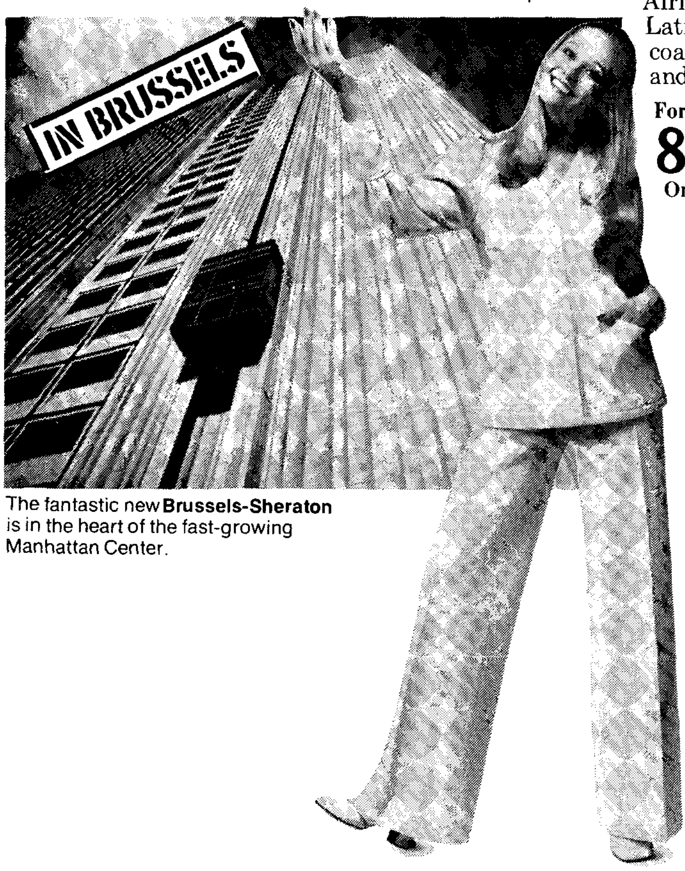

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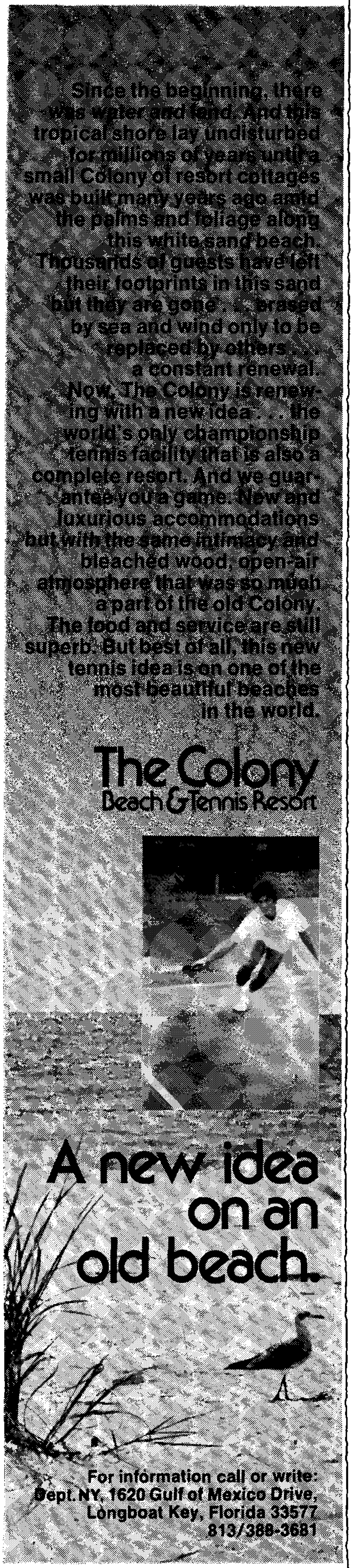

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> doubt as to whether actions constitute abatement-type language or policy or if activities infringe upon enforcement, you will bring such situations to the attention of Dr. Lainhart. If, then, the issue is not yet resolved, it will be brought to my attention by Dr. Lainhart.
>
> Your coöperation and diplomacy in this delicate, but important, matter of policy is expected and appreciated.

I remembered Dr. Lainhart very well. He had been chief assistant to Dr. Cralley in the old Division of Epidemiology and Special Services, and had been in charge of the medical-environmental teams that surveyed the Tyler plant and other asbestos factories during the middle and late nineteen-sixties. It was Dr. Lainhart who—in March of 1968, shortly before notification of the high asbestos-dust counts taken by his environmental team at the Tyler plant was sent to Dr. Grant and Pittsburgh Corning without any warning that they constituted a high risk of disease and death for the men who were working there—had said to me that the ideal method of tracing the natural history of asbestos disease would be to take a bunch of twenty-year-olds, put them into an asbestos plant where the exact dust level was known, and observe them for the next fifty years or until they died. I had often wondered about that statement, and now, remembering the poor condition of men I had met who had been employed at the Tyler plant for only ten or fifteen years, and the number of deaths from cancer and asbestosis that had occurred among the unfortunate workers at the Paterson factory, I found myself wondering about it again.

Then Dr. Johnson showed me a second memo. It was dated September 13, 1972, and it had been sent to the director of the division. It was headed "Short- and Long-Term 'Epidemiology,'" and was also signed by Dr. Fairchild, who was once again acting under the direction of Dr. Key. It started out:

> Pursuant to our discussion earlier with Dr. Key, as well as followup discussion you and I have had, this will verify for the record the resulting decisions.
>
> Short-term field studies which have been referred to as "firefighting activities" will be assessed prior to obligating resources. We are mutually agreed that you and/or Dr. Johnson will keep Dr. Lainhart apprised of such categorical activities. When necessary I can be brought into the discussions. Dr. Lainhart is aware of this arrangement which is commensurate with his experience and the responsibility of his position.
>
> Also, in connection with our earlier discussions and in keeping with the indication given by Dr. Key to Mr. Edmund Velten, Vice-President, Kawecki

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Berylco Industries, Inc., there will be developed for NIOSH policy the proposed regulations whereby industry-wide studies are to be conducted. Accordingly, I am requesting that this also be coördinated with Dr. Lainhart so that he is kept informed throughout the process of regulations development.

When I had finished reading the second memorandum, I asked Dr. Johnson to give me an example of a short-term field study, or "firefighting activity."

"Well, in some ways you might call our survey of Pittsburgh Corning's Tyler plant a short-term field study," Dr. Johnson replied.

"And what about the reference to the 'indication' given by Dr. Key to Edmund Velten, of Kawecki Berylco?" I inquired.

"That simply means that the beryllium industry will be consulted by NIOSH with regard to any proposed industry-wide studies involving beryllium," Dr. Johnson said. "The fact is, our criteria document for beryllium was completed and forwarded to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration several months ago. As of this date, however, the Administration has not seen fit to convene an advisory committee on beryllium, much less announce public hearings. Meanwhile, workers in beryllium plants are still being overexposed to beryllium dust and running the needless risk of developing beryllium disease. Incidentally, Mr. Velten must have complained to Dr. Key about the letter that Donaldson sent to his company about improvements in the Hazleton plant. In any case, Dr. Key wrote Velten a letter containing an apology for the tone of Donaldson's letter."

At this point, I asked Dr. Johnson what was being done about the problem of occupational exposure to beta-naphthylamine and benzidine.

"Beta-naphthylamine, which is commonly known as BNA, and benzidine are aromatic amines—chemicals derived from coal tar—and are used as intermediates in the synthesis of dyes," Dr. Johnson said. "Both are highly potent carcinogens, known to cause bladder cancer, and both are on the list of nine carcinogens that have been rated by the Conference of Hygienists as being too dangerous at any known level of exposure. Neither of them, however, has been so rated by the federal government. Before I go into our involvement with BNA and benzidine, I think you ought to take a look at a study of workers exposed to them in a plant operated by the specialty-chemicals division of the Allied Chemical Corporation, in Buffalo, New York. It was

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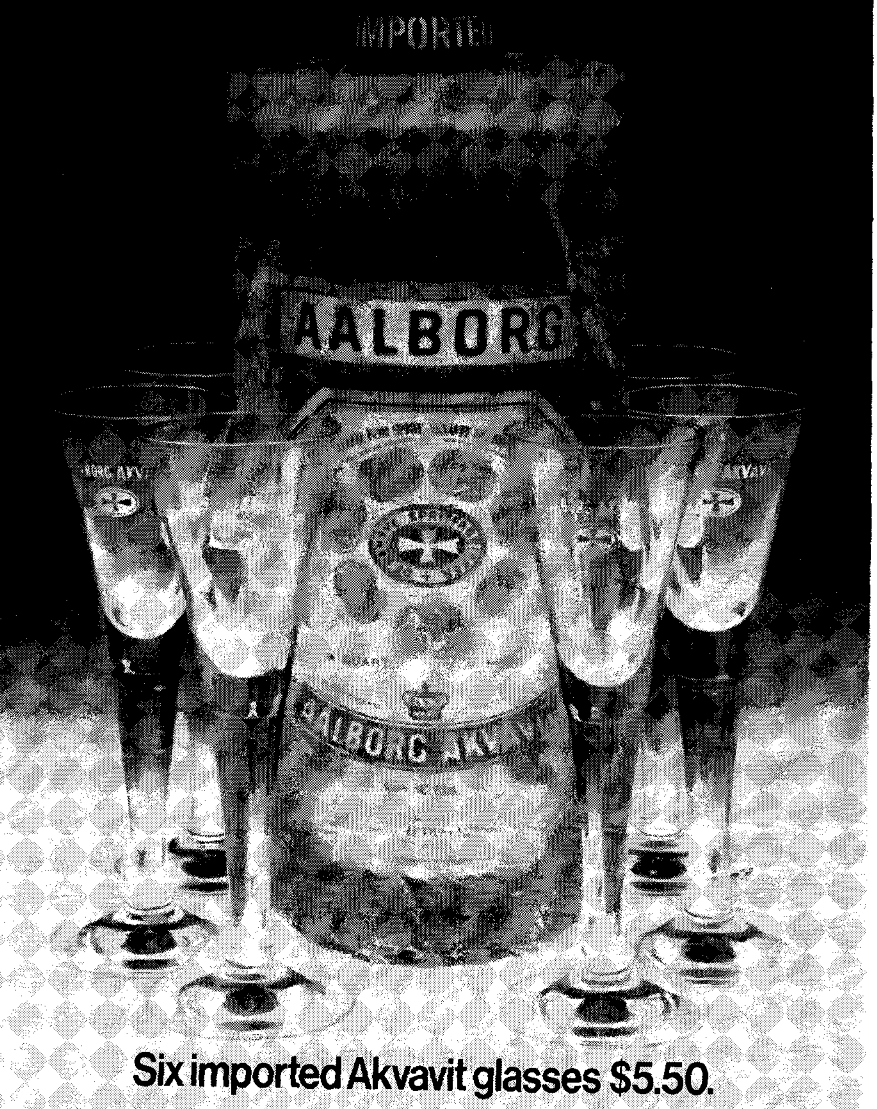

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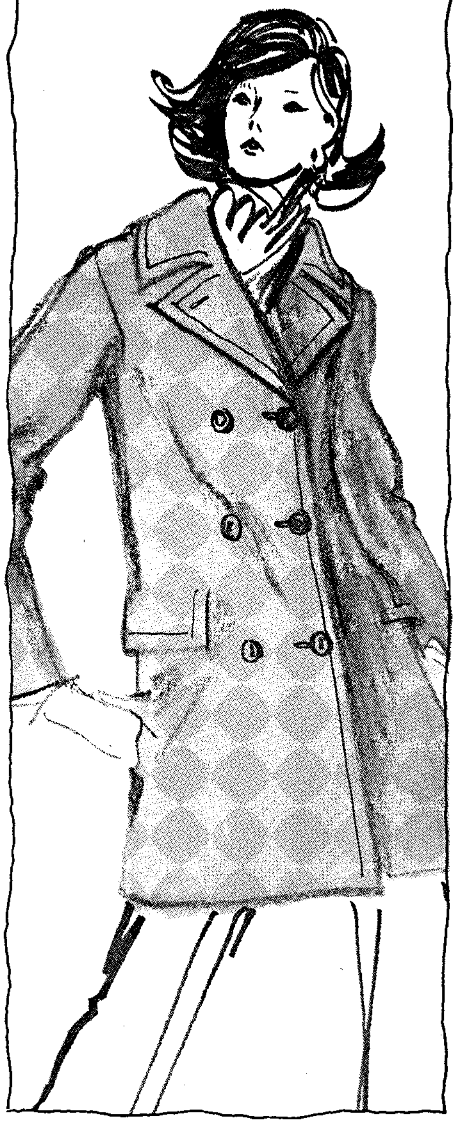

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carried out back in 1962, by Dr. Morris Kleinfeld, director of the Division of Industrial Hygiene of the New York State Department of Labor; by Dr. Leonard J. Goldwater, a consulting industrial-hygiene physician; and by Dr. Albert J. Rosso, an associate industrial-hygiene physician in the Division. It was published in the *Archives of Environmental Health* in December, 1965. Dr. Kleinfeld, Dr. Goldwater, and Dr. Rosso studied three hundred and sixty-six workers at the plant in Buffalo, going back to 1912. Half of these men were between twenty and twenty-nine years old when they were first employed at the plant; about a quarter were between thirty and thirty-nine; and the remainder were between forty and fifty. Some of them were exposed to BNA alone; some to BNA and benzidine; some to BNA and alpha-naphthylamine, which is similar to BNA; some to benzidine alone; and some to various combinations of all three compounds."

Dr. Johnson handed me a copy of the study by Dr. Kleinfeld and his associates. From the introduction I learned that cancer of the bladder resulting from exposure to aromatic amines was discovered in Germany in 1895; that between 1905 and 1932 bladder tumors in dye workers were reported in Switzerland, Great Britain, Russia, and Austria; that the first cases of this condition in the United States were reported in 1934; and that the disease had subsequently been recognized in Italy, Japan, and France. Toward the end of the introduction, Dr. Kleinfeld and his associates described a large series of bladder tumors caused by aromatic amines which were reported by Dr. T. S. Scott in England in 1964. Dr. Scott found that of six hundred and sixty-seven persons exposed to the chemicals for more than six months a hundred and twenty-three had developed bladder tumors, and that bladder tumors occurred in fully seventy-one per cent of those who were exposed for thirty years or more. As for the results of the study of three hundred and sixty-six men exposed to aromatic amines at the Allied Chemical plant in Buffalo, Dr. Kleinfeld and his associates reported in the main body of their article that ninety-six of the men had developed bladder tumors—an over-all incidence of slightly more than twenty-six per cent—and forty-six of these had died as a result. "By any reasonable standard it can be stated that the incidence or attack rate for bladder tumors in workers exposed to coal tar dye intermediates is frighteningly high," they concluded.

After I read the study, Dr. Johnson

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told me that the manufacture and use of BNA had been banned in Switzerland in 1938, and that the production and use of the chemical had virtually stopped in Pennsylvania after 1961, when the state adopted strict regulations for carcinogens. "The British abandoned the manufacture and use of BNA way back in 1952," Dr. Johnson said. "Why our government has not taken similar action is beyond my comprehension, especially in the light of conditions we uncovered recently in Georgia and South Carolina. During the early fifties, the Augusta Chemical Company, of Augusta, Georgia, which had been receiving shipments of BNA from the du Pont people, began manufacturing and using the chemical at its Augusta plant. In 1967, the company was purchased by the Blackman Uhler Chemical Division of the Synalloy Corporation, of Spartanburg, South Carolina, and thereafter BNA was manufactured at the Augusta plant and shipped in drums by truck to Synalloy's Spartanburg plant, where it was used as an intermediate in dye synthesis. Our regional director in Atlanta learned of this activity last fall, and got in touch with officials of the Georgia State Department of Health, who told him they knew of no problem associated with the manufacture of BNA in Georgia. In January of this year, however, we sent three of our people in the Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations to take a look at the Augusta plant. They found men shovelling BNA from a large slurry tank into drums, and discovered that none of them had ever been given a urinalysis to determine whether blood or atypical or malignant bladder cells were present in the urine. In April, I visited Spartanburg and Augusta, and told the Synalloy people the medical facts implicating BNA as a potent bladder carcinogen. They claimed that because the chemical was handled in wet slurry form it was not hazardous, whereupon I informed them that the primary route of entry of BNA into the body under these circumstances was not by inhalation but by absorption through intact or unabraded skin. As a result, the production and use of BNA have been discontinued at the Augusta and Spartanburg plants, and Tobias acid—a relatively safe substitute for BNA, which has been available for years, and which costs only a few cents more a pound—is now being used as an intermediate in dye synthesis. We have begun a program of urine cytology on the workers currently employed at the Augusta plant, but since BNA wasn't used there until the late nineteen-forties, and since

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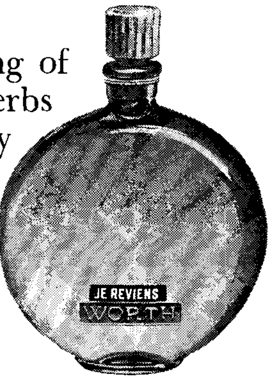

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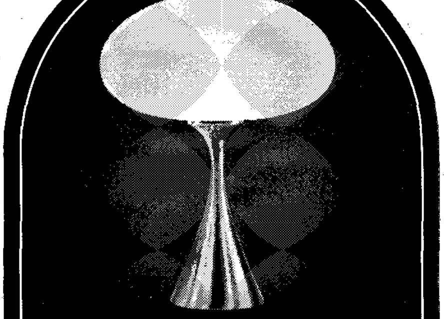
the latent period for the development of bladder cancer is about twenty years, we probably won't know their true health situation for some time. One big problem we're faced with is that, because of rapid turnover in the work force, past employees exposed to BNA are unavailable for medical followup, so we have only the present workers to evaluate. The thing to remember is that until 1972 no federal occupational-health agency had ever visited either of the plants—and this despite the fact that the hazard of BNA was brought up in congressional testimony in 1970 as justification for passing the Occupational Safety and Health Act, and had been cited repeatedly as being one of the health hazards the government was anxious to control. Moreover, none of the appropriate state occupational-health agencies had ever taken effective action to bring the hazard under control. We're now trying to track down other plants where BNA may be in use, because we've heard that the chemical is being imported into the United States from South America."

Dr. Johnson went on to tell me that the Allied Chemical plant in Buffalo had manufactured BNA until the middle fifties and had received shipments of the chemical from a plant in Pennsylvania from then until 1961, when the Pennsylvania plant was forced by the state to shut down. "Shortly thereafter, the Allied Chemical people discontinued the use of BNA in their Buffalo plant," he said. "However, they continued to handle benzidine, which they not only manufactured and used there but also shipped to the Toms River Chemical Corporation's plant, in Toms River, New Jersey, until sometime in 1971. Now I understand that they are using dichlorobenzidine, which they claim is less hazardous than benzidine. However, we are concerned about dichlorobenzidine because it is known to cause cancer in test animals, and because it is also on the list of carcinogens rated by the Conference of Hygienists as being too dangerous at any level of exposure. In fact, we'll be conducting a field survey of the Buffalo plant next month."

I asked Dr. Johnson what other industrial carcinogens the Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations was looking into. He replied that there were many, and that new ones came to his attention almost daily. "Recently, we've been worried about a chemical called bis-chloromethyl ether," he said. "It is formed as an intermediate in the production of anion-exchange resins, which are manufactured by a number of large outfits, including



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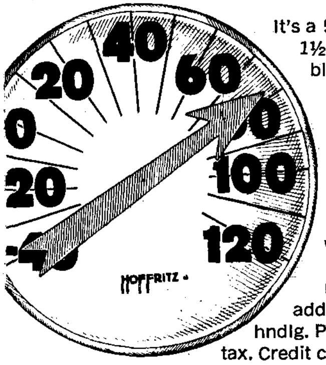

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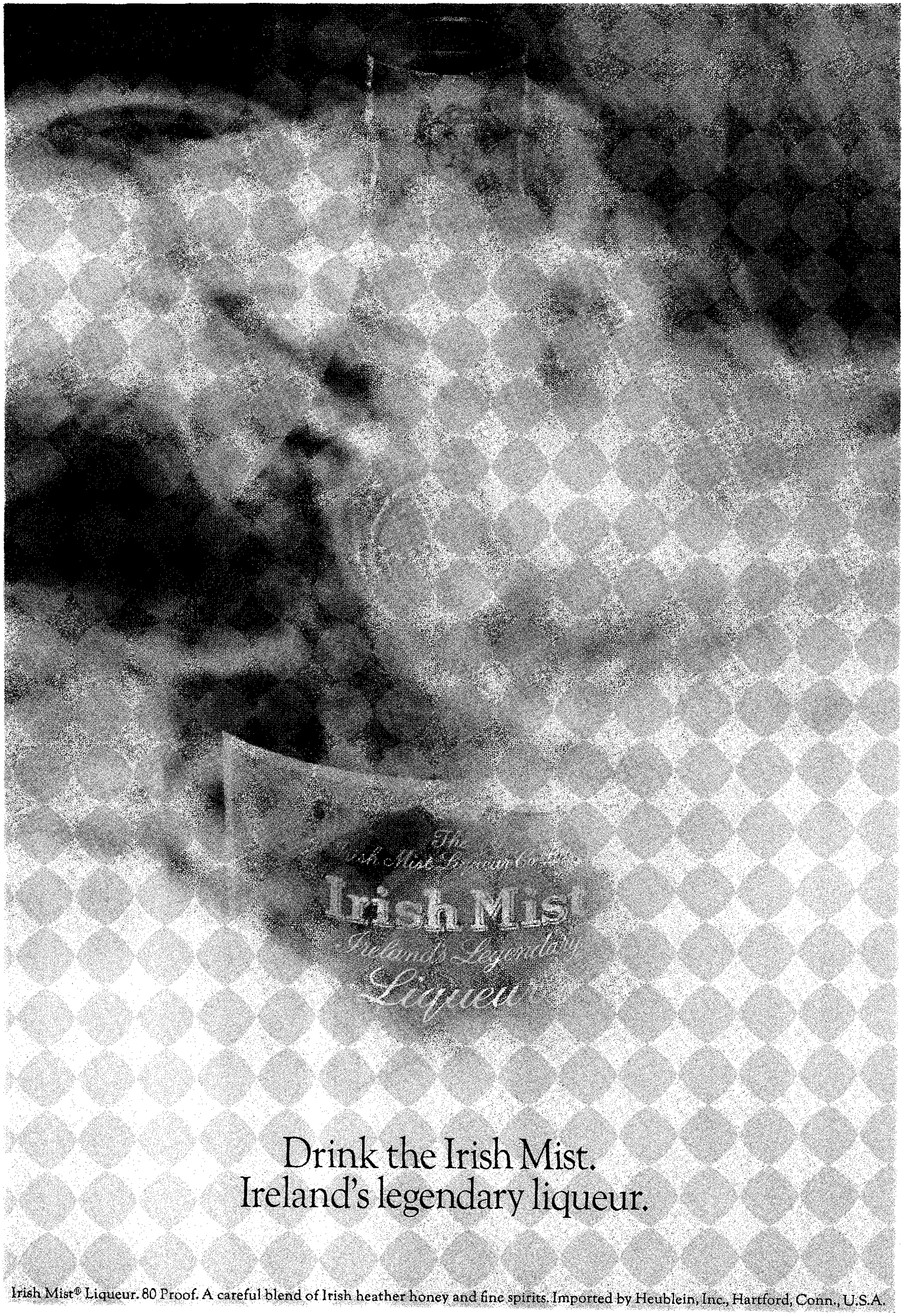
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Rohm and Haas and Dow Chemical. Bis-chloromethyl ether has been demonstrated to be a potent lung carcinogen in test animals, and it, too, is on the list of dangerous cancer-producing agents. Last March, at the request of Jack Washkuhn, an industrial hygienist from the San Mateo County Health Department, in California, I went out with Harry Donaldson to visit the Diamond Shamrock Corporation's plant in Redwood City, where the chemical has been encountered as a by-product since 1957. The plant employs only about a hundred men, but we reviewed the cases of four employees who, Washkuhn had learned, had died of lung cancer within the past eight years, and we learned that two former workers at the plant had developed lung cancer but were still alive. The first death among these men occurred in 1964, the second in 1965, the third in 1967, and the fourth in November of 1971. Something that causes us great concern is that the age at death of these four men ranged from thirty-two to forty-eight—which is considered to be under the age at which most lung cancers develop in association with cigarette smoking. Moreover, we are particularly concerned about the worker who died in November of 1971, because he was only thirty-two years old, and he had worked in the plant for only two years—a circumstance indicating that bis-chloromethyl ether may be a far more potent carcinogen than had previously been suspected. Accordingly, we recommended to the company that chest X-rays and sputum cytology be conducted on its workers. A subsequent survey by a special field team from our Salt Lake City facility showed considerable amounts of abnormal cells in the sputum of men who had been working at the plant. As a result, the company has initiated a periodic sputum-cytology screening program of its current and former employees, which is being carried out with the coöperation of Dr. Geno Saccomanno, head of the pathology department at St. Mary's Hospital in Grand Junction, Colorado, who is well known for his sputum-cytology studies of uranium miners."

Dr. Johnson was then called away to attend a meeting. I told him that I hoped to talk with him again soon, and thanked him for his time and help.

"You're entirely welcome," he replied. "By the way, you asked me earlier for an example of the kind of short-term epidemiology, or firefighting activity, we are now required to clear through higher authority. Well, it just occurred to me that our visit to

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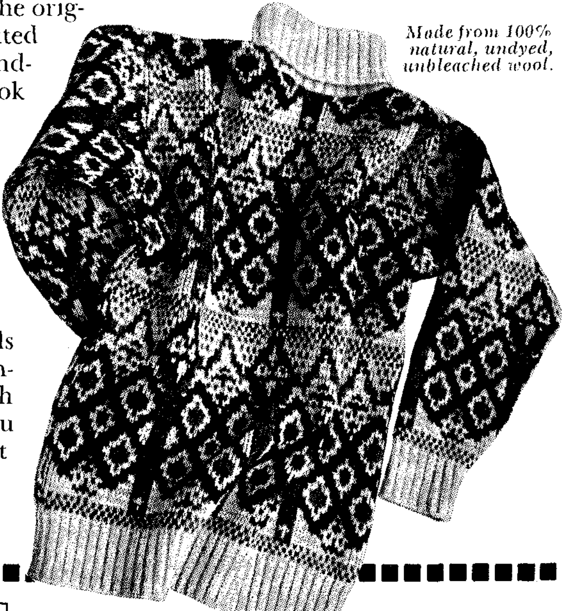

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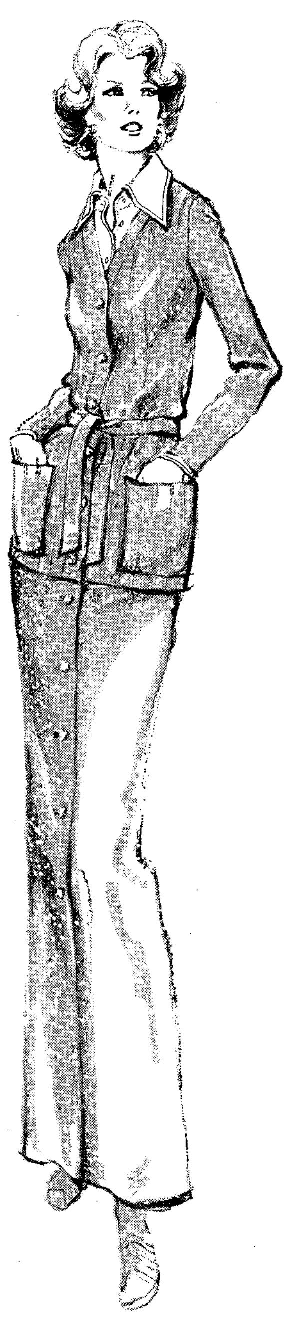
BACK in New York, I telephoned Dr. Mastromatteo in Toronto, to find out if he had been able to discover anything for me about Holmes Insulation, Ltd., in Point Edward, Ontario. Dr. Mastromatteo told me that not only had he acquired some information about the company but that an industrial hygienist from the Ontario Ministry of Health had visited the company's plant in August to take airborne dust samples and to arrange for X-ray examinations for the workers there. "A few months ago, claims for asbestosis put in by workers employed there began to appear before our Workmen's Compensation Board," he said. "During our August inspection of the plant, we found that, generally speaking, asbestos-dust levels were well over two fibres per cubic centimetre, which is our unofficial standard. Since we always take action if dust levels exceed the five-fibre level, we recommended that the company install better ventilating equipment in order to avoid the use of respirators."

"What did your X-rays show?" I asked.

"They indicated," Dr. Mastromatteo replied, "that out of a work force of between fifty and seventy-five men, six or seven had signs consistent with the development of asbestosis."

DURING the second week in October, I called on Dr. Selikoff at Mount Sinai and asked him whether he had heard anything from his British colleagues concerning the marked discrepancy between the findings of Dr. Knox and Dr. Holmes and those of Dr. Lewinsohn in regard to asbestosis in the Turner Brothers workers. Dr. Selikoff had just returned from a World Health Organization Working Group to Review the Biological Effects of Asbestos, in Lyon, France, and by way of reply he handed me a copy of a paper that Dr. Holmes had delivered at the conference. The paper was entitled "Criteria for Environmental Data and Bases of Threshold Limit Values—Environmental Data in Industry," and the first sentence read, "The need for hygiene standards for airborne asbestos dust based on wider studies than were available to the British Occupational Hygiene Society in 1968 is emphasized." Of the study that he and Dr. Knox had conducted of the workers at the Turner Brothers Rochdale plant, and the data they had furnished the society, Dr. Holmes said, "The infor-



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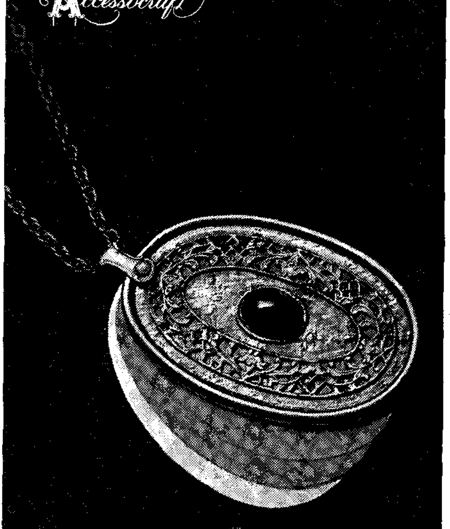

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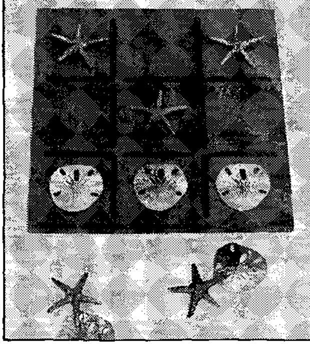

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mation, although the best available at the time, was, to say the least, scanty for the purpose, and some of us who were associated with it have become increasingly concerned with the authority with which it has become invested in the international field." Dr. Holmes ended his paper by noting that in collaboration with Dr. Lewinsohn arrangements were being made to have the information from the factory brought up to date.

Essentially, what Dr. Holmes appeared to have admitted was that the data he and Dr. Knox had furnished the society concerning the incidence of asbestosis in the Turner Brothers workers were questionable. The ramifications of this were, of course, staggering, for if the data were inaccurate, the two-fibre standard for asbestos—which would not even go into effect in the United States until 1976—would be without medical or scientific validity. In the meantime, American asbestos workers had been assured by Secretary of Labor Hodgson that it was safe to breathe air containing five fibres per cubic centimetre, which was higher than the dust concentrations inhaled by a significant number of the Turner Brothers asbestos workers, many of whose chest X-rays had been interpreted by Dr. Lewinsohn as showing abnormal lung changes. All this, of course, could affect the health of tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of asbestos workers, and it had come about simply because two men—a medical doctor and an industrial hygienist—employed by the British asbestos industry had, one way or another, furnished questionable data, which may have misled occupational-health agencies on both sides of the Atlantic. One could only wonder exactly when Dr. Holmes had become "increasingly concerned" about the authority and validity of Dr. Knox's interpretation of the chest X-rays of the Turner Brothers workers. It can hardly have been prior to his appearance in behalf of the asbestos industry at the Department of Labor's public hearings six months earlier, when he declared that a standard of four or five fibres per cubic centimetre would provide adequate protection from disease for asbestos workers in the United States. Was it, then, only after the publication of Dr. Lewinsohn's findings, which suggested that Dr. Holmes and Dr. Knox could have understated by as much as tenfold the extent of asbestos disease among the Turner Brothers workers?

—PAUL BRODEUR

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

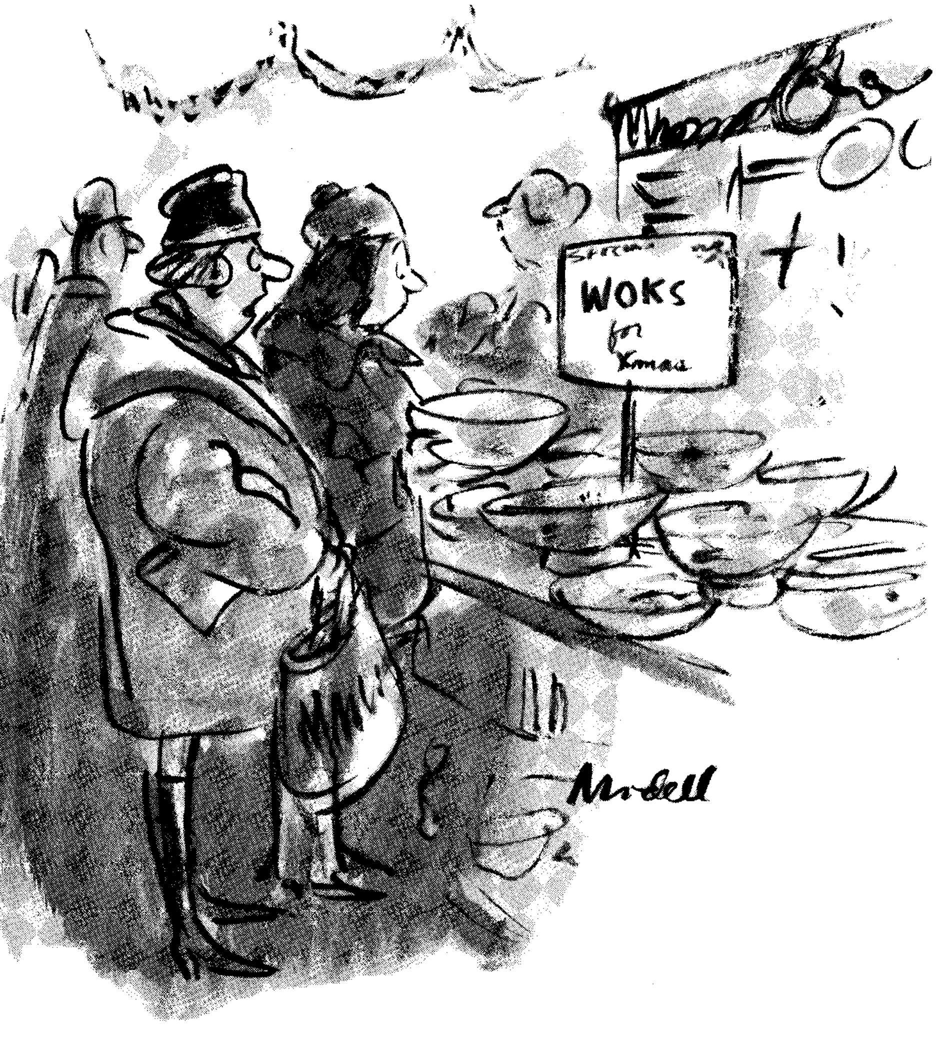
OUR views of material things shift, from Christmas to Christmas, according to changing fashions and the development of our personal taste. And when things are exchanged as gifts they bear additional messages about the emotions and attitudes of both giver and receiver. Some "safe" presents make only cautious commitments, and don't try to inspire great enthusiasm; it seems easier and more sensible to give a simple handmade pot holder to a fussy connoisseur than what might prove to be an unworthy addition to the connoisseur's collection. Other presents are successful quite by chance, and the small, inexpensive object is put to constant use, while the big, expensive present languishes unused in the closet. Shops exploit these fortuitous successes by promoting gifts to be given lightly and to be received with neither delight nor disappointment. But the only really superb successes occur when the donor makes careful assessments and then takes some kind of risk, in the hope that the recipient will be wild about the gift. To help givers make their assessments, here are a few categories that some of the presents in the shops fall into, together with a few of the messages conveyed.

SOME TRADITIONAL GIFTS THAT HAVE COME UP IN THE WORLD AND NOW HAVE THE ADDED VALUE OF BEING CURRENTLY FASHIONABLE

ALMOST all the new sweaters fall into this category. It seems that it never occurred to anyone before this that sweaters might be designed instead of simply knitted. Many examples of the newly dynamic garment also serve as canvases for themes from such current rages as the nineteen-thirties, Navajos and Aztecs, and tennis. In the General Store at I. Miller, at Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, there is a streamlined Shetland sweater that might have been seen playing deck games on a prewar transatlantic liner. In gray, the wing-collared sweater has white stripes that fan out diagonally from a center seam in front and back and then run down the dolman sleeves. In this version or a wine-and-camel or green-and-white one, the price is $48. At Lord & Taylor, on the fifth floor, there is a lamb's-wool-and-cashmere sweater from France, designed by Michèle Bruyère, also with a gray background and with a center seam for V's of stripes to focus on. The stripes, in this case, involve unusual, stained-glass combinations of teal blue, burgundy, green, and purple; $82. (The increased price of wool and the increased fashion standing of sweaters tend to make prices steeper than ever.) The best of the Aztec and Navajo sweaters are not *too* folksy. At Henry Lehr, 986 Madison Avenue (77th), there is a fine collection of Navajo designs by the Englishman John Ashpool, in lamb's wool and cashmere and in cave-painting color combinations of terracotta, beige, gray, and green. Patterns include horizontal bands and refined and smudgy rows of cabalistic arrowheads, squares, and diamonds. The collection includes a vest ($70) that pairs well with a bloused, battle-jacket thing, which is $125.

Umbrellas are humble necessities and traditional gifts that of late have made surprising strides toward being modish and even exciting. Some of the best ones in town are made of water-repellent cotton, with wooden handles, ferrules, and spokes or spoke tips; as often as not, they are made, at least partly, in Italy. Henri Bendel's main floor has cotton brollies that fit this description. One in black, with a multicolored Provençal floral print, is $17; a second, with a bandanna print in either red or blue, is $14. And St. David, at 779 Madison Avenue (66th), has a most distinguished and ample member of the new umbrella academy. This umbrella is entirely Italian, and the cotton has a beige-and-hunter-green herringbone print, while the wooden handle has a stylish crook; $40.

Tennis and the idea of tennis are now in vogue for unprecedented numbers of people, and makers of tennis accessories have become more ambitious than they once were. Aside from a selection of pretty tennis dresses, Tennis Lady, of 33 East 68th Street, has a canary-colored warmup suit in fleece-lined acrylic, with an Eisenhower jacket and slightly tapered trousers zippered at the ankles. It would be as



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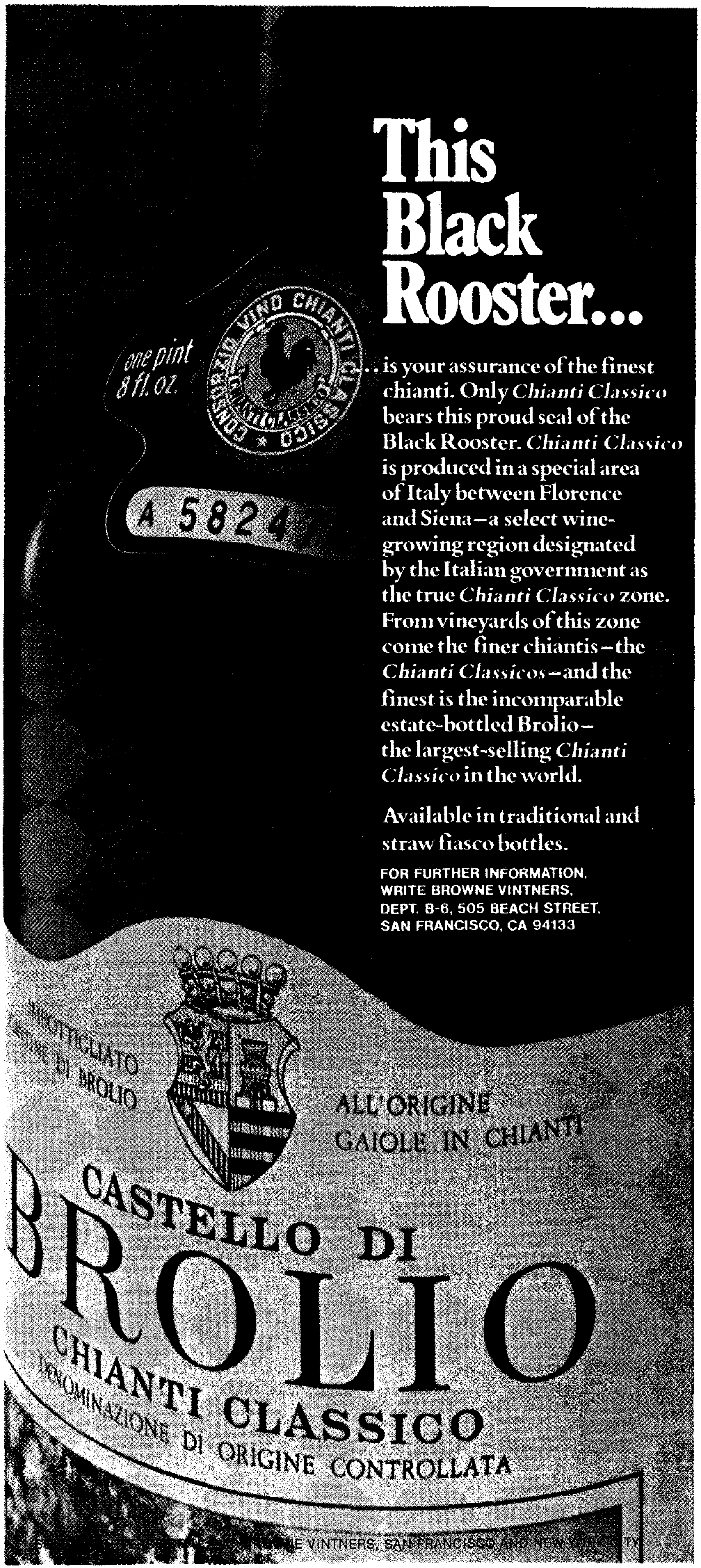

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appropriate for jogging or bicycling as for those preparatory rallies, and it is $29. A suède racket case in either brown or cranberry has a very handy shoulder strap, and is $30. The rage for the noble sport of Bobby Riggs is such that V-necked tennis sweaters have cropped up in the most unlikely materials and on the most unathletic people. "Tennis sweaters" made of glittery metallic stuff may safely be left off our list of recommended gifts, but even tennis purists might not object to a sweater at the General Store that owes something to the trappings of the game. The body of the sweater is a soft, silky wool bouclé in burgundy; the contrasting band of cable stitch and rib around the V neck, the wrists, and the waist is a flecked-and-speckled natural wool. The sweater, which is $42, might carry off a trophy when it's partnered by a knee-length skirt of burgundy wool gabardine that has two inset pleats in front and back, stitched down to hip level with tailor's bars and arrow tacks; $76.

Fashionable again after a temporary eclipse is snakeskin, for bags, shoes, and belts. Cul de Sac, at Bloomingdale's, has an unusual clutch bag, measuring ten inches by eight, with stripes of maroon, gray, and black snakeskin running diagonally around a pouchy body that is attached, knitting-bag style, to a wooden frame; $155. Or, if this sum seems too great for the reptilian investment you had in mind, the store's Bagatelle department has a very simple snakeskin envelope, twelve inches by eight, with a pointed flap, that costs a mere $24. There is a wide choice of colors, including emerald, aubergine, red, black, and brown. Bonwit Teller's main floor has an inch-wide belt (no knowledgeable follower of fashion would countenance anything *wider* than that, this year) of Beaujolais snakeskin. The belt has a pair of circles in front, on either side of a silver-plated tongue-shaped buckle; $25. And New Couture, of 10 West 55th Street, has a half-inch-wide belt, with a simple barrettelike fastening, of snakeskin washed in silver, that would enhance evening black; $48. (New Couture, a new shop, also has a wide array of French shirts, ranging in price from a reasonable $16 for flower-printed dark cotton to a remarkably low $34 for pure silk in a choice of nine solid colors.) And, to make the final serpentine flourish, consider a knob-topped cane, to tuck under the arm on leisurely promenades. This cane is in lacquered gray-and-white snakeskin, and is one of a collection of canes from all

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over the world—antique and new, and in many materials, including teak, rosewood, horn, and bamboo—to be found at a new shop called Chinoiserie, at 235 East 60th Street. The snakeskin cane is $5, and others in the shop are $60; a more representative price is $15.

Few names of shops can be quite as up-to-the-minute as this last, and few of this year's Christmas shoppers can fail to observe that we are bang in the middle of one of the fits of swooning over all things Oriental which—from bamboo Chippendale to Whistler and his Japaneseries, and Aldous Huxley's characters playing mah-jongg—have assailed the Western world off and on for centuries. Nothing now seems more fashionable for evening than a little silk coat, from China, to be found at the New World Gift Shoppe, at 906 Madison Avenue (73rd). The coat is knee-length, has a mandarin collar, and fastens with five silken frogs. A background of either gold, white, or red is lavishly embroidered in bright silk with bridges, teahouses, and other willow-pattern notions; $120. Madonna, of 220 East 60th Street (after December 1st it will move across the street to No. 223), has collected a number of antique Chinese robes in silk or satin—some frog-closed and short, some wrapped and ankle-length. They are embroidered, sometimes in colored silks, sometimes in gold or silver thread, with dragons and exotic blooms, and cost from $80 to $300. An unlikely but delightfully successful crossing of Scandinavian with Oriental culture is achieved in a sashed, ankle-length robe at Design Research, 53 East 57th Street. The robe wraps like a kimono and has sleeves that leave room for the execution of karate chops, but the material is softly quilted cotton in a bright, unbelligerent print by Finland's Marimekko; $122.

Many of the Oriental objects on display might form the basis of a collection—for instance, the antique Chinese hair ornaments at Art Asia, of 1088 Madison Avenue (82nd). These are pins of pale gray-green jade, five inches long, with an inch-wide head of intricate openwork carving. They cost from $20 to $40. And Lord & Taylor would like to see people start collections of the Japanese netsukes the store has assembled on its main floor. Netsukes are small (mostly under two inches high) carved statuettes of gods, mannequins of folklore, and dragonlike creatures, made of wood or ivory, and originally hung from the belt, in old Japan, to attach such necessaries as tobacco pouches and keys. They might once again be attached to a belt, very

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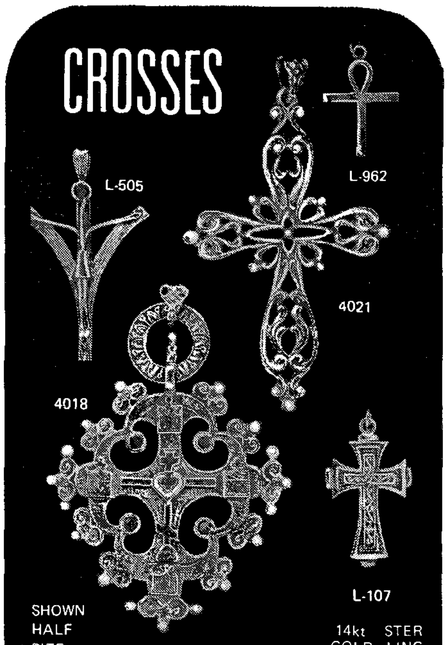

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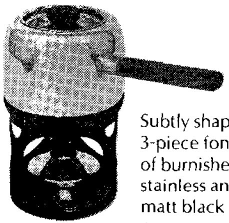

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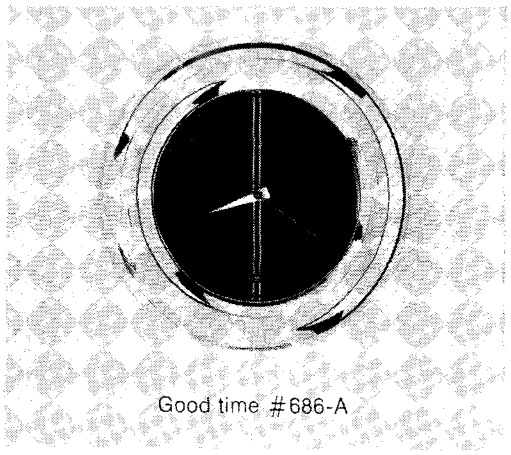

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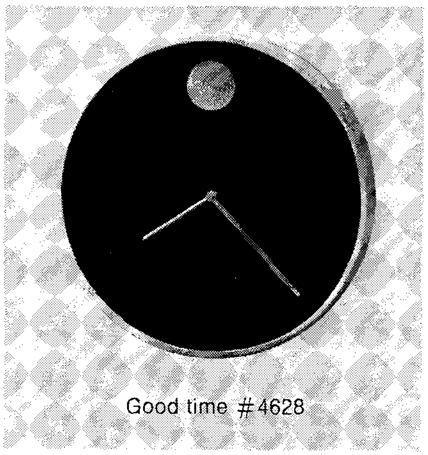

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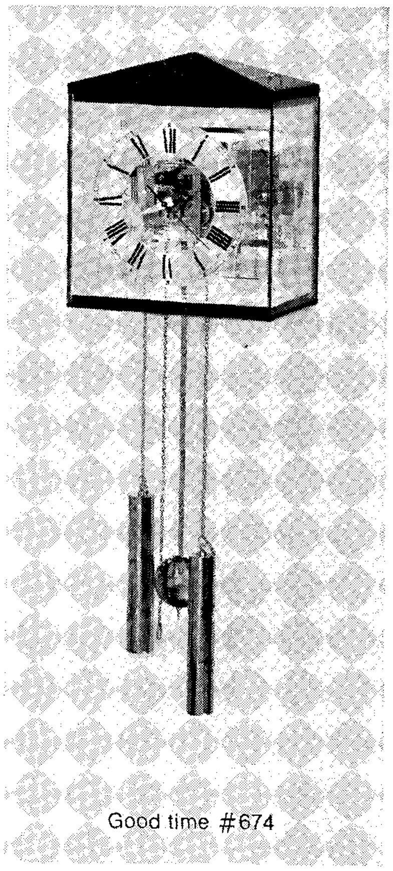

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Good time #646

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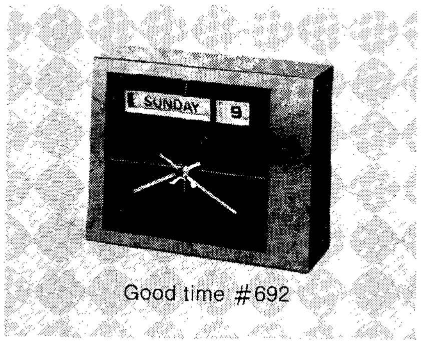

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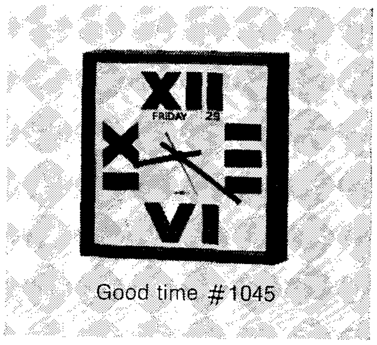

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effectively, or they might simply adorn a table or shelf. Most of Lord & Taylor's examples are around $50—a sum that includes a book about the whole subject of netsukes. Or perhaps chinoiseries will merely swing from the earlobes. The Metropolitan Museum of Art gift shop has a pair of gold-plated earrings that are a replica of a Ming Dynasty original, with dragons curled around their one-inch loops. The earrings for pierced ears are $17.50; the ones for unpierced ears are $15; and solid-gold earrings (for pierced ears only) are $115. Some people will probably come no closer to the Orient than sitting down, after a bruising day of Christmas shopping in the markets of the Occident, with a nice cup of China tea. Altman's has established a House of Teas on its fifth floor, and is trading there in many kinds of tea, teapots, and tea cozies. A Japanese teapot of white porcelain with fine blue sprigs and boughs has a straw-wrapped handle and costs $13. A pound of jasmine tea imported from China is $10, and a pound of authentic China black is $8.50.

MODISHLY RUSTIC AND ENDEARINGLY HOMESPUN GIFTS

JUST as Western fashion has adopted its own filtered notion of the East, it has also taken to a romanticized version of the country life. City living rooms are filled with trees and straw mats, and the clothes on the streets of New York might be worn to stalk deer in the Highlands. In this movement, some formerly lowly peasant styles have gained in stature. Hand-knitted fisherman cardigans, as well suited to town as to the ski slopes, are to be found at Donald Davies of Dublin, at 19 East 57th Street. They are made of natural, unbleached wool, as is the wont of the genre, and they have the traditional lines of diamond patterns and cable stitching down the front, along with smooth wooden buttons; $60. From the Scottish branch of the Celtic race sprang the art of fair-isle knitting, and this goes into some Shetland cardigans, also newly right for town, at Brooks Brothers. A particularly crisp and frosty color scheme begins with an ivory ground and has a snowflake-patterned yoke in blue and gray with a few tiny dots of wine. The cardigans are $31.50, and crew-neck pullovers in the same vein are $26.50. Perhaps as an offshoot of the admiration for the rugged country life, it has finally become chic to be snug, and some new thought is being given even to the matter of mufflers. The

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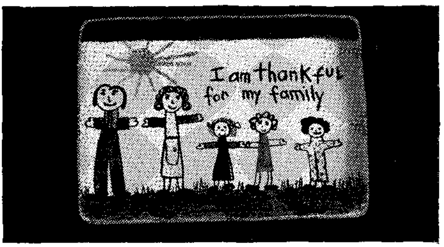

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City______________State________Zip______ urbane house of Halston, at 813 Madison Avenue (68th), has mufflers that are fringed, tubular lengths of thick cashmere. They measure some five and a half feet by one, and can be found in such unassuming colors as dove gray, sand, and deep red; $65.

More wholeheartedly peasantlike, and good for wear with jeans and such, is a boxy jacket of handwoven and brushed wool, from Tibetan Arts & Crafts, at 693 Madison Avenue (62nd). A fine, glowing mixture of narrow red, green, and blue stripes is horizontal on the body of the jacket—which has a standup collar and wooden toggles—and vertical on the T-shaped sleeves; $95. Also vaguely associated with mountain peoples is a hand-knitted mohair cap in the Pappagallo shop at Altman's. It comes from Peru, and has a ring of llama-like shapes in black and brown. Drooping earmuffs that can be tied under the chin remind one of those pictures of men of the steppes who live to be two hundred years old; $8. A pair of ankle boots in the same shop are made in Italy, mostly of either black or brown suède, with white fake pony skin running over the instep and up under ski-boot lacings. These crêpe-soled prancers are $27. Additional woolly comfort for heads, hands, and feet may be obtained at the cheery little shop called Hand Turned, which is at 1219 Lexington Avenue (83rd) and deals in all sorts of handiwork. A fine array of knitted caps for the protection of the ears includes stocking caps, cloches, and berets, priced from $5 to $9. A pair of after-ski or after-shopping booties in ankle-high plain-and-purl wool knit, and in two-color schemes based on red, blue, green, and orange, is $5. And the Lighthouse Craftshop, at 111 East 59th Street, has red woollen hand-knit after-ski socks for role-reversing women to play Santa in; $5.

Further handwrought ammunition against chills is found, at Donald Davies, in the form of a lap rug of soft handwoven Irish wool in enchantingly misty colors. Combinations, to speak with absurd simplification of such colors, include yellow, beige, and peach, or blue, gray, and pink. A fifty-six-by-seventy-two-inch size is $35; a thirty-by-fifty-four-inch size is $15.

A home needlewoman might snuggle up *next* winter under a cross-stitched quilt that, if it is begun this Christmas, can scarcely be finished earlier without a huge team of helpers. To start with, there is a white cotton sheet, found in the needlework department of Altman's, that is stamped to guide the

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–Quoted by Plutarch, AD 46-120

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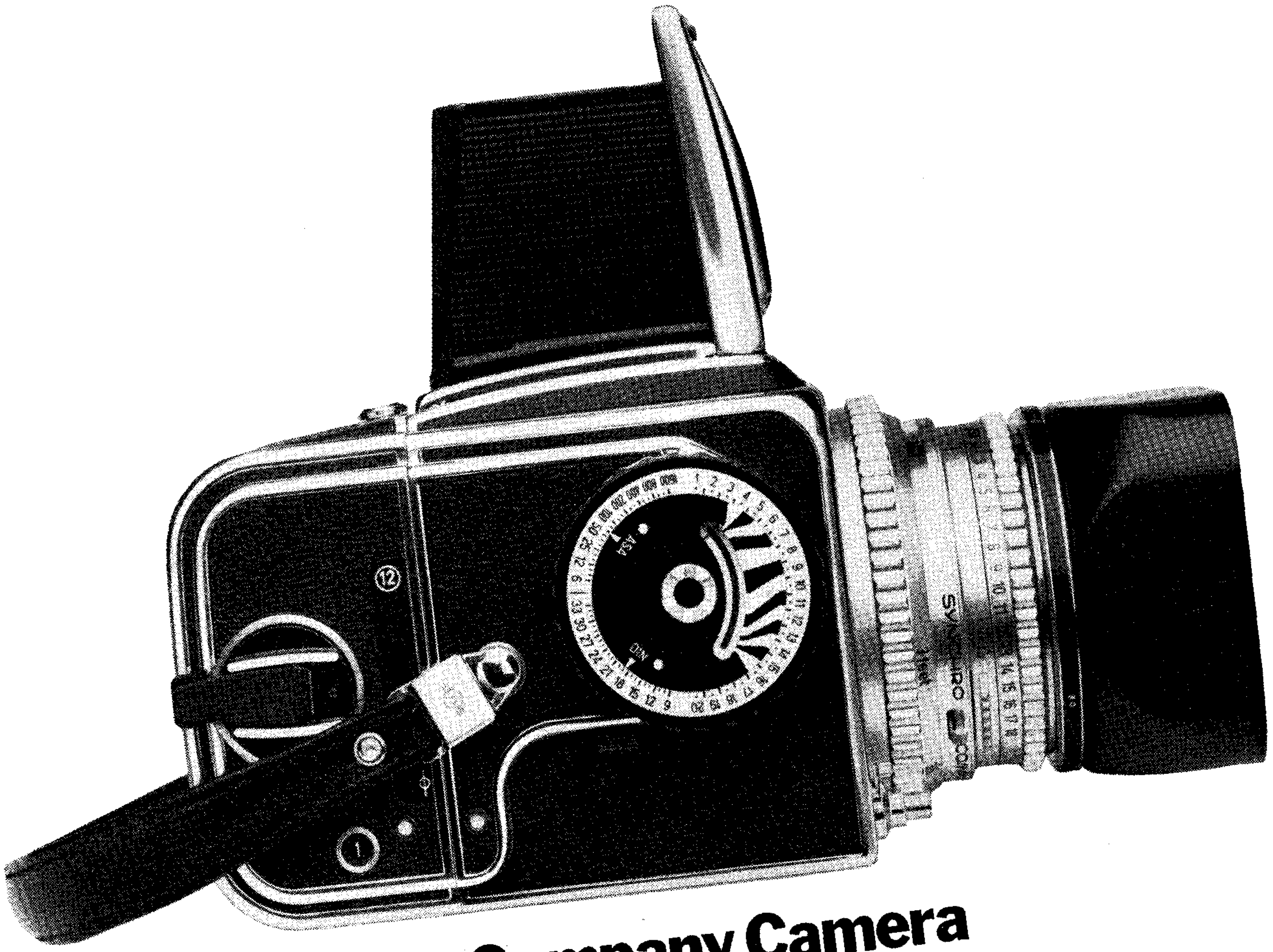

The Company Camera

If one picture is worth a thousand words, you wouldn't know it to look at the average company.

The typical office fairly bulges with typewriters, copiers, dictating machines, dittos—everything to record and circulate the printed word.

But what about a camera for recording things visually?

Like that new product you want to publicize. And the construction of the new plant. And visiting dignitaries. And the faces of the stockholders when the company announces increased profits.

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The Hasselblad is just such a camera.

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You might want to change perspective. Take off the 80mm Carl Zeiss lens and put on the appropriate one. There are 13 lenses in all, ranging from 30mm super wide angle to 500mm telephoto.

You may want to shoot a lot or a little. The 12-exposure magazine back comes off, so you can interchange it with any of four other backs that give you up to 70 exposures and a variety of formats.

You might want to make an audio-visual presentation using a standard 35mm projector. If so, just put on the 16S back and the same Hasselblad that gives you big 2¼" x 2¼" photographs will now give you superslides.

The backs also let you switch from black and white to color without first having to finish the roll. You can even put aside a partially exposed magazine to be finished at a later date. Without tying up the camera.

All these backs can be attached not only to the standard Hasselblad 500 CM, but to two other Hasselblad bodies as well. One is the electrically-driven Hasselblad. The other is a super-wide angle Hasselblad with 38mm lens attached.

Despite all the things it can do, the Hasselblad is one of the simplest cameras to operate.

Simplicity was one of NASA's requirements in choosing a camera to be used in space. (After all, the astronauts aren't professional photographers. And they had to operate the camera with bulky gloves on.) As it turned out, Hasselblad not only became the space camera, but went on to reach the moon.

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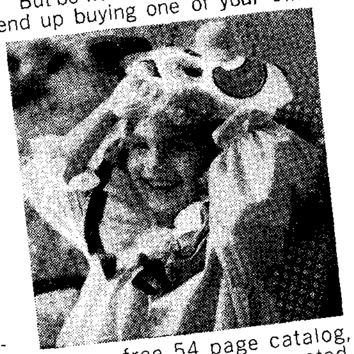

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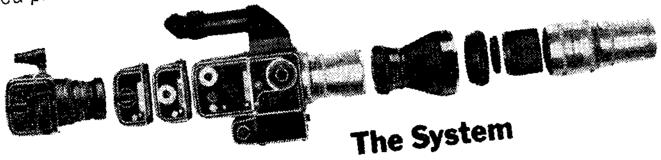

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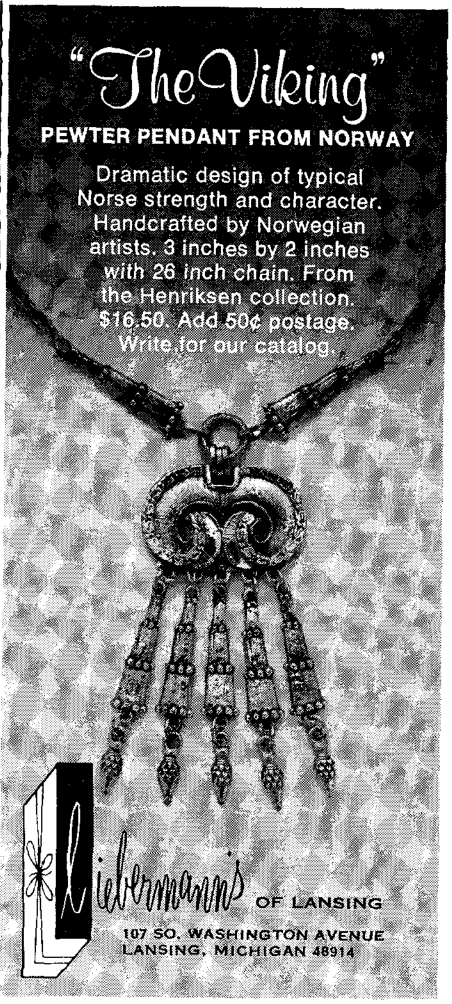
embroiderer in a traditional cross-stitch sampler design of bouquets, birds, and a farmhouse. The cotton sheet, in a double-bed size, together with instructions, is $8.50; a kit containing the necessary yarns, in either blue and green or brown, gold, and green, is also $8.50; and Dacron filling, to which the completed sheet is finally to be quilted with running stitch, is about the same sum. "Needlepoint Designs from American Indian Art" is a book designed by Nora Cammann, published by Scribners, and on sale at, among other places, the American Museum of Natural History. Amateurs of both the book's subjects will find great charm in the designs, which are shown, with instructions, beside pictures of the Indian artifacts that prompted them. The book is $9.95.

La Provence de Pierre Deux, at 378 Bleecker Street (between Charles and Perry), sees us still in the countryside but brings us out of the chill of North American winters into the warming sunlight of a hillside in Provence. The specialty of this shop is hand-blocked cotton, in brilliantly clear colors, patterned with small and regular medallions, flowers, or Paisley feathers, and made near Avignon. (If these so typically French prints seem to have something oddly familiar about them, it is that they are based on fabrics of the East Indies brought back to France in an eighteenth-century burst of admiration for the East.) The colors include saffron yellow, roof-tile red, peach-leaf green, and the blue of Mediterranean nights. Sometimes roses, poppies, and other flowers from the perfume-making country are scattered on black backgrounds. Among the forms in which the vibrant, ordered prints may be bought—apart from by the yard—are clutch purses, for $17.50; head scarves, thirty-two inches square, for $12.50; and elegant collarless blazers, with wrists that turn carelessly back into cuffs, for $95. There is also an ankle-length robe made of white cotton dotted with green-and-white snowflake medallions that have a dot of red at their heart. The wrists, the edge of the V neck and the wraparound front, and the dropped shoulder seams are marked with a contrasting border print of full-blown wild pink roses, and the same print goes to make the sash; $75.

Fashionable Urbanities, Some of Them Lighthearted, Some Demanding Quite Enlightened Attitudes

Art Deco and imitations of it go into this pigeonhole, and so do many of the related evening themes of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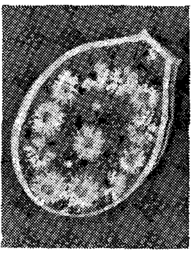
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glitter and brilliance. (The nineteen-twenties and thirties seem to us an age with as touching a faith in the idea of "sophistication" as we have in "naturalness," and we look to them for anything having to do with night life, even if we don't take any of the lessons seriously.) For the hair or the neckline, Bonwit Teller's jewelry department has rhinestone clips, of recent manufacture but in the tiered half-open-fan shape that is typical of the age of Art Deco. In a two-inch size, the clip is $22; in a slightly larger size it is $30. Original rhinestone jewelry may be found at Alota, at 109 University Place (13th), a shop that proves useful in the search for gifts, and also endears itself to the browser by putting a descriptive label on each piece of its stock. This includes—besides rhinestones—Regency hair jewelry and Victorian pinchbeck, and an Art Nouveau hatpin with an inch-wide head of sterling silver in the form of a breeze-ruffled poppy, for $17.50. A little silver-plated cosmetic case of the same period, with a decoration of sinuous figure-eight vines, hangs by a chain from the wrist. Inside, there is a very small mirror and the original powder-pencil. It would make a delightful evening bag for nonsmokers; $36.

More jewelry, often very inexpensive and all imported from France, is to be found at Ophelie, at 673 Madison Avenue (61st). Everything here may be taken to be *le dernier cri:* fine gold-plated chain bracelets, little thicker than a hair, decked with a gold heart or star you really have to squint at, are $8; necklaces of coral, which is the stuff They are wearing in Paris now that They have tired of ivory, begin at $60; and sparkly necklaces of faceted glass beads in white, green, or red are $12 in a chest length, $9 for a choker.

The last word in Scott Fitzgerald evenings would surely be an exquisite figure wearing an exquisite evening gown from Kamali, at 787 Madison Avenue (67th). The dress is made of sheer black nylon, and it has a high, round neck, long, slim sleeves, and a whippet-slim torso that divides at hip level to flow into six rounded, wafting gores of double thickness. Over the bosom and encircling the low waist are hand-sewn faceted rhinestones laid out in diamond shapes. The dress itself is black as night and light as spiders' webs, the stones are dense and fiery, and the price is $500.

A visit to Primavera, at 808 Madison Avenue (68th), uncovers more clues to the era of the cocktail shaker and curling cigarette smoke. Any of

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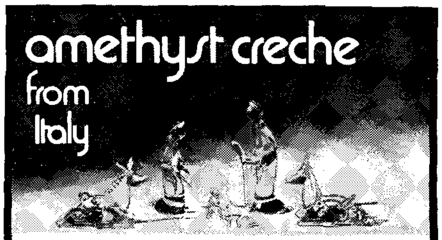

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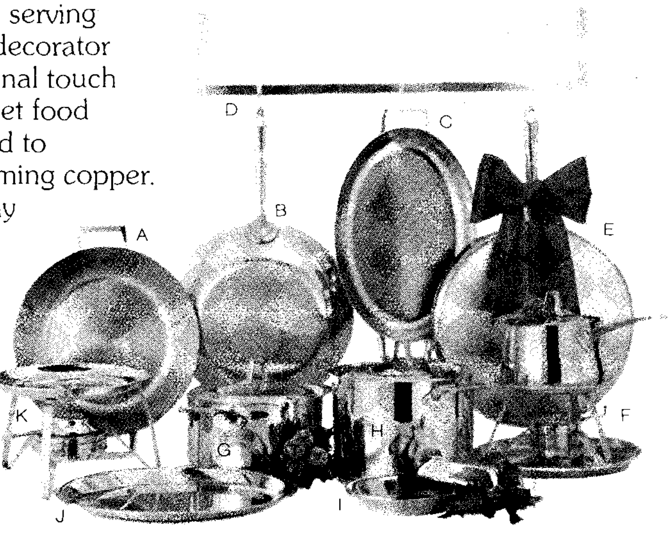
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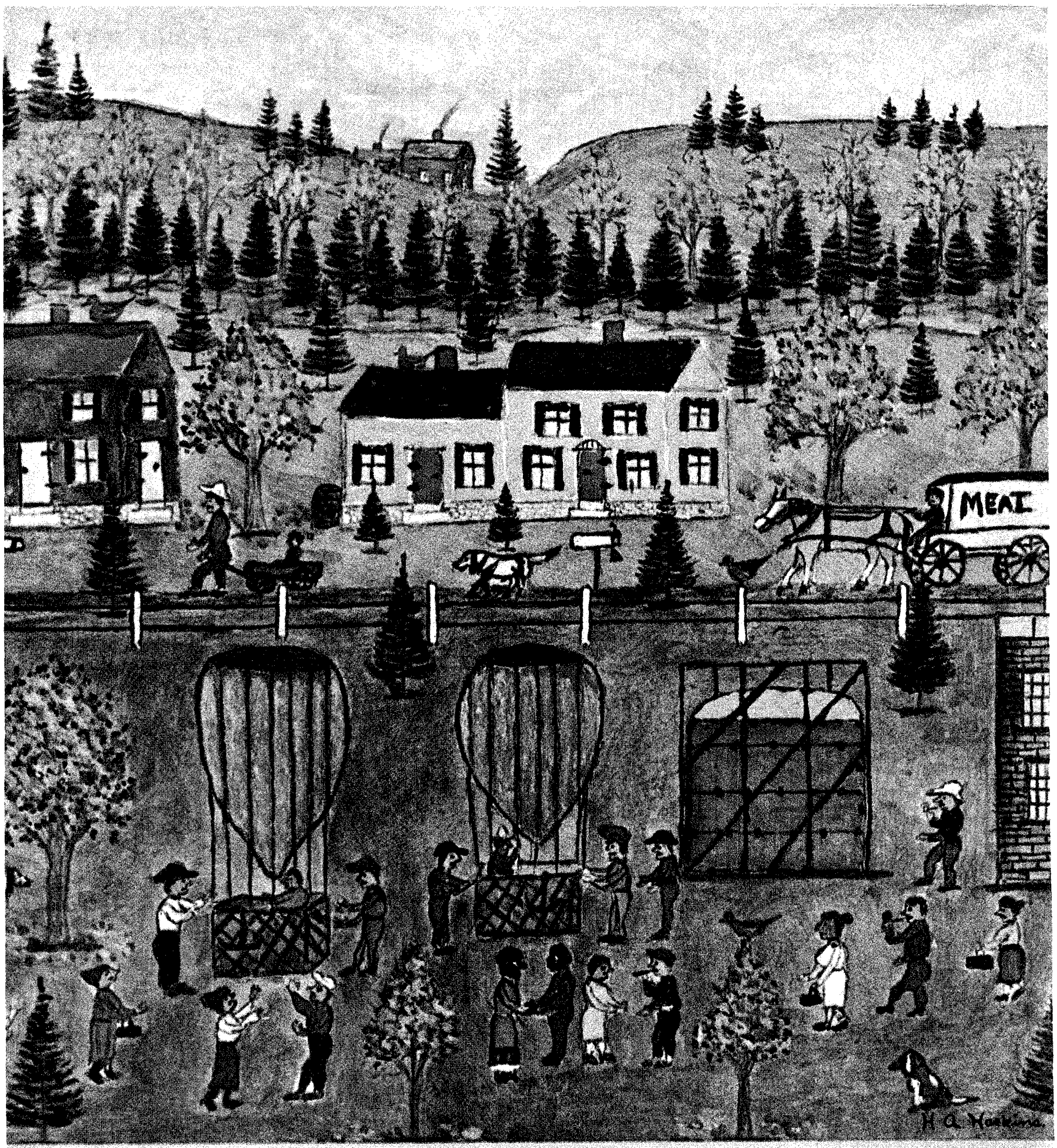

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Charming gifts reproducing the nostalgic primitive paintings of Grampa Haskins, a recent discovery prized by leading fine art museums. From the exclusive Eaton collection, revealing detailed, colorful scenes which recall an unspoiled countryside of another era are Pencil Memo Racks, Address Books, Letter Papers and Note Papers. Post Cards and Jigsaw Puzzles are also available. From $2.00 to $10.00.

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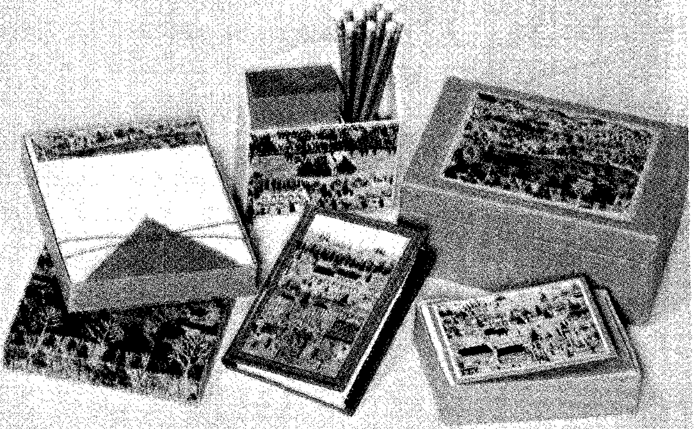

the luxurious Art Deco baubles here—jewelry, cigarette cases, compacts, lipstick cases—would re-create the mood of that era. A cigarette case dating from about 1925 is mainly of black lacquer on silver, and has inward-pointing flamelike inserts of red enamel and white eggshell enamel around the edge; $385. A woman's watch of the same general date is in a rectangular case, an inch and a quarter by an inch and a half, of red and black enamel on silver, and would make a good companion piece. The case, which slides back from the face to form a stand for the watch, has a panel of red enamel between two bands of black. The red is dotted with minute silver shapes like unrolling pinwheels in the stiff, caught-in-flight movement so well loved by decorative artists of the period; $250.

As elegantly fitted for the life of cocktails on the Île-de-France is a well-cut narrow-waisted and broad-shouldered suit from Madonna, in a variety of printed velvets, predominantly maroon, navy, black, or brown. The jacket has wide lapels and two buttons, and there are three kick pleats in the front of the skirt. The suit is $290; a matching turban is $80. An alternative impression, still unmistakably privileged, is created by an outfit from DeNoyer, at 219 East 60th Street. In pure silk, this comprises a blouse with tab front and long, full sleeves, which is $85, and a long skirt with soft pleats stitched down through the hips, which is $125, or a short skirt, which is $95. A choice of colors includes orange, black, beige, and a particularly pretty garden-party mint.

Presents That Are Traditional and Not Particularly Fashionable but Not Necessarily Boring

ROBES and lingerie come in here. Not that robes haven't been making progress, in their own quiet way. Famous Seventh Avenue designers have launched themselves into the field; fabrics have got better and more washable; and the flood of vulgar and glittering At Home caftans, with which we need not concern ourselves here, has at least served to shake up the ideas of people who were happy to go on making robes for people who still wanted them. Molly Parnis has come up with a gentle, confident resolution of the question in pale-gray, slightly iridescent textured nylon jersey, to be found in the P.M. shop at Lord & Taylor. The robe, which is washable, has a Grecian amplitude of gathers falling from a shoulder yoke in front and back, and is $85. The same de-

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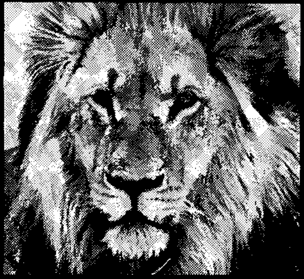
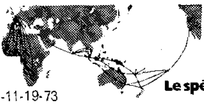
partment has a long, sash-wrapped bathrobe with a big, old-fashioned notched collar and rolled-back cuffs, in a warm brushed-nylon fleece whose insulation we may all need in the crunch of fuel shortages. Colors include a warming sunshine yellow and a glowing Shocking pink, and the price is $50.

Others might be more taken by the thoroughbred style of a pair of lounging pajamas with a drawstring waist and a matching man-tailored robe at a new shop called San Francisco, at 975 Lexington Avenue (71st). The sashed, knee-length robe has tuxedo lapels, two patch pockets, and a small breast pocket to tuck a languorous silk handkerchief in. The ensemble is in creamy-peach rayon crêpe, and costs $125. Somewhat less indolent in character is a pair of pajamas designed by Stephen Burrows and made of a white nylon fabric calling itself *crêpe remorse*. They owe almost everything to the traditional costume of the clown; the round, floppy Pierrot collar and the ruffles at the wrists are made of pleated nylon, though, and in place of pompons on the boxy jacket there are silver-metal snaps. The pajamas are sewn with this designer's familiar red zigzag stitch, and can be found at Bendel's, for $45. The same stitch goes to quilt the pocket and the big notched collar of a wrap robe, made of a lightweight cotton-and-polyester that is lightly brushed. Because Stephen Burrows is responsible for this, too, there is a slight twist to the simple style: the collar is shaped more like the thumb and palm of an oven mitt than anything else. The robe is made in blue, pink, or white, all quilted with red stitching, and costs $45 at both Bendel's and Bonwit's.

Some terry-cloth robes and dresses, both trimmed with gingham, are at Andrew Downs, of 33 East 65th Street. The cotton terry cloth is always snow white, but the gingham bows and bindings may be red, pale blue, or navy. Some of the styles, such as a long, U-necked T-shirt bound at the neck in bias gingham, for $24, are well suited to the beach life; others, such as a long-sleeved granny gown bound in gingham and with a gingham bow at the throat, for $32, are perfectly adapted to the boudoir. Or what about an Edwardian nightgown, for around $12.50? Such gowns are among a large collection of period clothes to be perused upstairs at Nostalgia Alley Antiques, at 174 East 82nd Street. These are made of white cotton, and sometimes have rows of pin tucks and lace down the front. Also here are full Victorian petticoats trimmed with cotton





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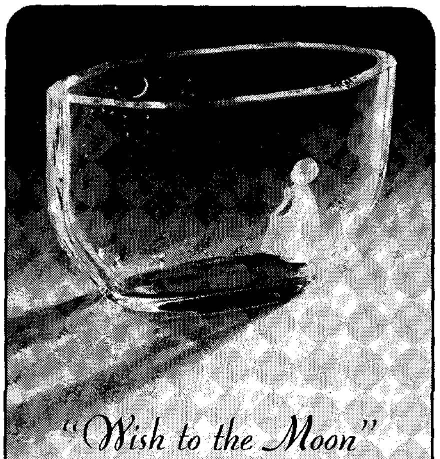

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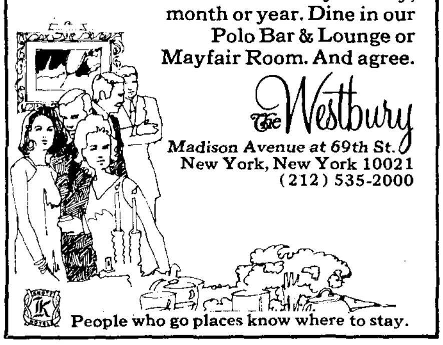

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eyelet, for around $15; Edwardian blouses, for from $10 to $20; and boxes full of old dresses, Spanish shawls, and Edwardian blouses, all in good condition. On the ground floor are more antiques and knickknacks, including beaded evening bags, prewar costume jewelry, and tortoiseshell combs, often at surprisingly low prices.

Léron, at 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), has some bed jackets and robes of fine China silk, hand-quilted in Kentucky by Eleanor Beard, in a choice of pastel tints. Some have leaf- or shell-pattern quilting, others have simple diamond quilting, and all are very light in weight. A bed jacket with a Peter Pan collar and a shoestring tie is $79.50; a full-length robe is $198.

There is even a movement afoot to bring back the more beguiling sort of undershirt for women. San Francisco has laid in a supply of these, for the particular benefit of the sort of girl who is too young ever to have worn such a thing, and as an alternative to a body stocking or bare skin. They are made of either white or pale-pink ribbed cotton knit, they have thin straps and bra tops made of cotton or silk lace, sometimes with satin inserts, and they have considerable charm; $10. This kind of garment might go well under the white blouses at Jax, of 7 West 57th Street. One of these is made of crêpe-backed satin and is slim-waisted, with long, French-cuffed sleeves. The lapels roll softly away from the throat in a V neck that begins where the shirt's top button is set, quite low. This is $50, and a second, equally unboring white blouse here is $75. This is made of fragile white cotton lawn, and has a collar with long, slightly C-shaped points. Soft, fine gathers spring from a shoulder yoke in front and back, and the cuffs have curved edges and three pearly buttons. A length of sash, nearly eight inches wide, may be tied in a cat's bow under the collar, for a Keatsian effect, or around the waist, for a swashbuckling one. To make the French-cuffed blouse complete, you might stop in at the Macklowe Gallery, of 1088 Madison Avenue (82nd), and look over the assortment of delicate cufflinks to be found among its Georgian, Victorian, Art Nouveau, and Art Deco jewelry. Some turn-of-the-century silver cufflinks, half an inch in diameter, look like scaled-down Saxon shields, and have raised enamel bosses of shaded mauve and purple, like minute bunches of grapes; $45.

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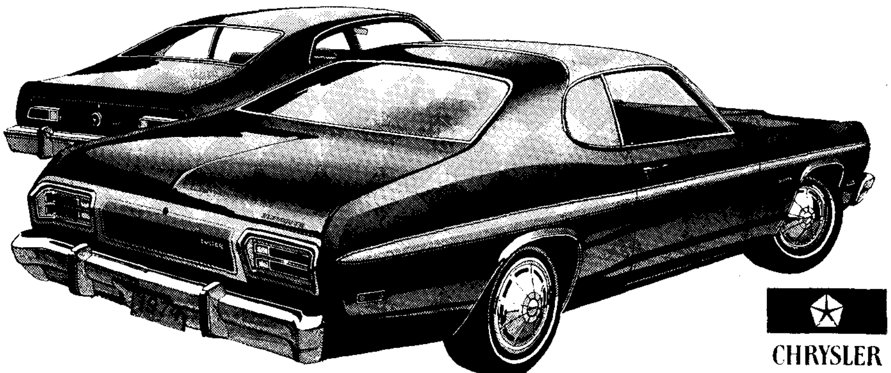
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strung with a laudably restrained arrangement of groups of peppercorn-size lapis beads and smaller golden beads, and with a single coral bead the size of a pea; $70. Or you might do your own restrained stringing, beginning with one or several porcelain beads from Swinburne, of 1225 Madison Avenue (88th). The beads are an inch and a half long and an inch in diameter, and their enchanting colors, based on the blue-and-white of summer skies, were brought to light in the course of a dig in Indonesia. They are probably Ming Dynasty, and cost $5 each.

Further traditional possibilities include a very stylish pair of tweedy knitted gloves, with turned-over cuffs in a contrasting color, and two handsome buttons, for $15, at San Francisco. Bottega Veneta, at 655 Madison Avenue (60th), has the *crème de la crème* of handbags, in hand-dyed, chestnut-colored glacé kid. The bag is slim yet capacious, measuring fourteen and a half inches by ten and a half, with two snap-closing compartments on one side, a zippered compartment on the other, and between them a main section that closes with a pair of zippers, each with a knotted lace to grab it by. Double handles are anchored in fake gold, and the price is $115. The same shop has lovely scarves of textured silk, thirty-five inches square, printed with a scene based on a painting by the turn-of-the-century Austrian artist Gustav Klimt. Strange, turbaned figures and dense growths of small, tight flowers, like details from an Indian wood carving, are seen in deep, rich colors on backgrounds predominantly black, wine, caramel, or green; $60.

Half a pound of handmade, fruit-filled chocolates is $7.50 at Kron Chocolatier, 126 East 83rd Street. A half-pound box of coin-size green mints shaped like scallop shells is $3.50. And a small, hinged gold-plated scallop shell filled with solid perfume from Givenchy III is $8.50 at most department stores. Other news on the perfume front is the launching, during the past year, of a new perfume from the house of Dior, called Diorella; one from Lanvin, called Via Lanvin; one from Estée Lauder, christened Private Collection; and *two* from Revlon, called Charlie and Ciara. Also newly arrived are perfumes to further enhance the illustrious names of Anne Klein and Pauline Trigère.

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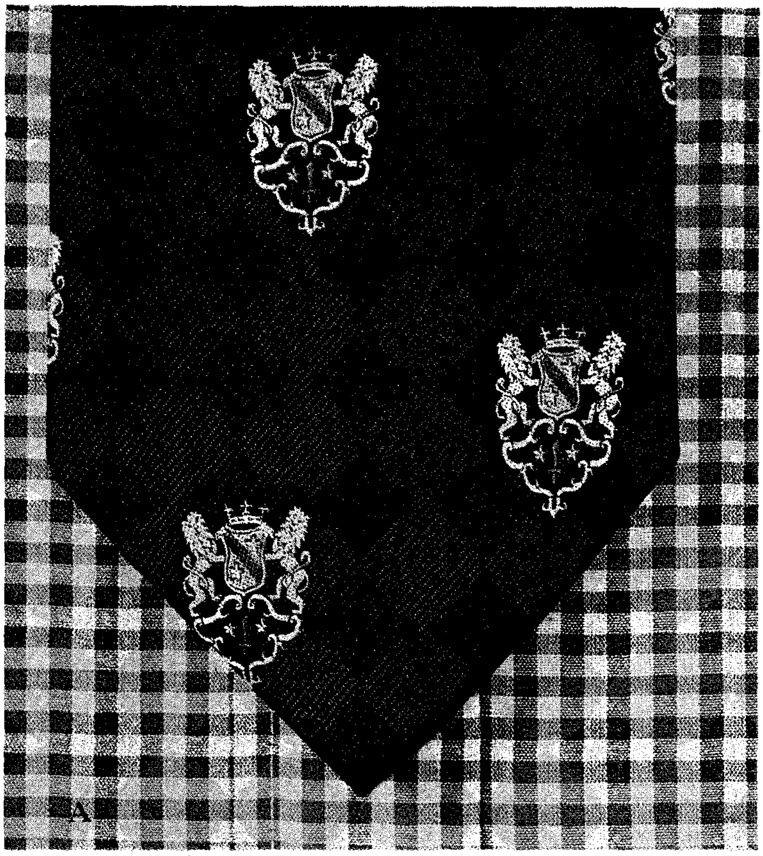
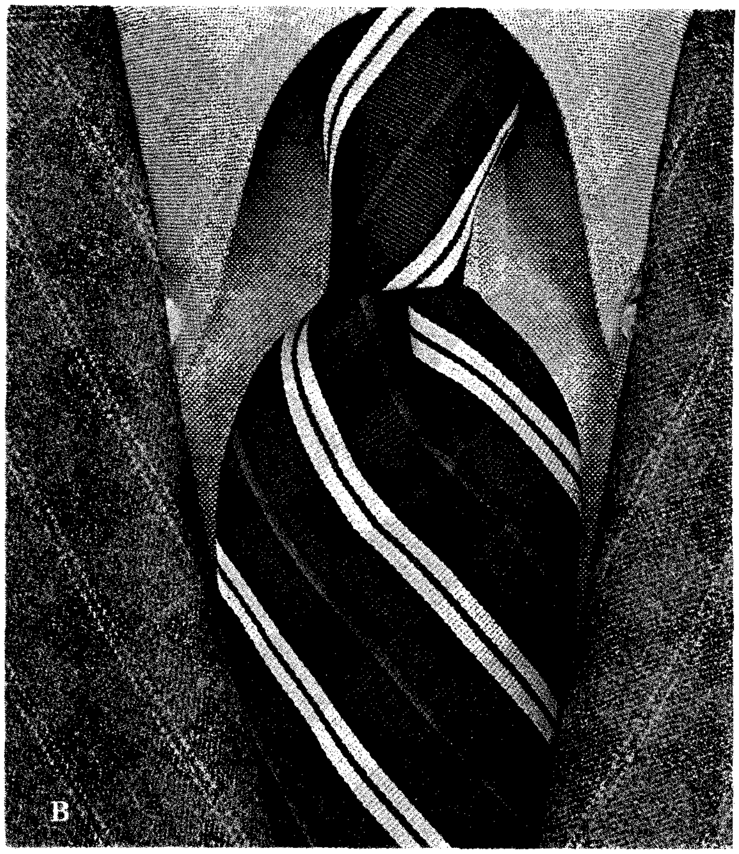
What makes a Resilio tie traditional?

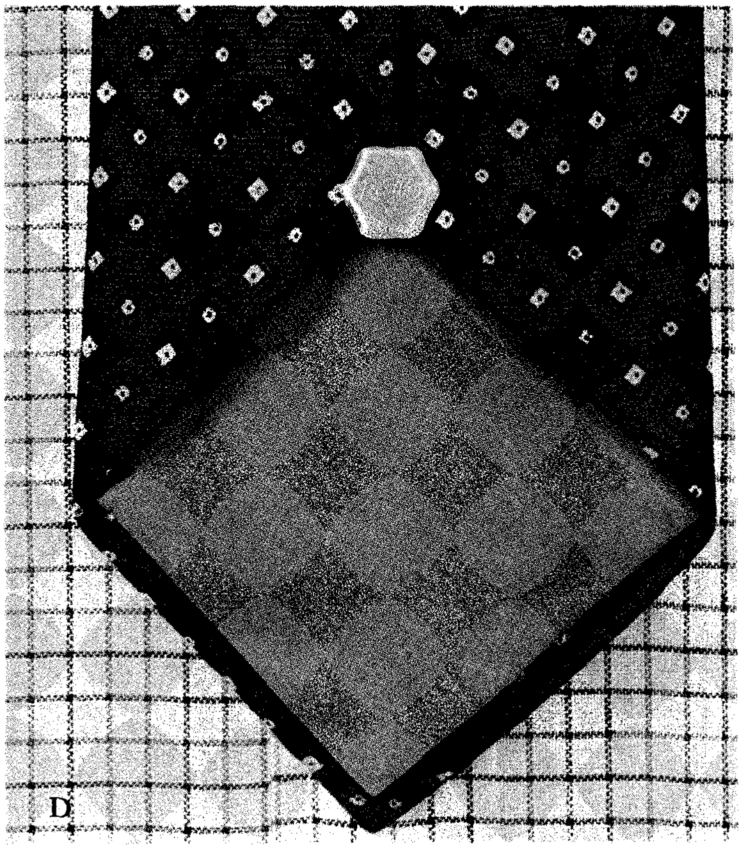


width perfectly proportioned.



full fashion shaped, in and under the knot.

loop label, keeps small end in place.



medallion point is centered, stays neater.

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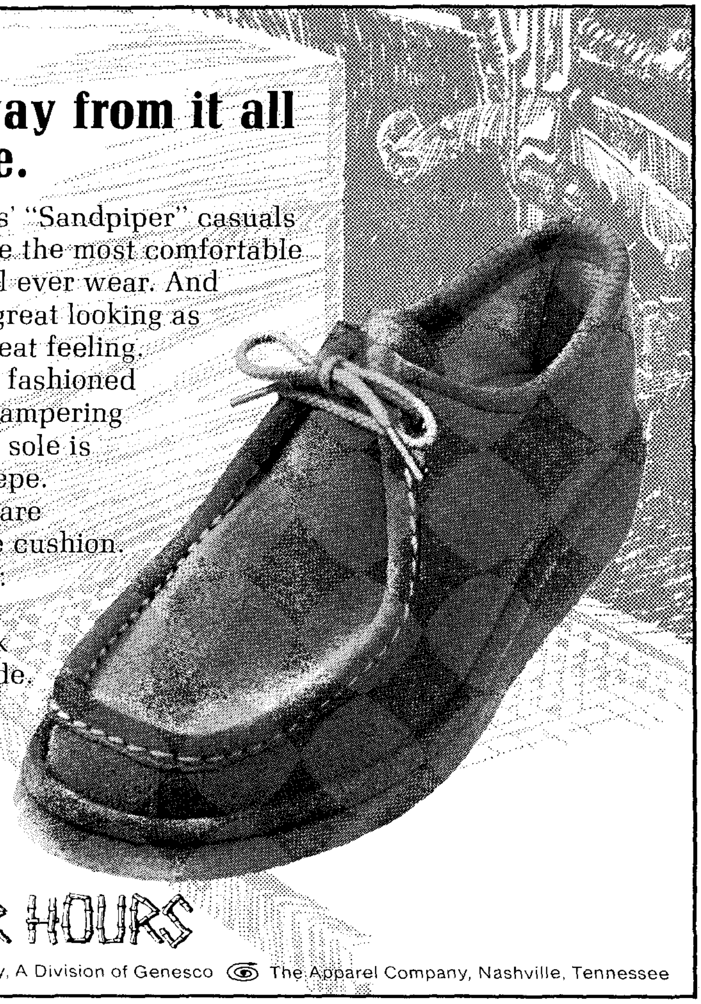
of Year, That They Haven't a Thing to Wear, and Who Might Like to Buy Themselves a Little Something

Pierre d'Alby, at 769 Madison Avenue (66th), has some reversible wool trenchcoats that, like most of this store's stock, come from France. Rust, burgundy, or green Donegal tweed reverses to a herringbone based on the same color, or heathery blue reverses to blue-and-red tattersall. In either case, the price is $170. Lady Continental, a few blocks north, at 836 Madison Avenue (69th), has a further suggestion to make on the subject of French trenchcoats, which fit in with this season's countrified looks so well: the Lady C. version is in tan poplin, lined with plaid in a wool-and-polyester mixture whose color combination is tan, brown, white, and teal blue. There are braided-leather buttons, for added intimations of the country squire, and trousers in the same plaid as the lining, for added rakishness. The outfit is $315.

An easygoing little team from D. D. Dominick, 220 East 60th Street, is made of wool knit. A gray sweater top is zipped up in red and has bands of red and white stripes at the crew neck, the wrists, and the pockets. Shoulder yokes in front and back are horizontally striped in gray and white, and so is an A-line skirt to go with the sweater; the price for the pair is a mere $38. A shop called Turtlegreen, newly arrived at 1006 Lexington Avenue (72nd), has a top and a floor-length skirt in a heavyweight Maricaine jersey. The skirt is wraparound and has enough material in it to make it easier to wear than many of today's uncompromising jersey styles, and the matching top is side-wrapped and has long sleeves and a V neck. The skirt is $90, the top $36; a choice of colors includes beige, peach, red, navy, or black. Dansko, at 827A and 1021 Lexington Avenue (63rd and 73rd), and now at 838 Madison Avenue (69th), too, has some delectably witty dresses. They are made of a silky polyester knit, and the simplicity of their knee-length, long-sleeved T-shirt silhouette clears the way for some cavorting art history in their prints. These are repeated images of either Manet's "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," Renoir's "Le Moulin de la Galette," or Rousseau's "Le Mariage." Colors are as the Masters decreed, but the price is not in the Sotheby range, being $52. Jacques Bellini, at 241 East 60th Street, has rib-hugging shirts in alpaca wool, with Western-shirt yokes and curving seams, in rust, dark green, or navy, for $50. Clovis Ruffin, a de-


Get away from it all in style.

After Hours' "Sandpiper" casuals may well be the most comfortable shoes you'll ever wear. And they're as great looking as they are great feeling. Uppers are fashioned from foot-pampering suede. The sole is cushion crepe. Innersoles are soft sponge cushion. Two colors: wet sand suede, dark brown suede. About $27.50.

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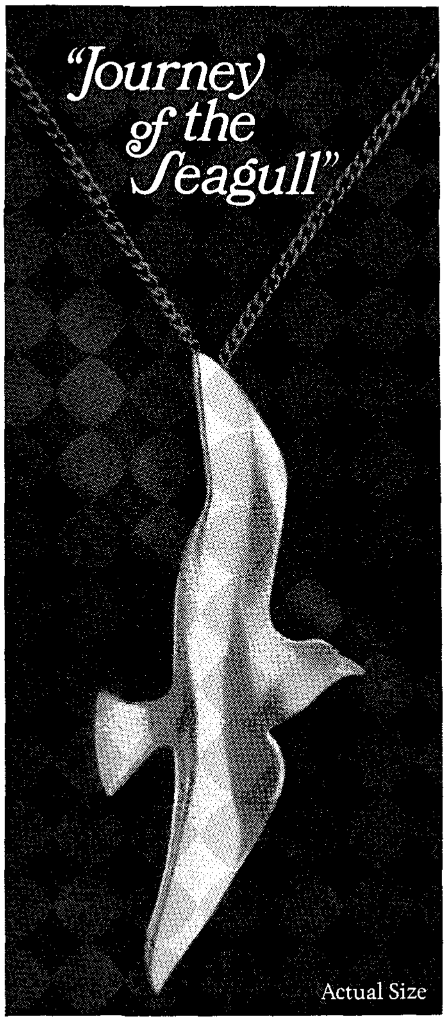

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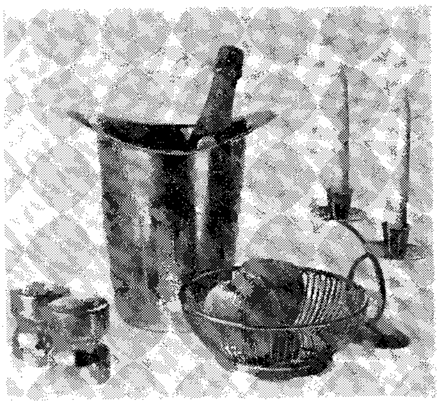
signer known for good style at relatively low prices, has produced a sinuous long black dress that would be a hit at dinner parties. In Nyesta jersey with enough weight to hang well, the dress is sleeveless and has a round neck whose schoolgirl demureness is almost, but not quite, cancelled by a slit that runs partway down the center seam in front and all the way from the nape to the waist in back. The dress is $52, at Fudpucker's, Ltd., 876 Lexington Avenue (65th). And Upper Mad, at 1260 Madison Avenue (90th), has more nighttime black—a short synthetic-jersey dress by Maria Scotto, with a surplice wrap and short, fluttering butterfly sleeves. The dress also comes in brown or dark green, and is $65. A long version, in red, beige, black, or navy, is $10 more.

Presents to Take to Sunnier Climes, and Some Out-of-Season Things to Remind of Sunnier Times

KAMALI has a *tiny* jet-black Brazilian bikini, for $20. Maiden Sun, of 158 East 64th Street, offers some maidenly cotton dresses from Persia, with high necks, long, bloused sleeves, and generous floor-length skirts, in bright, crisp prints of birds and flowers on pale grounds. Vertical pin tucks shape the waist, which is further pulled in by way of apron strings behind; $50. Jeane Eddy, who has opened a shop on the mezzanine floor of 718 Madison Avenue (63rd), will guide you to further warm-weather kit, made of Trevira, which won't take up much room in a suitcase. A long, sarong-style skirt ($48) with a white lattice pattern on a blue or green background meets up with a halter top ($22) that has a high, drawstring neckline in front and a low, elasticized back and whose lattice-and-background colors reverse those of the skirt. A Southern terrace or a well-heated winter party room would be graced by a long two-piece dress in lightweight silk-and-rayon to be found at Potpourri, at Saks Fifth Avenue. This is from Missoni's new collection, and its print moves away from the flame-stitch schemes we associate with the Missoni name toward a no less appealing print of narrow yellow, green, and red stripes, and bands of red and turquoise flowers, all on a royal-blue ground. The top has long sleeves, a bloused waist, and a narrow self tie at the throat; the skirt has a hip-length yoke and box pleats. The price is about $260.

Gardeners have no difficulty imagin-



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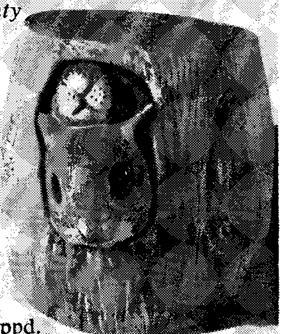

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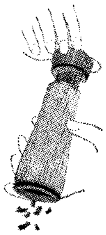

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ing themselves in the perfect garden they are going to grow when summer comes. The shop in the New York Botanical Garden is an excellent source of presents to set gardeners off on their daydreams. A gift package for people who are interested in growing flowers to dry includes an illustrated and instructive book by Constance Spry ("Dried Flowers for Winter Arrangements") and eight packets of Sutton's seeds of varieties—sea lavender, love-lies-bleeding, lunaria, Chinese lantern, bells of Ireland, xeranthemum, ornamental grasses, and strawflower—that are suitable for drying. The package is $4.50, and mailing is fifty cents. The dried arrangements, or a houseplant, could be set off by a herringbone-woven basket lacquered in a choice of unusual colors, such as lapis, pumpkin, or tortoiseshell, from Diane Love, of 851 Madison Avenue (71st). A basket nine inches in diameter and five inches high is $22.

Some Things That Most Women Would Be Delighted to Receive as Gifts but Are Unlikely to Get Around to Buying for Themselves

ORGANIZED closets are the sort of thing that seems to happen only to other people: a move in that direction might be aided by a compartmentalized bag, thirty-three inches long by thirteen inches wide, suspended from a coat hanger. One side is a crisp cotton chintz or silk brocade; the other is transparent plastic and has ten pockets—for belts, stockings, or whatever—outlined in grosgrain. The whole is $14, from the Green Box, at 954 Lexington Avenue (69th). Further welcome help for scrambled closets would be a brace of coat hangers. The New York Exchange for Woman's Work, at 541 Madison Avenue (54th), has some quite fancy ones in quilted pale-blue or pale-pink satin, with a built-in butterfly-shaped pouch that unzips to accommodate the belt or anything else that forms part of the outfit that hangs on the hanger; $13.95 apiece. Plump satin coat hangers with velvet ends are $6 apiece, in a variety of colors.

For women who like to do their daily dozen in style, Bonwit Teller's second-floor bath shop can provide a quilted terry-cloth exercise mat, fifty-eight inches long and twenty-five wide, in any of the famous Porthault prints, including an attractive one of blue bows and yellow butterflies on white. The mat is $72, and a scalloped circular pillow sham in cotton percale printed

Strawberry topping

Our nylon jersey shirt is a tangy combination of black and white stripes and dots, refreshed here and there with ripe red strawberries. Soft bowtie, side slits. For 6 to 16 sizes, $22. Blouse Collections, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

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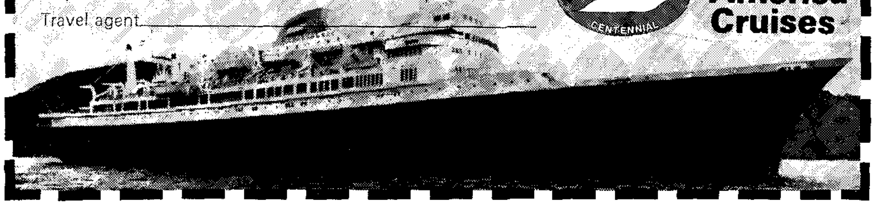

Malia
HONOLULU

Cotton-fresh, sensationally feminine. Red, white and blue or brown, black and white. Natural built-in bra, softly lined bodice and flattering decolletage. Easy to care for 100% combed cotton in sizes 6-16, about $40.

Bullock's, Southern California
Neiman Marcus
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle
Hutzler's, Baltimore

to match is $23. (The small round pillow to fit it is $9.50.) Good soap is always acceptable, and there is no better place to find good soap than Caswell-Massey's apothecary shop, at 518 Lexington Avenue (48th). Among a mind-boggling assortment of perfumed cakes, there is Waterloo soap, a creamy, delicate oval made near the battlefield, at $2.25 a bar; Maharani sandalwood soap, from India, at $3 for three ovals; and the establishment's own zestful and lemony verbena, at $6 for three large ovals. Cambridge Chemists, at 702 Madison Avenue (63rd), has a soap-filled wooden bowl, like a large shaving bowl (sixteen inches in diameter and three inches deep), to float in the bath with you. The soap—seven ounces of it, in a choice of flavors, including lily of the valley, rose geranium, and jasmine—is produced by the London firm of Floris, which is responsible for the gadget. A horsehair whisk, for frothing up some suds, comes along with the whole, which is $5.

Aprons never go far amiss, either. The new food shop called E.A.T., at 1064 Madison Avenue (80th), has some eminently sensible knee-length aprons, made of oilcloth and in cheering navy, yellow, or scarlet, all edged in white. Straps cross in back and snap on the shoulders in front, and there is a kangaroo pocket just below the waist for keeping spoons and recipes at the ready; $8.50. A more elaborate apron—a pinafore that happily doubles as a dress—is $56 at Design Research. It's a thoroughly enveloping coverup, with two patch pockets, a ruffled, calf-length hem, and winging ruffles at the shoulders. The material is Marimekko-printed Finnish cotton of firm texture and bright colors.

Bottega Veneta has an extremely luxurious set of luggage in ivory parchment, lined in linen, with corners, luggage tags, and padded handles of reddish-brown leather, and with brass fittings. The cases are further potential presents with that distinct air of prewar ocean travel about them. A linen-lined suitcase measuring twenty-six inches by seventeen by six is $190. A beauty case with a curved, sea-chest top and interior fittings to rival those of the old-style first-class staterooms, is $125. Pierre Balmain, at 795 Madison Avenue (67th), proffers a combination shoulder bag and attaché case in either light- or dark-brown calfskin, for $135. The dimensions are thirteen inches by ten and a half by two and a half, and the case opens up to reveal two deep files for legal-size papers and a pair of zippered compartments. And T. Anthony, at 772 Madison Avenue

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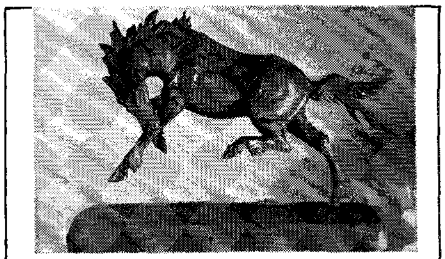

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American spoken here. Also Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese, Hawaiian, Tagalog, Korean, Samoan and Pidgin.

While you're in Hawaii, see the Orient. And Micronesia. And Europe. They're all here. And all-American.

It's almost like taking an international tour on six islands. In Honolulu you can order a Portuguese breakfast or an Indonesian banquet. Or a hot dog. There are nightclubs in Waikiki that rock with big name entertainment every night. And spots where all the titles on the jukebox are in Japanese.

Elsewhere on Oahu, the island we call "The Gathering Place," you can see just how we've gathered. There's a cultural center where you can explore Polynesia's ancient past. A war memorial to her recent past. And a great aquatic museum where you can see how we're pioneering her future.

On every one of our six islands, our mixed-up Hawaiian heritage presents some odd but pleasant surprises.

You'll see cowboys lassoing cattle off the range. And not many miles away big-game fishermen go after marlin and tuna. You'll see sportsmen hunting wild pigs. And straw-hatted workers picking pineapples.

You can find churches nestled in tropical countrysides. And just down the road you may discover the ruins of ancient Hawaiian shrines.

In Hawaii we'll share as much of our multi-colored culture as you want. Or as little.

You can find beaches so secluded they seem to have forgotten man. Waterfalls plunging through mountain hideaways. Cliffs that look down on lost caves. And a primeval forest that's just the way it was a million years ago.

In Hawaii's paradise you'll see what it must have been like to be an island's first inhabitant. And you'll find out what it's like to speak in a different language, worship in a different church, even live in a different colored skin.

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Hawaii

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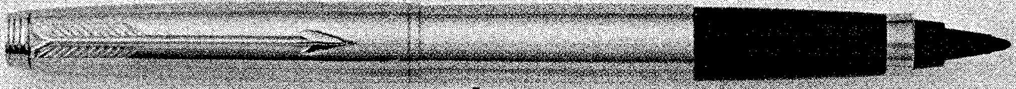
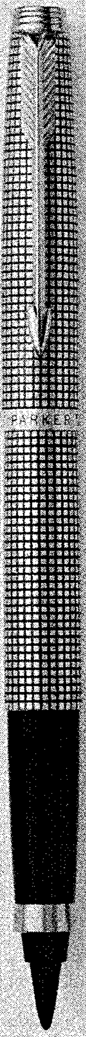
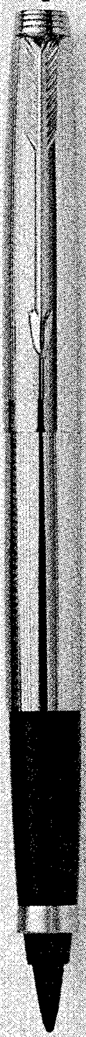
The Parker 75 Flighter soft tip pen in contemporary brushed stainless steel. $10.

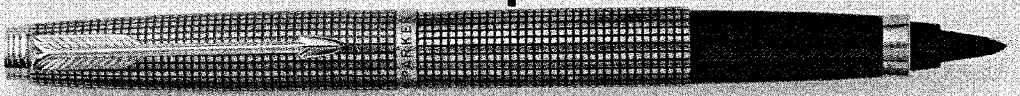


This precious Parker 75 soft tip gift pen is wrapped in solid sterling silver. Replaceable refills in four colors. $20.

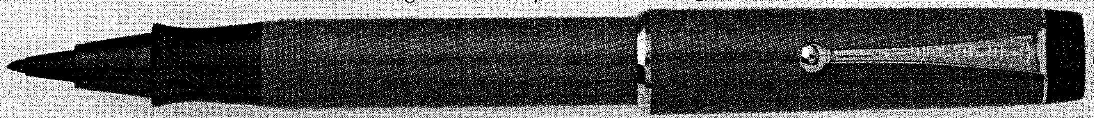


The Parker 75 Imperial soft tip pen is sheathed in rich 22K gold electroplate. Monogrammed and gift boxed free. $15.





Vermeil, a princely metal, makes a royal Parker. The Parker 75 soft tip pen in 22K gold electroplate on sterling silver. $45.



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(66th), has something for journeys more leisurely than mere business trips: a travelling book carrier for travelling bookworms. The boxlike carrier has a suitcase handle, measures seventeen inches by eighteen by eleven, and is made of black cowhide and lined in red. It holds about a dozen books, the number varying according to whether you travel with dictionaries or paperback mysteries. The lid lifts up, and has compartments for stationery; the front drops down to form a writing desk where the traveller may keep a journal of the strange sights he is seeing. The price is $115.

Elegant accessories for the writing desk are unlikely to get pushed into drawers and forgotten after Christmas. The Very Thing, on the second floor at 149 East 72nd Street, has a supply of brown wooden letter openers from Tanzania, about ten inches long and with carved creatures—a rooster, a fish, a monkey, and a duck, among others—adorning the top end, for $3. Ffolio, at 888 Madison Avenue (72nd), is full of the livelier sort of stationery and so forth. It has some distinctive notebook folders in inlaid canvas, in various sizes and geometric patterns. In a stone color, with a red triangle atop a blue rectangle, a folder three and a half inches by five and a half is $10. A different kind of folder, this one covered in hand-marbled English endpapers with flame effects, encases a pair of jotting pads, one headed "Take to the Country," the other "Take to the City," which could be a boon to muddled weekenders. The folder is $7.50. Twenty hand-marbled pencils in a box covered with the same English endpapers is $10. A big ball of variegated Irish twine, either red-and-white or green-and-white, is $2. Nonesuch, Ltd., of 1023 Lexington Avenue (73rd), has a number of old wooden clothespins, about six inches long, that would be a pretty way of keeping letters or bills together. A half-inch band of metal binds the two willow tines, which age and washday weather have bent so that they wing into a curve of primitive and sculptural grace; $4.

Pooh was not alone in discovering the value of presents to put other presents in, and there are all sorts of useful boxes and containers around, many with a lively character of their own. Some hinged wooden boxes from the Bailey/Heubner shop at Bendel's, for instance, which are fourteen inches square and six inches high, are hand-screened and lacquered by a certain Bill Bell in amazing colors and patterns to surprise the eye. One such is basically gray, brown, and beige, and is adorned

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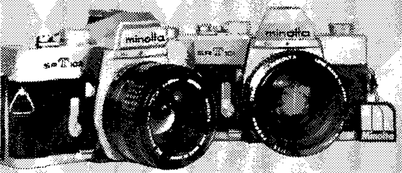

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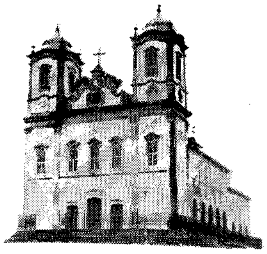

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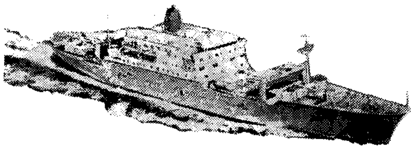

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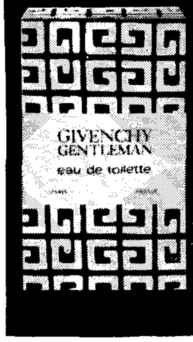

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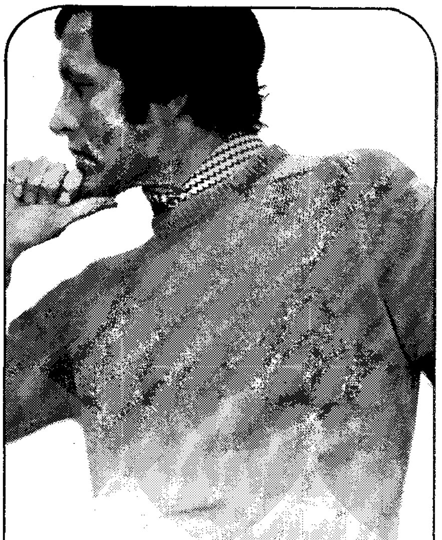
with a pale-blue bull's-eye and swooping magenta arrows; the boxes are all $35. Alternatively, at Jill of Story Hill, a relatively new shop, at 1186 Lexington Avenue (81st), there is, among an ample stock of other memorabilia, a collection of old sea chests, blanket chests, and stagecoach trunks, some lined in old wallpaper or sheet music; prices run from $80 to $125. Containers at the opposite pole come from the shop of the Museum of Modern Art: twelve colored paper envelopes, modelled on interoffice stationery, have flaps that close with string wound around two discs, and circles on the front that serve as calendars for each month of the year. The envelopes measure ten inches by fourteen, and each one, in addition to giving the date, is intended to serve as a place to keep the month's newspaper clippings, expense-account bills, or laundry tickets. The set of twelve, inside a transparent plastic envelope, is $6.

LUXURIES, EXTRAVAGANCES, AND THINGS WORTH TAKING A CHANCE ON (A CATEGORY NOT INTENDED FOR THOSE NOTORIOUS PEOPLE WHO HAVE EVERYTHING, WHO TURN OUT TO HAVE EVERYTHING EXCEPT TASTE AND SENSE)

HALSTON'S sumptuous, cream-colored showroom contains cases of Elsa Peretti's imaginative jewelry, including an extraordinary minaudière, about four inches long, made of sterling silver. Its smooth, rounded shape—something between an egg and a gourd—fits comfortably in the palm of the hand, and there are indentations to guide the fingers into. If ever the owner unclasps the piece and lays it down, it will never become a forgotten, lifeless thing, as more conventional evening bags do, but, rather, something for the eye to dwell on with contentment. A coin-size ivory lid opens on a hinge, revealing a tiny mirror and an interior just large enough for a lipstick, a key, and a handkerchief; $225.

Anything from Julie's Artisan Gallery, at 687 Madison Avenue (62nd), is both a gift for a lifetime and an immediate revelation to the senses. Everything in this new shop is the work of decorative artists, many of them young and working in New York. One of them casts jewelry in molds taken of natural objects and coats them in silver or vermeil; a silver cabbage-leaf collar is $1,400. Other artists have created wall hangings and garments in crocheted wool which establish this medium as the equal of any other. A little



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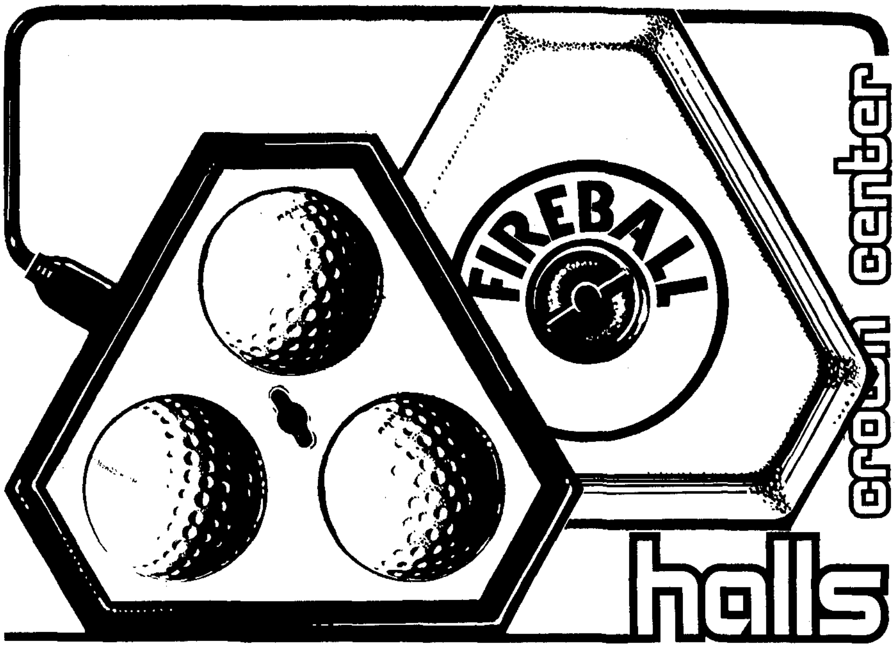
jacket made mostly of white mohair and currently on sale at the gallery is an exquisitely innocent and delicate fantasy in crochet. Decorations of pale, rainbow flowers in relief and mysterious and random twiddles like sea anemones have caused the jacket to be likened to Chinese export china, but there is something reminiscent of a kingdom of underwater sprites to the work as well. Faded, sinuous vines creep around the narrow waist, and cloud-shaped inserts of pastel metallic thread waft across the back and chest and gleam like hidden treasure. Minute, pearly conches form the buttons, and a pocket nestles behind a crochet orchid on the peplum. A padded roll collar ends in fragile, ram's-horn curls; $950.

Rubicon, at 849 Madison Avenue (71st), has for some time made delicate, romantic long dresses that remind one of Edwardian croquet parties, peacocks, and parasols, and the shop now makes choker-necked, long-sleeved blouses in the same mood. They are often elaborately trimmed with bits of antique lace, net, ribbon, and embroidered braid, on a groundwork of silk, crêpe, chiffon, or voile. Colors are generally pale and genteel, and include rose, gray, powder blue, lilac, and parchment; from $85 to $200. Almost any woman would like to own an ascot-tied shirt from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, at 855 Madison Avenue (71st). In silk crêpe de chine in a choice of black, red, navy, or purple, the price is $115. At the same shop, a city parka for trekking all the way to the limousine on wintry nights is made of black satin and has a drawstring waist, a quilted back yoke, and two patch pockets, to protect the fingers from the frost. The edge of the hood is trimmed with a fluff of fox fur, and the price is $300.

Luxuries are no less appreciated for being in the future. A gift certificate for a series of facials at Cyclax Salon, of 692 Madison Avenue (62nd), is $65 for five, $125 for ten; a ticket to a "miracle morning" of assorted pamperings at Elizabeth Arden, at 691 Fifth Avenue (54th), is $40; and a course of "Bodyworks" exercise classes at Bergdorf Goodman is $80 for ten.

Many discriminating women would enjoy superb pieces for their dressing tables. Nonesuch has a set of four perfume or lotion bottles, from Baccarat and the nineteen-twenties, in a midnight-blue color that almost glows. The four are identically shaped, like bow ties, or perhaps like insects on the wing, and they range in size from three inches wide to six; $275. A stoppered



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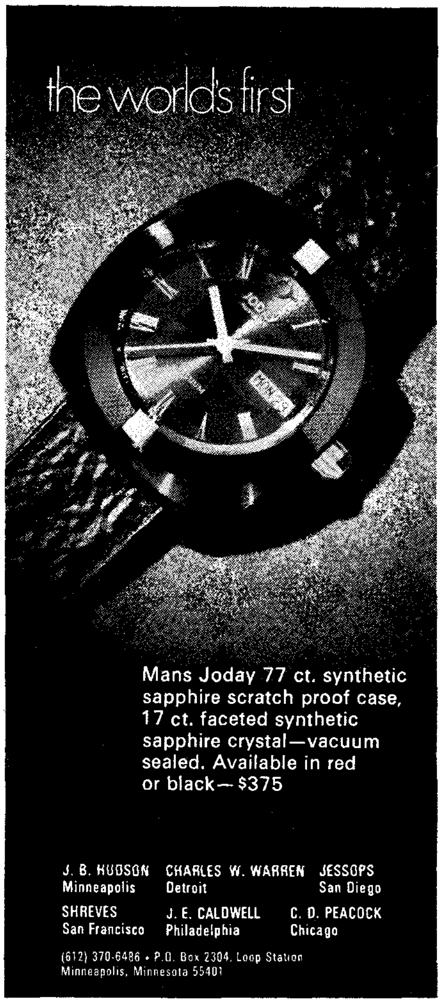

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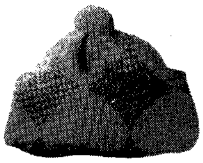

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glass vase from Nonesuch would further grace the dressing table. It is eleven inches high, and has a bulbous base and a slim, fragile neck that ends in a pewter stopper shaped like a small pinecone. The glass is slightly iridescent and engraved with frosty garlands. It was made in about 1920, using a technique known aptly as *verre de soie;* $125. The boudoir would be distinguished by a little clock from Primavera. This piece was made in Paris in the nineteen-twenties by Boin-Taburet, and it stands six and a half inches high. A clockface an inch and a half in diameter is set in the upper third of a lacquered panel that stands between two hexagonal pillars of oxidized bronze, each topped with a minaret of Venetian glass. A long-necked bird in gold lacquer lifts a feathered curve of wing toward the clockface, letting fall a frozen shower of golden droplets; $375.

The Macklowe Gallery can provide a pair of drop earrings, made in France at about the time when the chandeliers of the Second Empire were set tinkling by the guns of war. The earrings are two and a half inches long, and made of Prussian-blue enamel on eighteen-carat gold, with fragile traceries of flowers and leafy scrolls. Three linked sections—a screw-backed rectangle at the lobe, a button shape below that, and a narrow teardrop on the end—make up their mobile, graceful fall; $450.

On the second floor of Henri Bendel, a pair of lounging pajamas in peach-colored silk georgette awaits the right lithe form. The trousers are lined in China silk and move softly, with ample width, around the legs. The jacket is sashed and waisted, with an inset pleat down the back, but it is not lined. (A little matching brassière will be provided on request.) The long, narrow-wristed sleeves are hand-painted with such things as misty water-color roses in dusty pink and muted apricot with gray-green leaves. The pajamas are $375. The sum of $500 obtains a weightless wisp of black chiffon in the form of a djellabah hand-painted with a trail of drowsy poppies.

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(6) NET OPERA THEATRE

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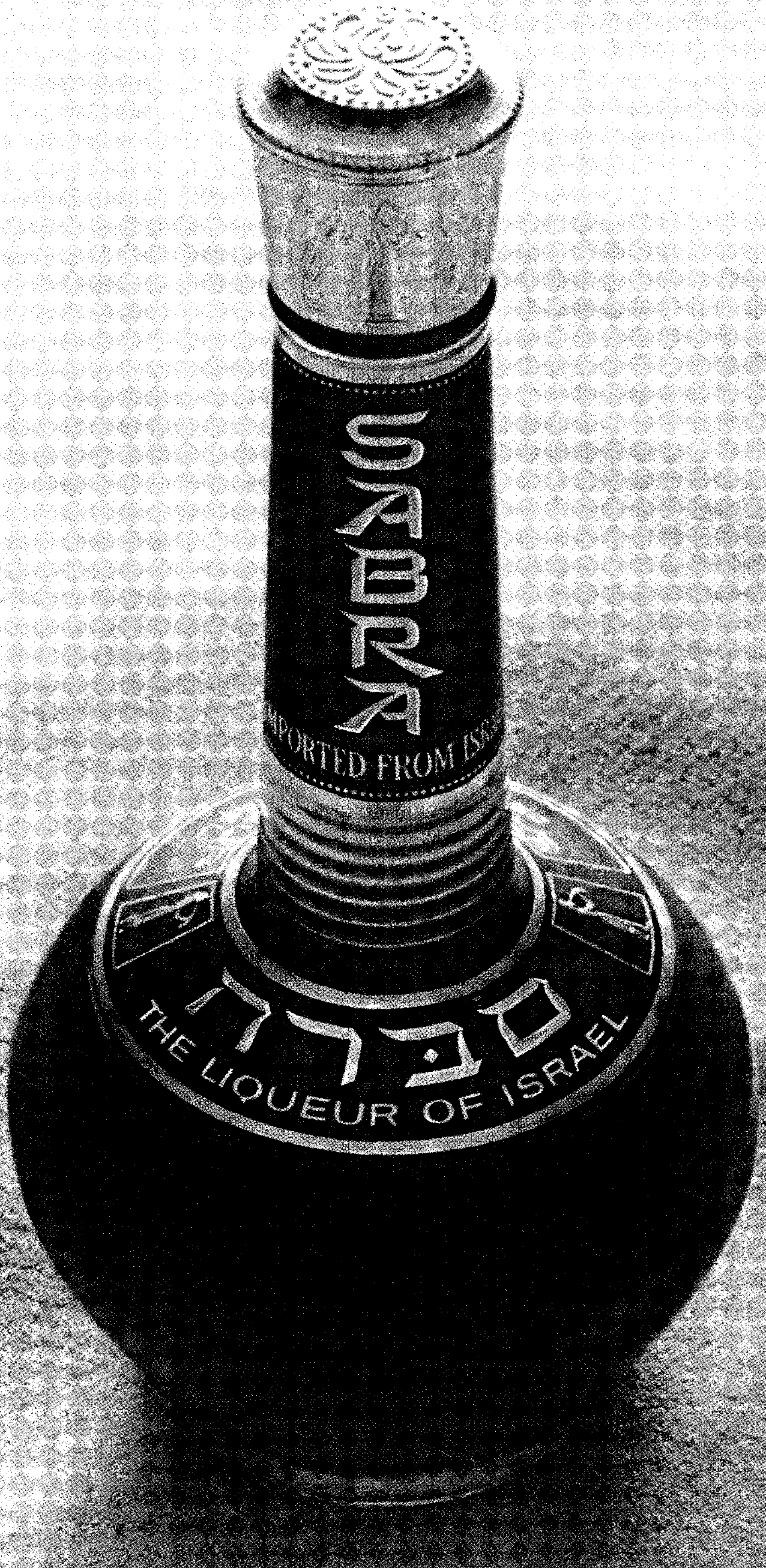

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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE LONG MARCH

ALL sporting memories are suspect—the colors too bright, the players and their feats magnified in our wishful recapturing. The surprising rally or splendid catch becomes incomparable by the time we fight free of the parking lot, epochal before bedtime, transcendental by breakfast. Quickly, then, before we do damage to the crowded and happy events of the late summer and early autumn, it should be agreed that this was not absolutely the best of all baseball years. The absorbing and untidy seven-game World Series that was won by the defending-champion Oakland A's, who came from behind to overtake the surprising Mets, was probably not the equal of the seven low-scoring games contested by the A's and the Cincinnati Reds last year; it was not by any standard comparable with the dusty, violent series fought out between the Pirates and the Orioles the year before that, or with the classic comeback of the Tigers against the Cardinals in 1968. As for the Mets, the general rejoicing over their deserved victory in their league did not match the passions or disbelief of 1969, when the Amazin's did it all first and better; these 1973 Mets finished their season with a won-lost percentage of .509, the lowest ever recorded by a winner or demi-winner in either league. Not a vintage year, then, but not a vapid one by any means. Both the league playoffs went to the full five games, as they did last year, with the Orioles and the Reds going down bitterly at the very end. The unforgiving brevity of these Championship Series, which can sink a proud and formidable summer flagship in the space of three unlucky afternoons, is just beginning to be understood by the players, who now look on them with far more concern and apprehension than they do the World Series. It was during the playoffs, it will be remembered, when the Mets' and Reds' squads threw themselves to scuffling and punching in the infield dirt, when showers of trash came out of the left-field stands of Shea Stadium, and when the Met fans, at the very pinnacle of their joy, fell into hysteria and violence. All of this, to be sure, made for some wonderfully eventful and discussable days and weeks—a time in which baseball almost seemed to return to its central place in our autumn attention.

There was a wealth of discoveries and speculations to be found in the season's statistics. Nolan Ryan, the California Angels' fireballing right-hander, and an ex-Met (*there's* a speculation!), struck out three hundred and eighty-three batters, to erase (by one whiff) Sandy Koufax's old one-season record. The White Sox, early leaders in the American League West, collapsed after an injury to their star slugger, Dick Allen, and attained a startling low when two of their pitchers, Wilbur Wood and Stan Bahnsen, became twenty-game losers in the same season. The Yankees, leading their division at the All-Star Game break, lost drearily and implacably through August and September, and finished seventeen games off the pace; in the end, they also lost not only their manager, Ralph Houk, who resigned and moved along, probably to pilot the Tigers next season, but their ballpark, which will be closed for alterations for the next two years. Suddenly the poorest of poor cousins, the Yankees will now have to share Shea Stadium with the National League Champion Mets—their first clear shot at likableness in forty years.

Major-league attendance for 1973 rose to an all-time high of 30,122,191, thanks to a jump of more than a million and a half in the American League. Attendance in the National League was off by 645,682, but the N.L. total was still more than three million ahead of the A.L. (These increases and decreases are in comparison with the 1971 figures, since the players' strike of 1972 shortened and distorted that season.) The rise in popularity of American League ball is of special interest, because it reflects an absolutely essential reversal of the drift of public affection toward the National League, and also because it seems to vindicate the radical innovation of the designated hitter—the tenth man, batting in place of the pitcher, who appeared in A.L. lineups for the first time this year. Taken together, the designated hitters batted .257 for the year, as against the previous season's mark of .169 for pitchers and pinch-hitters for pitchers; as a result, the over-all A.L. batting average jumped a phenomenal twenty points, from .239 to .259, surpassing the N.L.'s .254. It was the first time in a decade that the A.L. had outhit the N.L. Utterly unimpressed by this gimmicky alteration to the game, the National League owners are expected to eschew the designated hitter once again in the coming season and to insist that he be kept out of the World Series. (No one has yet suggested an effective estoppage or cease-and-

JOSEPH FARRIS

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desist for the sportswriters who have begun to refer to the tenth man as the "desi.") This year, the American League bashed 1,552 homers, as against its 1971 total of 1,484—the designated hitters again making the difference. There were 1,550 homers in the National League, as against 1,379 two years ago. *That* difference is partly accountable, but not truly explicable, by the fact that the 1973 Atlanta Braves were the first team in baseball history to include three players who hit forty home runs in the same season. They were Davey Johnson (forty-three), Darrell Evans (forty-one), and Hank Aaron (forty). The Braves' home attendance—to complete this statistical avalanche—was the fourth-lowest among the twenty-four major-league clubs. Go figure it.

The season-long assault mounted by Hank Aaron against Babe Ruth's lifetime total of seven hundred and fourteen home runs—perhaps the most widely memorized figure in baseball—utterly captivated the sporting press. Aaron's progress was so numbingly overreported that the real news was not his season-ending total of seven hundred and thirteen, one shy of the Babe, but the fact that he was able to function at all on the field in the presence of a hovering daily horde of newsmen, network camera crews, photographers, publicity flacks, souvenir hunters, advertising moguls, league officials, and other assorted All-American irritants and distracters. All those magazine cover stories, wire-service bulletins, and breathlessly updated daily figures were curious indeed, because Aaron's splendid consistency at the plate and his remarkable athletic longevity have made his arrival at the sacred plateau very nearly inevitable for the past two or three years. Since there was no immediate time element in this particular achievement, the story had none of the tension and excitement of, say, Roger Maris's attack on Ruth's one-season mark of sixty homers. The next couple of clicks on the Aaron meter will come in April or May, then, and the only cause for concern will be whether the new numbers and the old hoopla will not somehow again obscure the kind of man and the kind of ballplayer Hank Aaron is. Observers back from the Atlanta tent show have told me that Aaron sustained a three-month-long attack on his privacy and concentration with absolute patience, gentleness, and good humor. Playing under these conditions, at the age of thirty-nine, he enjoyed an exceptional season at the plate—forty home runs and a batting average of .301. Skipping the second

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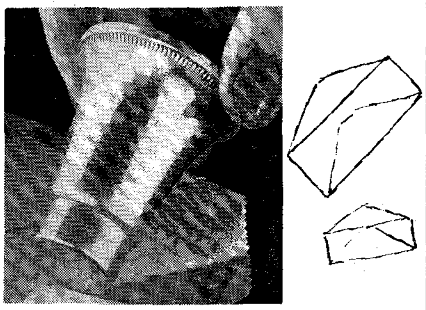

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games of doubleheaders and afternoon games played after night games, he struck his forty round-trippers in only three hundred and ninety-two official at-bats—a rate of production exceeded only six times in baseball history. Let it be noted, too, that Aaron and Ruth and Willie Mays, who retired last month with six hundred and sixty homers to his credit, are the only three ballplayers to attain even six hundred lifetime home runs; the next nearest, Harmon Killebrew, is more than a hundred back of Mays, with five hundred and forty-six. Aaron's over-.300 season—his fourteenth in twenty years in the majors—was achieved despite a miserable start; from June 15th on, he batted .354. A wonderful year, then, but very nearly an ordinary one for Hank Aaron. His cumulative home-run totals have been ticked off, year after year, with almost machinelike regularity. Never hitting as many as fifty in a single season, he has averaged (since his first three warmup seasons) very close to thirty-six or thirty-seven per year for every three-year span over the past seventeen seasons; actually, that average is up a bit in the past five years, when he has averaged forty per year. To look at this another way, he notched his hundred-homer marks in his fourth, seventh, tenth, thirteenth, fifteenth, eighteenth, and twentieth summers. Next summer, his twenty-first (showing us, as always, the perfect daily temperament for this most daily of all sports, and that familiar grooved, elegant, iron-wristed, late, *late* swing), he not only will pass the Babe in homers but will probably also move up to first place in times at bat and runs batted in, adding these to his present records of most extra-base hits and most total bases. What else? Well, one more statistic: Hank Aaron, soon to possess the No. 1 record attainable in his sport, also ranks No. 1 alphabetically; his is the very first name on the all-time roster of the thousands and thousands of players recorded in big-league box scores. Going and figuring the odds against *that* meaningless wonder should take us all a good way along toward spring training.

THE Mets—ah, the Mets! Superlatives do not quite fit them, but now, just as in 1969, the name alone is enough to bring back that rare inner smile that so many of us wore as the summer ended. The memory of what these Mets were in midseason and the knowledge of what they became suggest that they are in the peculiar position of being simultaneously overrated and patronized in our recollection. Their microscopic winning margin at

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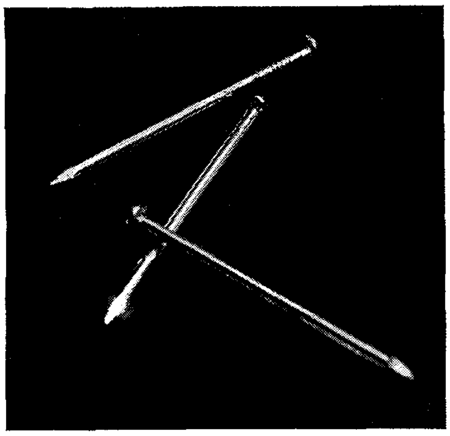

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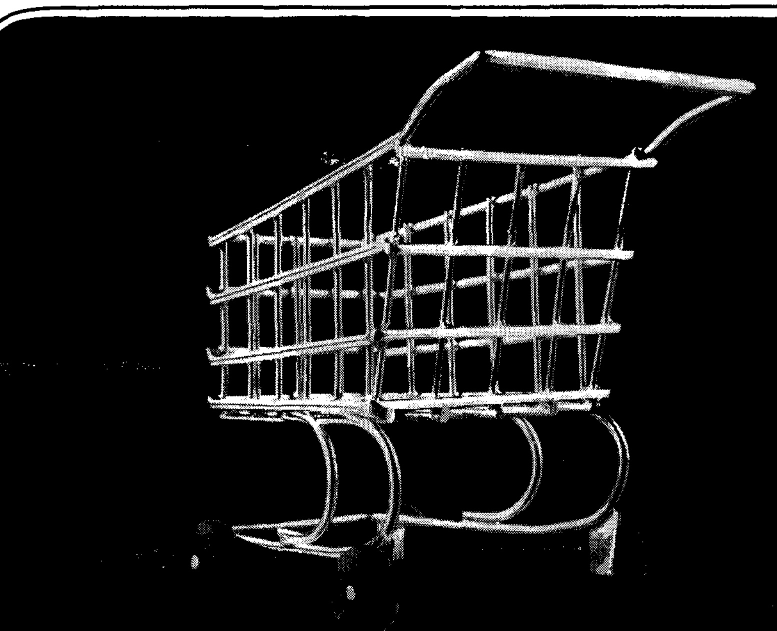

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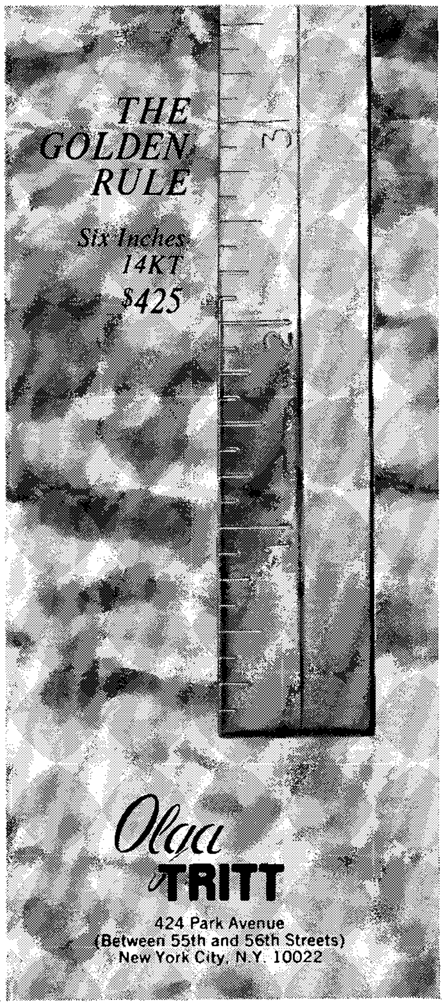

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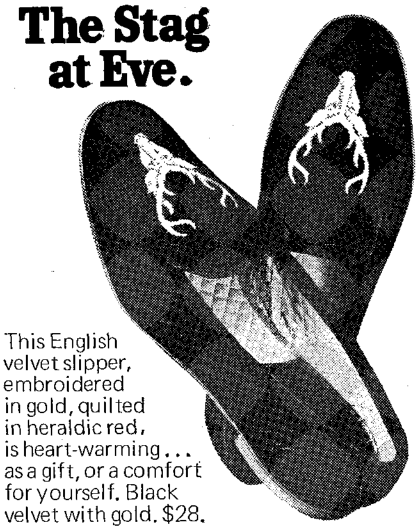

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the end of the regular season and their frightful, groaning struggles to get their chin up over the .500 bar should not obscure their startling march from the bottom to very nearly the top of the baseball world in the space of two months. This sustained burst of winning, stout-hearted play took them to within a single game of the championship, though they appeared to have been frighteningly outmanned all along the way. They were lucky and persevering and optimistic, but far less inspired by their own unlikelihood than the startled young heroes of '69 were. This time was a lot harder. "I've never known a season that was any more work than *this one*," shortstop Bud Harrelson said one night near the end. "We played our asses off. *No one* in this club had an easy year, and almost every game—even the big wins—seemed like hard, hard work. We deserve everything we get this time." Rusty Staub, just after his splendid four-hit, five-runs-batted-in performance in the fourth game of the World Series, soberly explained that it was the result of "concentration and hard work," and Wayne Garrett, after an essential September win over the Pirates, made a pushing, snowplow gesture with both hands and said, "Games like this—all these games—you've got to . . . *wedge* it out."

In the middle of August, hard work did not appear to offer much of an answer. Dead last in their division, the Mets were a team flattened by injuries and abandoned by their fans. At one time or another, eight of their players were on the disabled list. Catcher Jerry Grote broke his wrist. Bud Harrelson broke his hand and then his breastbone. Left-handed ace Jon Matlack was struck by a line drive and suffered a hairline fracture of the skull. John Milner, Cleon Jones, Rusty Staub, George Theodore, and Willie Mays were sidelined with ailments, and ace reliever Tug McGraw, with an earned-run average over the past two seasons of 1.70, was suddenly and mysteriously unable to get anybody out—and, in the words of Manager Yogi Berra, "if you ain't got a bullpen, you ain't got nothin'." Yogi himself was said to be on the way out—a charming relic, insufficient in ideas and words. His one tenet was the repeated and miserably evident observation that the Mets had not yet made their move.

The first tiny stirring was McGraw's good outing against the Giants on August 11th—in a game the Mets finally lost in the thirteenth inning. On August 18th, Bud Harrelson, the infield's main man, returned to the lineup, and

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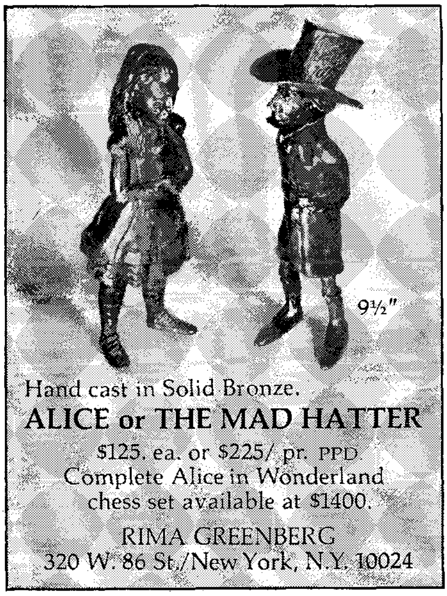

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the Mets whacked the powerful Reds by 12–1. That began the time of hard work—a close, heartening win or two, a terribly discouraging loss—but now the pitching (Seaver, Matlack, Koosman, George Stone, and McGraw and rookie Harry Parker in the bullpen) was clearly terrific at last, and everybody knew that if the club was going to go anywhere it would be on its pitching. Weirdly, though the Mets were still twelve under the .500 level late in the month, they trailed the division-leading Cardinals by a mere six and a half games. On the last day of August, the Mets climbed over the Phillies and into fifth place. Belief ("You gotta believe!"—*The Sayings of Chairman McGraw*) had begun.

In September, winning became a Mets habit, but it was not exactly easy, since their runs always came so sparsely. It was clear, too, that the top of the division—that is, first to fifth place—was a crowded and dangerous tenement. The Cardinals led for a while and then gave way to the Pirates, who had made a hunchy late change of managers, replacing Bill Virdon with his predecessor, Danny Murtaugh. The Cubs, a team of elders that had wasted an enormous early-summer lead, had still not expired, and in among them all was the true surprise of the year—the Montreal Expos, who were suddenly getting wonderful pitching from a rookie named Steve Rogers and from relief man Mike Marshall, and some long-ball hitting by a former Met, Ken Singleton. On September 7th, the Mets won a chilly, edgy doubleheader in Montreal by 1–0 and 4–2; the nightcap was 1–1 through fourteen innings, and that early Mets run had come in after Expo infielder Pepe Frias dropped an easy pop fly. The next day, Steve Rogers outpitched Seaver, winning 3–1, and the ravished, wintry Montreal fans dreamed their *drapeau* dreams again.

A week later, the Mets beat the Cubs, 4–3, at Shea on a suicide squeeze bunt by Jerry Grote. They were in fourth place, but only two and a half games behind the first-place Pirates, and the five immediately upcoming games with Pittsburgh—two away and then three back at home—would settle *something*. An insupportable something, perhaps, for the Pittsburgh sluggers bombed Tom Seaver that opening Monday, winning by 10–3, and then the next night the Pirates led again, by 4–1, in the top of the ninth. Here, however, the Mets pushed across five runs—the essential hits coming from benchpersons Jim Beauchamp and Ron Hodges. Since Tug McGraw had al-

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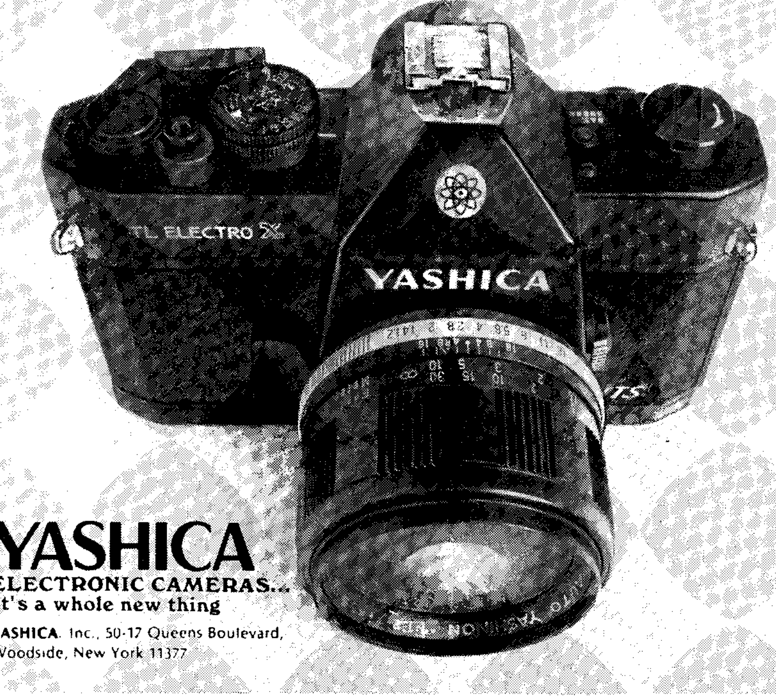

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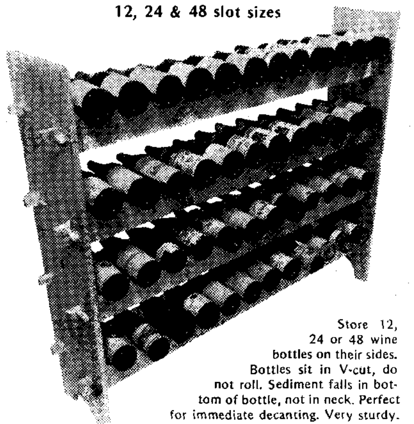

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ready completed his evening's outing, Yogi now entrusted this trembling lead to Bob Apodaca, a youngster just one day up from the minors (and, oddly, not a friend of President Nixon's), who instantly walked the first two major-league batters of his life, and was succeeded by Buzz Capra, who gave up a sacrifice, a run-scoring infield out, an intentional walk, an unintentional walk, and (to Manny Sanguillen, with the bases loaded) a strike, three balls, and, at excruciatingly long last, the fly-ball out that ended the game. Every Met, from that evening on, claimed that this was the inning that did it all.

Back to Shea then, and a brisk, heartening 7–3 Metsian victory that brought them to third place, one and a half back. Heartening because Cleon Jones, their brooding and enigmatic left fielder, whacked two homers and drove in five runs. Jones, one of the streakiest hitters imaginable, had apparently ended his season-long unstreak. The next night, the Mets came from behind three times, scoring one run each time, to tie at 3–3—more hard work—but then suddenly the sea parted, as it did so often in 1969, and one could sense that this week was going to be shining and famous. In the top of the thirteenth, the visitors' Richie Zisk singled off Ray Sadecki, and then Dave Augustine rocketed a deep, high sailer over Cleon Jones' head in left; the ball, descending implacably toward the bullpen, struck the very top of the fence—a fraction of an inch shy of a home run—and rebounded on a line into Cleon's grasp. Startled, Jones whirled and threw to Garrett, who relayed to the startled Ron Hodges at the plate, who collided with the sliding and truly startled Richie Zisk and tagged him out. One knew—one *knew*—that Hodges would then drive in the winning run in the bottom of the same inning.

This kind of baseball electrification changes everything, and the Pirates were never the same team after that ricochet. At Shea the next night, you could see fans—and, in their dugout, Pirates, too—pointing to the landmark spot just above the "5" in the middle of the "358" sign on the fence, where the Augustine carom shot had struck. Wayne Garrett then singled on the first Pittsburgh pitch of the evening, and the Mets ripped out eight hits and six runs in the first three innings, providing Tom Seaver with his first easy ride in weeks. An enormous and exultant crowd, most of them trooping in late after an epochal traffic jam, came to roar in exultation, and there were Met hits that bounced up into the faces of

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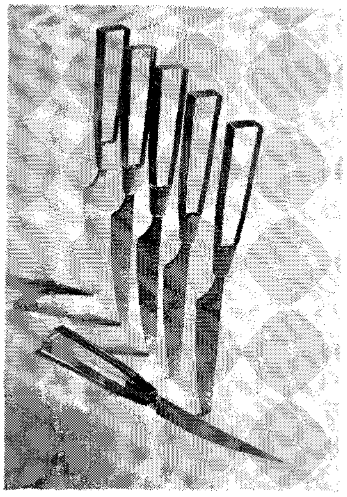

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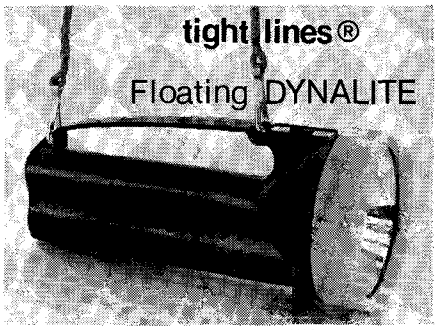

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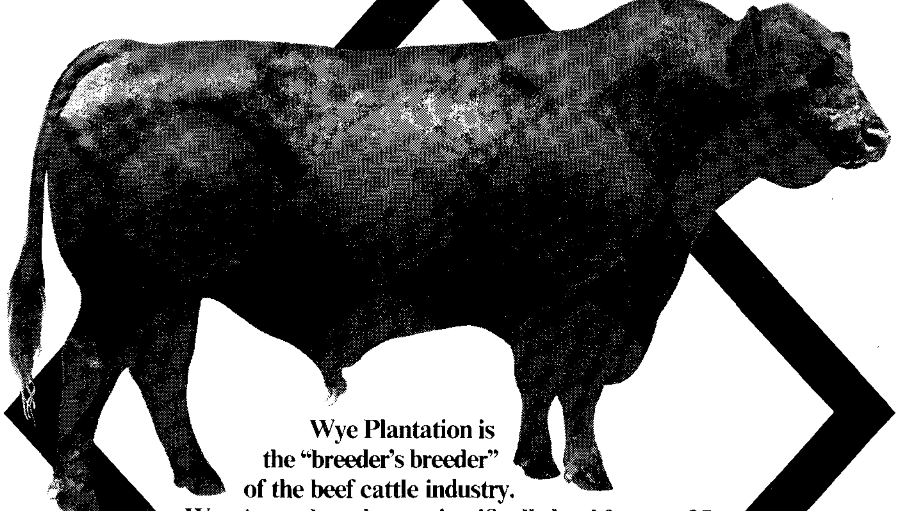
From then on—a week and a little more—every Met fan was caught up in a double sport, simultaneously catching the out-of-town news on the scoreboard and watching the dangerous business at hand. It was a time of almost continuous baseball excitement—hazard and reward, silence and shouted relief—from which each of us could select games and moments to store away: Matlack fanning the first three batters of the day, all swinging, and then utterly stifling the Cardinals in a swift, almost eventless 2–0 shutout; an enormous Sunday conviviality as the biggest crowd of the year celebrated a comeback 5–2 win over the Cards, nailed down at last by Garrett's triple and Cleon's homer and sterling long relief by Parker and short relief by Guess Who, and the cheerful air full of windblown paper and hundreds upon hundreds of migrating monarch butterflies; Willie Mays Night, with speeches and tears and awkwardness and felicity (Willie, wiping his eyes: "I look at the kids over here, and the way they're playing and the way they're fighting for themselves, and that say one thing to me: 'Willie, say goodbye to America' "), and finally the release of the game, against Montreal and Steve Rogers, a 2–1 bleeder won twice by Cleon Jones, first with a homer and then with a breathtaking running, cross-handed catch in the deepest left-field corner, to save two runs; and then the sad, heavy letdown of an ominous loss to the Expos in the last regular-season game at Shea, with Seaver tired and wild and gone after two, and the Mets' fine comeback from a five-run deficit all for nothing, and the suddenly revived awful doubt (with the cushion down to a bare half game) about whether there would be any more baseball back here this autumn after all.

The crucial final weekend, it will be remembered, was not so crucial after all, because the Pirates miserably and helpfully lost three close games in a row while the Mets waited through



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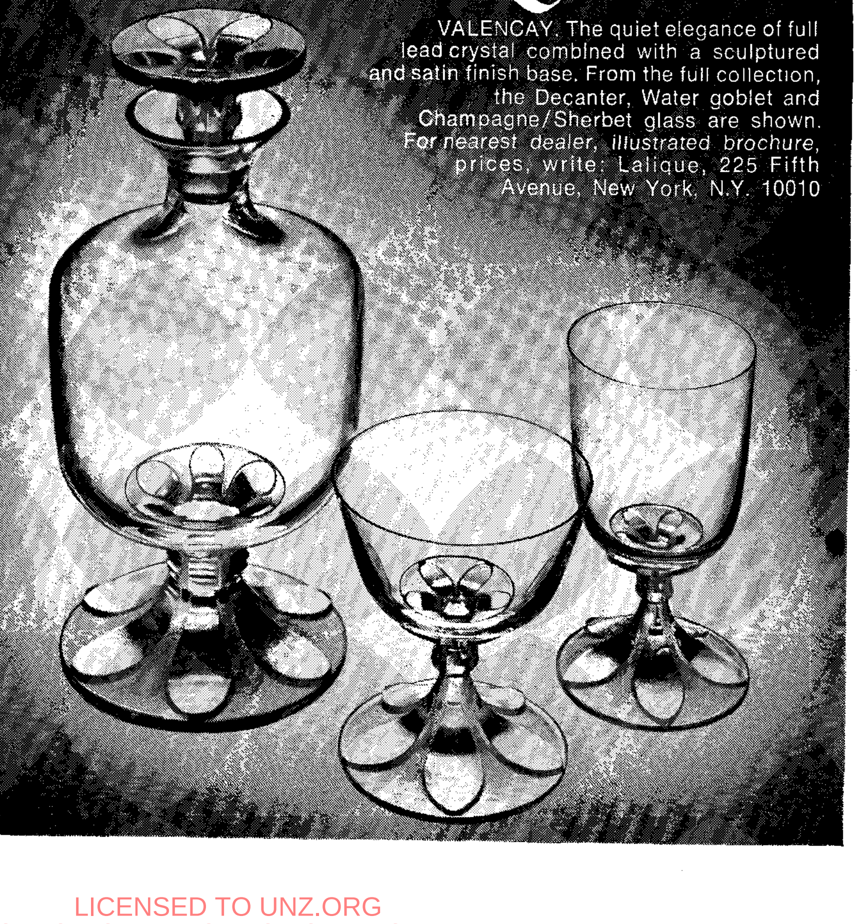

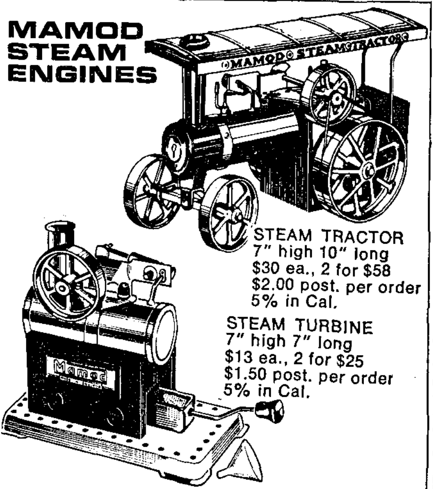

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two rain-outs in Chicago, and by the time play finally resumed there on Sunday the four barely breathing contenders—and the distant, astounding possibility of a five-way final tie—seemed to offer only a statistical menace. Matlack lost a painful 1–0 duel with the Cubs' Rick Reuschel, but then Koosman had a happier time of it in the nightcap—an error-filled 19–2 affair that finally did in the Cubs, as Montreal expired, too, in Pittsburgh. Tom Seaver pitched the clincher in the rain on Monday—6–4 over the Cubs (with whole sectors of the wet, shining stands there absolutely empty)—and Cleon fittingly hit another home run (his seventh in eleven days), and McGraw fittingly got the save (his twelfth, plus four wins, in his last seventeen outings), and the champagne corks flew at last. A final scoreboard study suggests that four teams certainly lost this tattered half pennant but that the fifth just as surely won it. From mid-August on—after August 20th, that is—the Cardinals (who finished second) won eighteen games and lost twenty, while the terrible exertions of the Pirates, Expos, and Cubs brought them respective records of 21–21, 20–20, and 19–19—deadly, dead-even ball. The Mets, by contrast, went 27–13 after August 20th, including twenty-one victories in their last twenty-nine games, which translates out to .675: championship work in any league.

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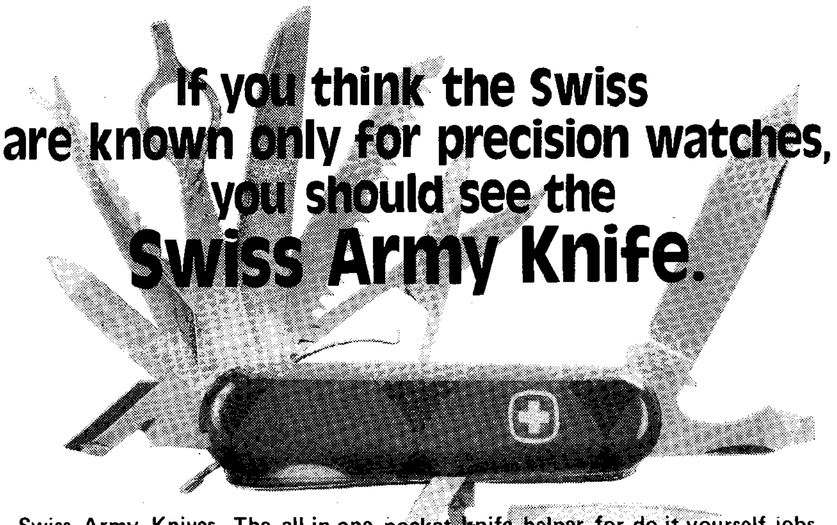
ty-game winners. The presence of Blue, a southpaw, would deprive the Birds of Rich Coggins and Alonza Bumbry, two swift rookie outfielders, who both batted well above .300 this year, but who, being lefties, regularly played only against right-handed pitchers. This was typical baseball strategy, deeply moving in its beauty and profundity, and almost typical in its results: Baltimore batted around in the first inning, driving out Vida and scoring four runs, two of which were registered by Bumbry's and Coggins' replacements. Palmer's only difficulties were with his control—he threw more than a hundred and fifty pitches—and with a terrifying line single by Oakland's Reggie Jackson, which he barely deflected, throwing himself backward on the mound, just before it struck him in the face.

The next afternoon, Bumbry and Coggins combined in the first inning to help fashion a Baltimore run, and in the top of the third Bumbry gathered himself at the foot of the left-field fence—staring up and tensing and poising like a cat about to leap onto a bureau—and ascended perfectly to pluck back Sal Bando's drive just as it was departing the premises. Bando found balm for this disappointment by knocking two subsequent pitches a good deal higher and deeper, both well beyond Bumbry's reach and into the seats; the second of these was the fourth Oakland homer of the afternoon, and was sufficient to do in the Oriole pitcher, Dave McNally, on the wrong end of an eventual 6–3 score. Catfish Hunter, the splendid Oakland ace (he was 21–5 this year), gave us a characteristically low-key winning performance—working in and out, flicking the corners, tugging on his oversized cap between pitches, and, in the hard places, striking out batters with his dipping curve.

What I was missing was even better, of course. By the time I got back to my hotel-room TV set on the first afternoon, it was the seventh inning in Cincinnati, and I found that, for the first time in weeks, Tom Seaver's fastball was alive and well. He was leading by 1–0 and had fanned nine batters, and within a minute or two he added numbers ten and eleven. My heart sank. Seaver's hummer comes in to a batter about letter-high; at its best, it is very nearly untouchable, and the way Tom throws it past a hitter—with his powerful body dropping low and driving forward at the instant of delivery—is one of the ornaments of modern baseball. He relies heavily on the fastball on its good days, always seeming to challenge a batter to beat his best with one



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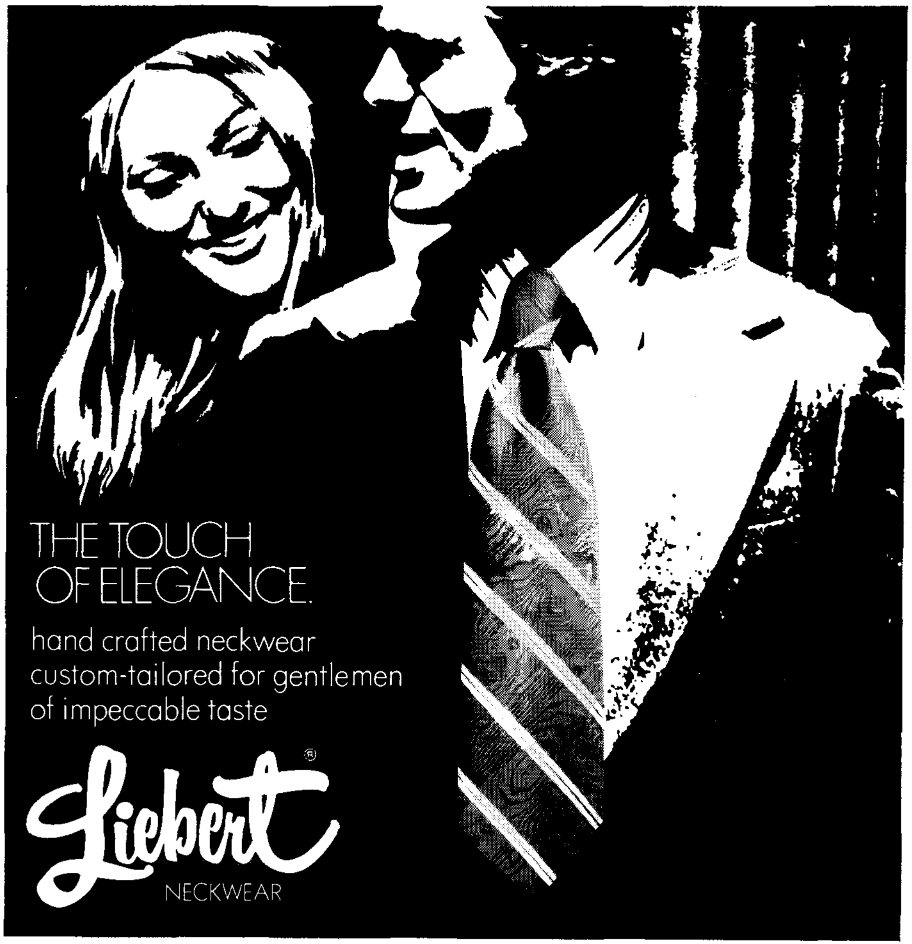

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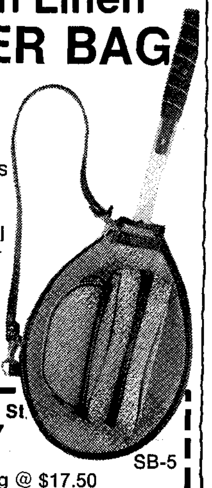

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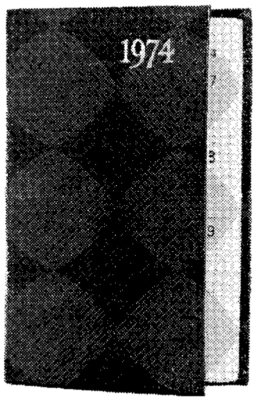
blow. As strategy, this is straightforward, courageous, and stubborn—and also, in view of Seaver's record and proud nature, probably unarguable. It is extremely scary to watch, and sometimes, in the late innings of a low-score game against a team of proud and famous sluggers, *too* scary. With one out in the eighth, Pete Rose hit a homer; with one out in the ninth, Johnny Bench hit another.

When I caught up with the Mets again the next afternoon (this time via a tiny TV set perched in a corner of a Union News Company stand in Baltimore's Pennsylvania Station), they were engaged in another character-builder, once again leading by a bare 1–0 in the seventh. The pitcher was Matlack, who looked even more commanding than Seaver had the day before; his fastball was riding in on the fists of the right-handed Cincinnati batters, and he was pouring over some scimitar-like curves as well. Between innings, I exchanged glances with some fellow Met freaks in the little crowd of standees, and we shook our heads wordlessly: not enough runs. Wrong again. In the top of the ninth, the Mets put together two walks and a tiny fusillade of singles, most of them just over second base, for four more runs and the game and the tie—and, now, some solid hope.

Another squeaker seemed insupportable, and Rusty Staub took care of *that* quickly the next afternoon, at Shea, with a first-inning home run over the Manufacturers Hanover sign in center, and a second-inning home run above the right-field auxiliary scoreboard. The latter poke came while the Mets were happily batting around, and a little later Jerry Koosman drove in a run with his second hit of the afternoon, and the Reds began throwing the ball away in rather discouraged fashion, and the score went to 9–2, and the Gotham hordes were laughing at the Cincinnati pitchers. This kind of breaking apart is perfectly commonplace, of course, though not perfectly or equally acceptable to all participants. And so in the top of the fifth, Bud Harrelson, airborne in the middle part of a lovely 3-6-3 double play, came down a bit heavily on the sliding Pete Rose, and Pete Rose came up a trifle irritably with an elbow, and then Bud and Pete were rolling and punching in the dirt, and all 53,967 of us came to our feet shouting. First the benches emptied and then the bullpens, with the galloping Met battalion being led—*ta-ra!*—by Teddy R. McGraw. As ancient custom dictates in these matters, there was a great deal of milling and shouldering but really not



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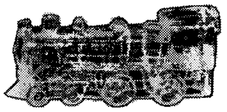

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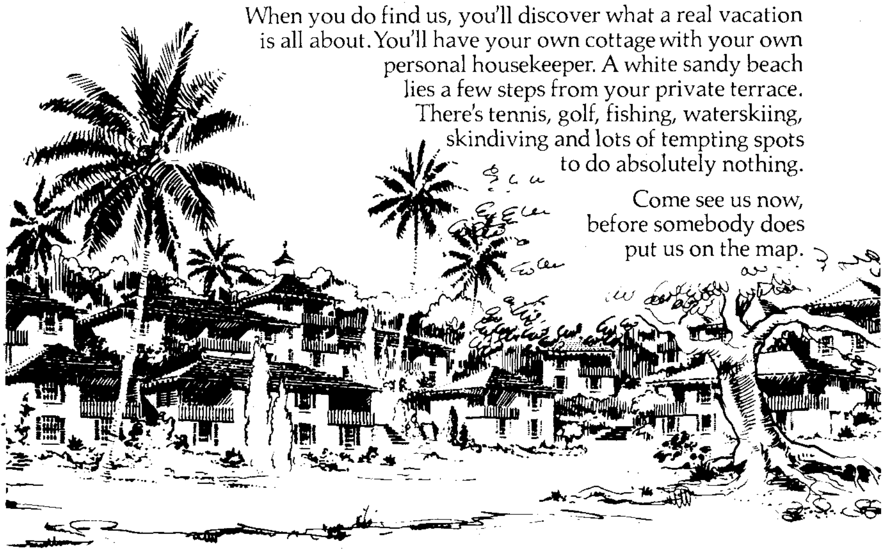
much doing—until Cincinnati relief man Pedro Borbon fetched New York relief man Buzz Capra an unexpected clout on the right temple, to which Capra (who had not worked since mid-September) responded vigorously but with understandably poor control. In time, they all streamed slowly off the field, and Borbon, discovering a Met cap on his head (it was Capra's), furiously snatched it off, bit it, tore it in half, and flung it away. Eventually, Pete Rose resumed his post in left field, to an accolade of garbage and abuse (he outweighs Harrelson by forty or fifty pounds, and Bud is . . . well, *ours*), but when a whiskey bottle plumped to the ground near him, he sensibly withdrew, and Manager Sparky Anderson waved his troops from the untidy field. Shouting and chaos, but no baseball. Then spake the president of the tribe of the Nationals, the goodly Chub Feeney, and so it came to pass that forth from the home dugout emerged a holy company—Yogi, Cleon, Rusty, Tom, and, yea, Willie himself—and right swiftly did they hie themselves toward the troubled multitudes, and sweetly did they remind them, with upraised arms and pleading visages, of the hospitality and courtly good will owed the visiting gentle knights, and also of the score, which stood so fairly for the forces of right and good, and of the power of dark-garbed arbiters to erase and reverse such a score in the face of undue hubbub. And lo! the multitudes were hushed and the play resumed and the memorable foolishness at last concluded.

In the batting cage the next afternoon, the trailing Reds seemed loose and cheerful, while the Mets, now only a game away from the pennant, looked pale and grim. Some of the Reds stared up at the new banners unfurling in the upper deck—"ROSE IS A WEED," "THIS ROSE SMELLS," and others less elegant—and Johnny Bench murmured, "The best thing you can do is get Pete Rose mad." This Rose had led his league (for the third time) with a batting average of .338, rapping out two hundred and thirty hits (his sixth two-hundred-hit season); by instructive contrast, Felix Millan established a new club record for the Mets this year with a hundred and eighty-five hits. When play began, the left-field pack again bayed vociferously at Rose, but then the tension of the game caught everyone up, and a remarkable quiet descended. It was 1–0, Mets, but then 1–1 after Tony Perez' homer in the seventh—a waiting, silent sort of game, too close for pleas-



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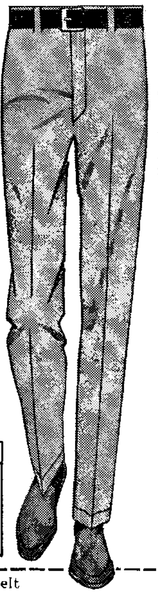

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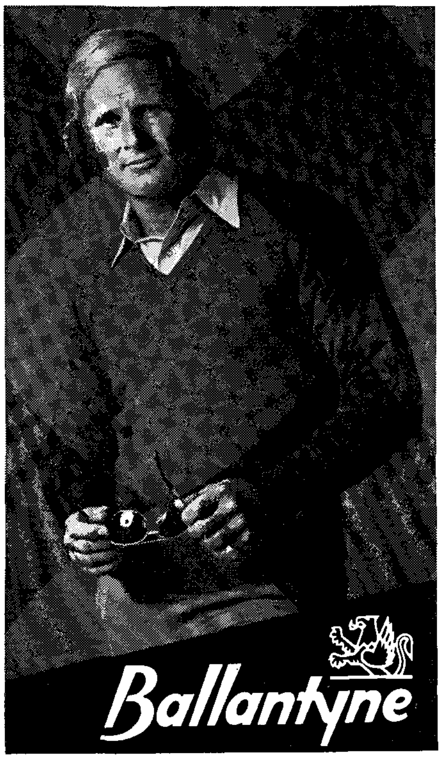

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ure. Tug McGraw came on in relief of George Stone and repeatedly pitched himself into terrible difficulties, loading the bases in the ninth and again in the tenth—and somehow wriggled free, helped in no small part by the Reds' inordinate difficulties when bunting. Twice, Tug tiptoed past the wolves' lair at the top of the Cincinnati batting order, releasing screeching cries of hope from the upper decks, but the Met hitters were being utterly smothered by the Cincinnati relief men. In the eleventh, with two out and two on, the visitors' Dan Driessen poled a line drive deep to right; Rusty Staub, running hard, pulled the ball in over his left shoulder and collided heavily with the wall, falling onto his back with the ball still clutched in his glove. Enough Tug for this day, clearly, and when Pete Rose came up in the twelfth, the new pitcher was young Harry Parker. Rose had been on base three times without result, but this time he made sure, whacking a high fastball out over the right-field fence and under the scoreboard. He circled the bases with his right fist held high.

The finale, the tie breaker, was less good as a game, better as a pageant. Rusty Staub, his right shoulder damaged by his smash into the wall, was replaced by Eddie Kranepool, the only surviving Met from the original 1962 light-opera company, and nobody present could have been entirely surprised to see the bases loaded when Eddie stepped up in the first inning, or absolutely astounded when he rapped the first pitch to him on a line into left field for two runs. It was going to be that kind of an afternoon. Tom Seaver, without his fastball this time, pitched with restraint and intelligence—curves, sliders, hard work. The Reds labored, too, and Pete Rose doubled and then came around to tie the score in the fifth. Minutes later, Garrett doubled and then Jones doubled and Milner walked, and the bases were loaded, and Willie Mays—yes, of course, *that* kind of day—batted for Kranepool. Overswinging, fooled by the pitch, Willie hammered the ball straight into the dirt (or perhaps off the plate itself), so that it bounded high up in the air and came down, thirty feet up the third-base line, far too late for Clay Carroll, the unhappy pitcher, to make a play anywhere, and another run was in. It was the shortest heroic blow in memory, but, as Mays suggested after the game, box scores do not record the distance of hits, or their luck. Two more runs ensued, and in the sixth Tom Seaver hit a double that Pete Rose ran and dived in the dirt for, all

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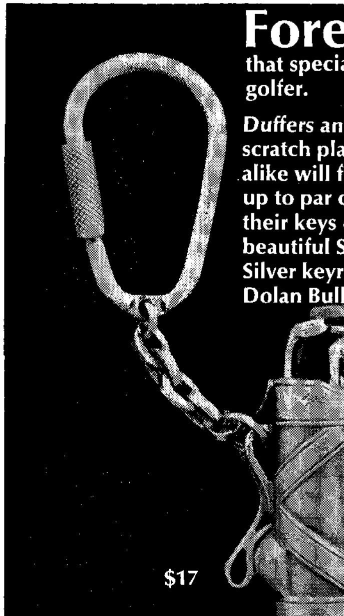

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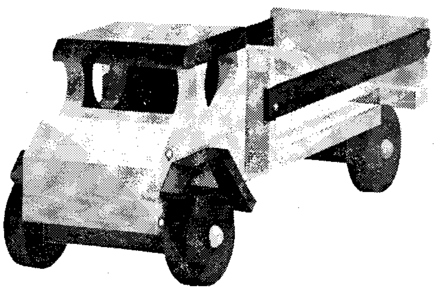

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in vain, and then Tom came around and scored, of course—7–2 now—and grins and cheers and smiles and hugs and handshakes broke out everywhere, and all of us believed.

Somehow it should have ended there, when the scoring stopped, but there were three more innings to be played, which is a long time to put off a party. The cries of joy became chants, the shadows deepened, and there were clouds of paper on the grass, and sudden ripping sounds in the stands as strings of firecrackers went off. The ninth began, and the waves of waiting celebrants pushed forward in the lower stands, filling up the lower aisles and crowding the railings. There was some enormous urgency visible here—a yearning for the field itself, a need to belong to this event in a deeper way. A temporary fence out beyond the home dugout collapsed with a tearing noise, and then there was a long, tension-filled wait as some frightened wives in the official Cincinnati party were led from their overrun box seats and out through the visitors' dugout. It *was* frightening, in a way, and so was the enormous horde let loose by the final out, and the sight of Reds and Mets alike (Tug McGraw from the mound, Pete Rose from the base path) running and dodging, as if for their lives, through hundreds upon hundreds of grasping hands, past hundreds of passionate, shouting faces. Streamers and papers (and one sudden red flare) and other things came down from the upper deck, and then a great cloud of dust rose and hung over the entire field as chunks of turf began to be torn up and taken away. This sort of riotous unleashing has almost grown into an institution in our sports in recent years, and what one makes of it all probably depends on what each of us *thinks* about a great many complex matters, the very least of which is baseball. Cincinnati manager Sparky Anderson, for instance, was disappointed that the police did not take matters in hand, and he said, "Can you imagine this happening in America?" The answer to *that*, at least, seems easy.

THE convention opened gently in Oakland. Both clubs, recovering from playoffs of bruising intensity, were plainly glad to be in the World Series at all, and they regarded each other with congratulatory speculation. (The A's had won an eleven-inning squeaker over the Orioles' Mike Cuellar; had lost 5–4, going down before a shocking five-run Baltimore rally; and then had taken their flag on a 3–0 shutout by Catfish Hunter.) Any

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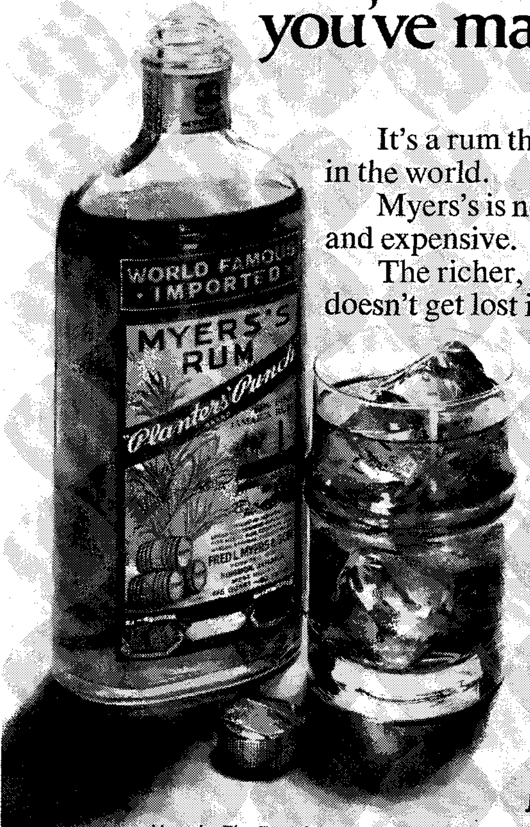

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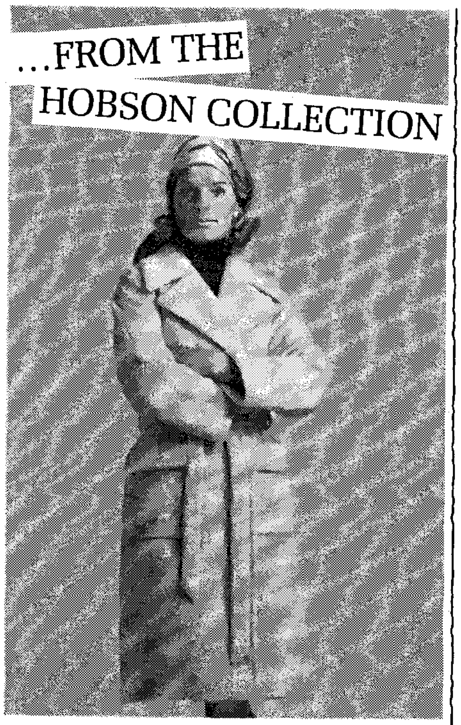

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other outcome of the playoffs would have produced teams that had already faced each other in a recent World Series, but A's vs. Mets was new and promising. I was grateful, too, to have the defending champs back—the grand White Shoes, with their cheerful dash, their proud quarrelsomeness, and the vivid quality of their play. The A's were probably an even better club than they had been the previous October, with deeper pitching, more speed, and some useful new second-line players purchased with the customary sudden midseason disbursement of cash by owner Charles O. Finley. Their fine young center fielder, Bill North, who had stolen fifty-three bases, was out with a sprained ankle, but this was less of a handicap than the sidelining of Reggie Jackson in last year's Series. This year, Reggie had just concluded a brilliant season—thirty-two homers, a hundred and seventeen r.b.i.s, and a certain coming award as the Most Valuable Player in his league. The Mets, we could all see, were outmanned again.

In the opener, the Oakland left-hander Ken Holtzman pitched extremely well and won, while Jon Matlack pitched even better and lost. The day contained a bare few minutes of news. Matlack, falling to a 3–2 count on Holtzman in the third, came in with a fastball that Holtzman rapped into left field for two bases—and a vivid concurrent editorial on the designated-hitter artifice. Bert Campaneris now hit an easy roller to second, which the almost infallible Felix Millan missed cleanly, for an error and a run; it seemed to me that Campaneris's burning speed up the line distracted Millan. That same threat now distracted Matlack, who caught Campy leaning the wrong way at first but flung his pickoff throw high, allowing Campaneris to motor safely along to second, from where he scored Oakland's second and final run, on a single by Joe Rudi. The Mets responded in the next half—a double by Cleon Jones, a run-scoring single by John Milner—but then Reggie Jackson, playing center field for the first time this year, got a splendid jump on Jerry Grote's line drive and made a dazzling, going-away catch, to amputate the only Met hopes of the day.

Having been given a canapé for the opener, we came back the next day for a dog's breakfast—a slovenly and delightful and exhausting feast of mistakes and wonders that the Mets finally won, 10–7, in twelve innings. It was the longest World Series game in captivity, and one that absolutely defies elucida-

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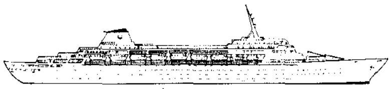

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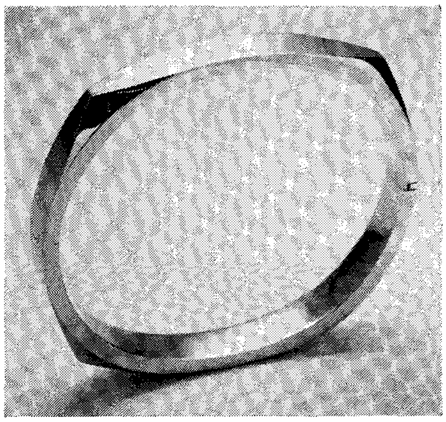

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tion. (A friend of mine, driving his wife and children from New Hampshire to New York City that afternoon, tuned in to the game on the car radio, grateful that it would help pass the early miles of the trip; the entertainment concluded four hours and thirteen minutes later, exactly at his apartment door.) The excessive happenings included several fly balls falling untouched out of the dazzling California cerulean for extra-base hits, homers by Garrett and Jones, triples by Campaneris and Bando and Jackson, five Oakland errors, four cannonlike hits by Reggie Jackson, Willie Mays stumbling on the base path, Willie Mays falling twice in the outfield, three hit batsmen, twelve A's left on base, fifteen Mets left on base, 49,151 disbelieving fans. The sway of the game went first toward the home-towners, who led early by 3–1 and would have led by more except for a misbegotten squeeze play; then toward the Mets, who put six straight men aboard in the sixth, scurrying around the bases on looped hits and little hoppers and an appalling wild throw past the plate by pitcher Darold Knowles; then back to the A's again, who tied the game at 6–6 by bringing across two runs with two out in the ninth inning. The Mets displayed gallantry of their own, to be sure, surviving a bad call at the plate (I still think) by umpire Augie Donatelli that cost them a run in the tenth, and the excruciating tension that falls upon the visiting team in an extra-innings free-for-all like this. In the end, the thing seemed to come down to a clear confrontation between a classic undermanager and an inveterate overmanager. Yogi Berra stayed with his ace reliever, McGraw, for six full innings, during which time he surrendered the tying ninth-inning runs; Tug, as usual, was both tough and brilliant—sighing heavily, cocking his chin at the enemy hitter, staring in for the sign, plucking the ball from his upheld glove like a cup from a tray, and then firing the screwball over the top for the strikeout.

Endless games produce endless possibilities, and so the twelfth brought us Willie Mays up at bat with two out and two on; he broke the tie with another bounced single—barely over the pitcher's head this time, and barely through second. It was the last at-bat and last hit and last triumph of his career. Jones singled, and the next two Met batters hit sure outs to second baseman Mike Andrews, who misplayed them both—a grounder right through the wickets, a terrible throw to first—allowing the last three Met runs

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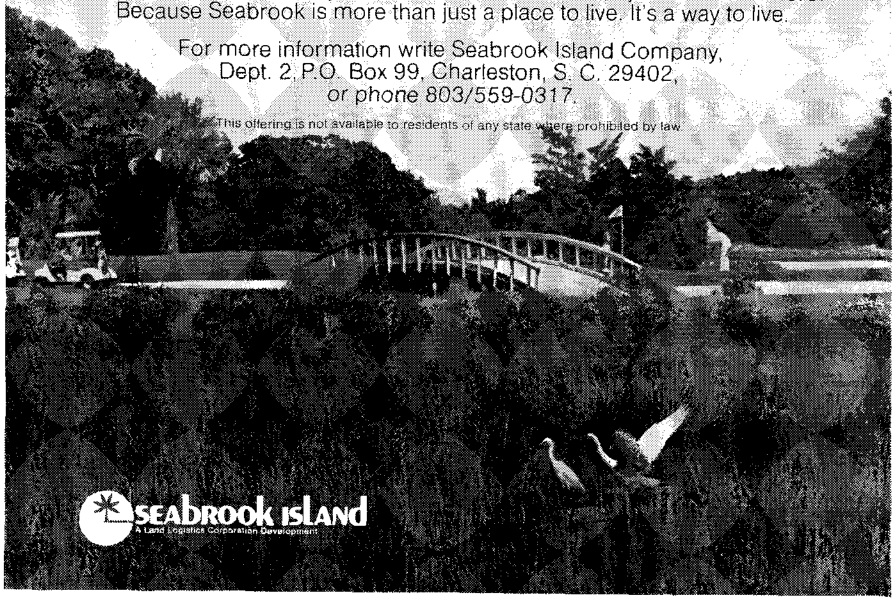
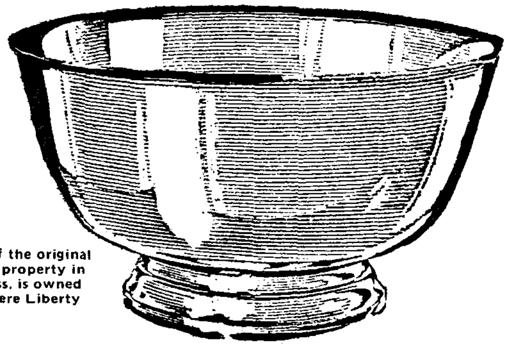


Paul Revere Liberty Bowl



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to come in. Andrews is not known as a fielder, but he was there because Dick Williams, the impatient Oakland manager, had used up two better second basemen along the way. Tom Seaver summed things up a few minutes later in the Mets' clamorous clubhouse. "You couldn't write a book about this one that would tell anybody how to play this game," he said.

There is some temptation to omit any mention of the two central figures of the third meeting, since neither of them was in uniform. The Mets, it will be recalled, lost the game by 3–2 in eleven innings, but most of the emotion of the evening centered on the errant and unfortunate Mike Andrews, who was languishing at his home in Peabody, Massachusetts, and on Charles O. Finley, the Oakland vizier, who had subjected Andrews to a medical examination immediately after the conclusion of the twelve-inning debacle and had then dropped him from the squad. The vindictiveness of this maneuver exceeded several low marks previously held by the excessive Mr. Finley, and this time his troops came to the very edge of mutiny. Fortunately, the commissioner quickly restored Andrews, and Manager Williams held a camp meeting for his players, at which he declared his own coming voluntary retirement and total disaffiliation with Finley and the A's after the end of the season. This may seem a curious form of encouragement for a team in the very midst of a World Series, but it should be understood that the vivid, what-the-hell morale of the A's has always been built out of a shared abhorrence of the man at the top. They display the utter unity of a pack of ragged and sequestered Dickensian schoolboys, and Charlie Finley is their Gradgrind.

In the game—which was played in prime but subarctic N.B.C. evening time—the Mets burst from the mark with a leadoff homer by Garrett, a single by Millan, and an exquisite wrong-field hit-and-run poke by Staub. Catfish Hunter now let the second run slip in on a wild pitch, but then slammed the door shut for good. Tom Seaver, his opposite, struck out nine Oaklands in the first five innings, and then, suddenly bereft of his fastball, was whacked for some frightening line drives in the sixth, somehow surrendering only one counter. Campaneris became the tying run in the eighth: a single, a steal of second off Tom's big motion and a super-slide under Grote's super-peg, a trip home on Joe Rudi's single. In the eleventh, after a succession of frigid agonies, Campy happened again. Met

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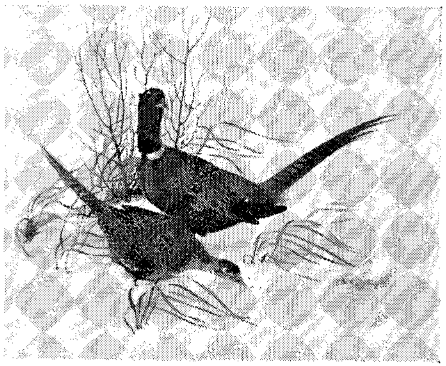
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relief man Harry Parker walked Ted Kubiak but fanned Angel Mangual, swinging, with a pitch that utterly fooled Jerry Grote as well. The passed ball put Kubiak on second and brought Campaneris to the plate, who whistled a single up the middle, sending Kubiak and, shortly thereafter, all the rest of us home.

Two misapprehensions about this heartbreaker seem possible—that Seaver should have done better, and that the visitors' win was somehow undeserved, because of the Mets' mistakes. Seaver came into this game after three hundred and seven innings of work this season—an enormous and exhausting burden for a man who throws as hard as he does. Furthermore, he had never fully recovered from the tender right shoulder that afflicted him in September. Pitching well under all conditions is one hallmark of a hundred-and-forty-thousand-dollar-a-year pitcher, and Tom, at far less than his best, very nearly pulled off a masterpiece—giving up two runs on seven hits, twelve strikeouts, and one walk. Oddly enough, the last figure suggests the aspect of Seaver's pitching that most awes his fellow-professionals. Most big-league hurlers never record a full season in which their combined total of walks and hits given up is lower than the total number of innings they have worked. Among the great fastball pitchers, Walter Johnson accomplished this feat nine times, Sandy Koufax four times, and Grover Cleveland Alexander three. Seaver did it this summer for the third time in his brief seven-year career, which puts him in good company indeed. As for the quality of the Oakland victory, it might be noted that this strategy of waiting for small errors (Seaver's failure to hold Campaneris close to first, Grote's passed ball) and then having the right man on the spot to capitalize (Campaneris, Rudi, Campaneris again) was the killing habit, the essential technique of victory, that kept the Yankees on top for more than four decades.

Subtleties were dispensed with the next night, which produced enormous ovations for three heroes—Rusty Staub, who hit a three-run homer in the first, a two-run single in the fourth, and two subsequent safeties; Jon Matlack, who surrendered three grudging hits and one unearned run; and Mike Andrews, miraculously restored, who was sent up to bat in the eighth (ah, there, Charlie Finley!) and shortly trotted back to the dugout in the midst of the loudest and longest accolade ever bestowed upon a pinch-hitter grounding into an infield out. The

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Mets won by 6–1, retying the Series. Staub's socko performance at the plate was achieved in spite of the shoulder injury he had sustained in the penultimate playoff game, which still made it impossible for him to throw overhand. He was also the only person on the frigid premises in bare-armed décolletage—not an affectation for a player who had survived three seasons in Montreal, where, as he explained later, outfield weather conditions can be toughening, sometimes even requiring the ingestion of a little cognac after a night game. For Mr. Finley, the evening must have seemed a mite draggy. When he stood up for the visitors' seventh-inning stretch, the Mets' folding-sign man flashed him a "SIT DOWN, YA BUM!," and when Andrews came up to bat in the eighth, there were rolling, defiant waves of applause from every part of the park. Finley clapped a bit, too, and then waved his green-and-gold banner. Caligula never had a night like that.

The last winter exercise—the final game in New York, and the coldest baseball game in my memory—offered various perceptions and rewards. This Series, though more crowded and eventful than a samurai drama, had not yet brought us a single game of top quality; between them, the two clubs had so far committed thirteen errors (with a good many other transgressions going forgiven) and had left eighty-four men on base. Strangely, the Mets had outhit the dangerous A's, who had yet to record a single homer; the Mets had won the two free-hitting affairs and, strangest of all, had lost the two close ones because of poor defense. Now we were owed something better. The business at hand began in lively fashion when Rusty Staub, batting against Vida Blue in the bottom of the first, knocked off a burning line foul that entered my part of the mezzanine like a SAM missile and caught a late-coming male patron in the back of the right thigh. He sagged to the steps, while nearby patrons explained, "Staub hit that! Staub did it!" The fan looked pained but ecstatic, like a man who has just received a personal message from Jove.

Something better began almost at once—some rabbit-quick infield plays by Bud Harrelson; some darting, quite uncharacteristic fastballs by Jerry Koosman, who said later that the dry, cold air made it impossible for him to grip the ball properly for his meal-ticket pitch, the curve. Jerry also solved the Campaneris problem, with a terrific double-leaning, Warren Spahn pickoff move in the third inning which caught

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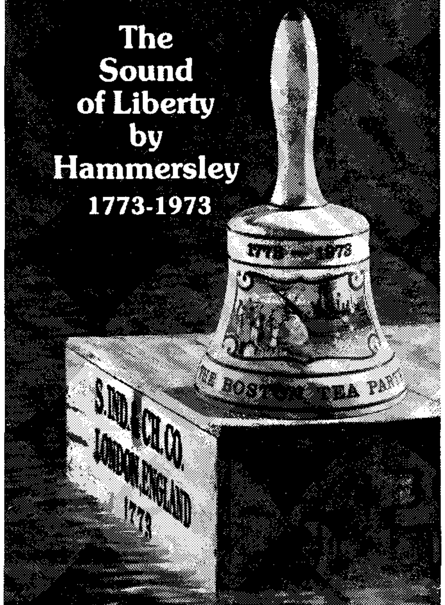

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Koosman threw a shutout, it turned out, winning by a bare 2–0, and there were dashing plays afield to keep us shouting and pointing—Felix Millan running at full speed away from the plate and pulling down a shallow fly at the last instant between two inrushing outfielders; a heart-stopping leap and catch by Joe Rudi as he crashed into the left-field barrier; Bud Harrelson making wonderful stops and throws all over his spacious rangeland. Once, he robbed Reggie Jackson with an effortless scoop and force-play toss from directly behind second base; Reggie stopped dead in the base path and stared at him incredulously: What are you doing over *there*, man? Then McGraw came in and twice put on the tying runs with walks, and twice survived scary line-drive outs (Jesus Alou, disgusted, sent his green batting helmet spinning into the air), and the upper decks cried "Dee-fense! Dee-fense!" and Tug pitched out, and in the ninth, all together for the last time this year, we sang "Good-byye, Char-lee, we hate to see you go-oh-oh!" in a deafening chorus, and the Mets were ahead in the World Series.

I DID not go back to Oakland. After the winter party in the stands, and after seeing the exuberant cheerfulness in the Mets' clubhouse that night, which almost suggested a Series victory celebration, I decided that Finleyland could not contain deeper rewards. What I secretly feared, of course, was almost exactly what came to pass. In Game Six, Tom Seaver, with very little left but guile (it seemed to me, watching via television), gave up run-scoring doubles to Reggie Jackson in the first inning and again in the

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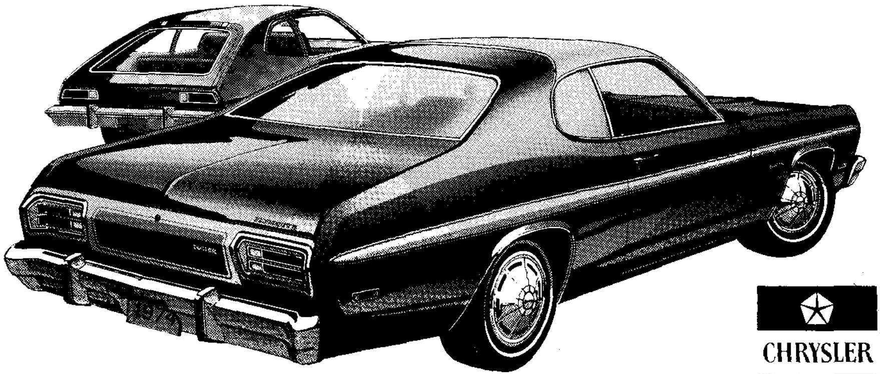

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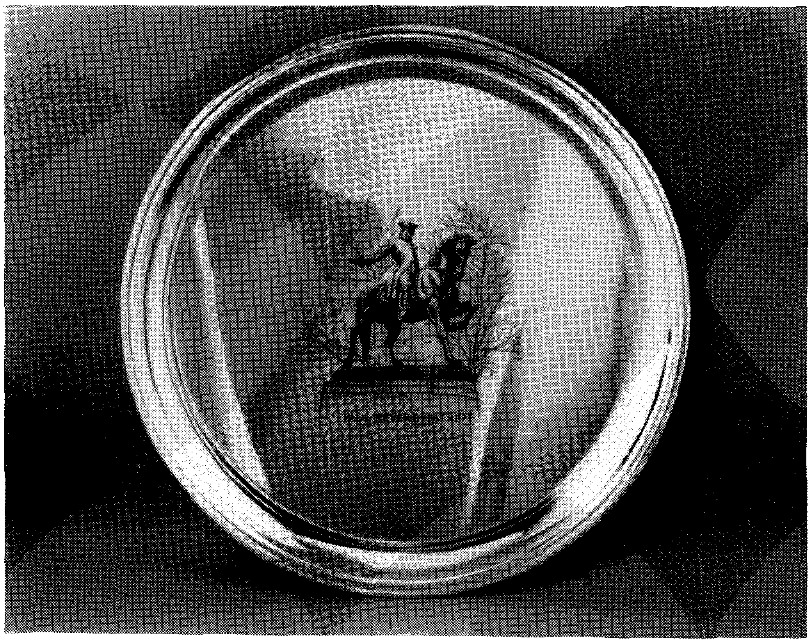

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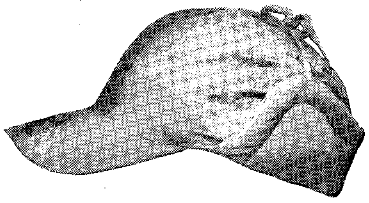

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third (with an Oakland runner scoring all the way from first because Rusty Staub still could not throw), and a third A's run came across on still another Met error, by Don Hahn this time. Somehow, the Mets kept it close, but Darold Knowles (in relief of Hunter) came in and fanned Rusty, with two runners aboard, on three fiery fastballs, to nail down the game, 3–1, and tie the Series for the last time. The next day, the A's won the big game, 5–2, as Jon Matlack's almost unparalleled streak of sustained great pitching came to an end. In collecting his first six outs of the day, he completed forty-two innings in which he had surrendered exactly one earned run. Now, in the third, in the space of a bare minute or two, Holtzman doubled and Campaneris homered on the very next pitch; Rudi singled and, after an out, Reggie Jackson homered to deepest right-center field—four hits, four runs, one World Championship. The moment Jackson hit his shot, he dropped his bat at his feet and stood stock-still at the plate, watching it go. I thought he could be forgiven this gesture; he was, after all, the big gun of the A's, and he had shot us down in the end.

Everyone could be forgiven, it seemed. The Mets' super pitching had finally been worn away (Matlack's last two starts had been on three days' rest), and Oakland had won with its power, its depth, and its own fine pitching (their two top relievers, Rollie Fingers and Darold Knowles, had a combined earned-run average of 0.45 over twenty innings). The Oakland victory represented the first back-to-back championship by any team since the 1961-62 Yankees, and I could not think of any pennant winner in the interim that deserved the honor more. If the renewed championship seemed an undue reward for the likes of Mr. Finley, it was the only conceivably sufficient compensation for his embattled workmen. As for the Mets—ah, the Mets! What can one feel for them but gratitude for such a season of prizes, for a summer that lasted, in the end, just two afternoons too long?

—ROGER ANGELL

◆

In remarks at the installation ceremony at the Ontario Municipal Court building, George W. Porter, president of the Western San Bernardino County Bar Association, said Judge Hildreth "won't sit on an ivory tower."

Porter said Judge Hildreth grew up in southeast Los Angeles, "where you can't sit on an ivory tower."—*Ontario-Upland (Calif.) Daily Report.*

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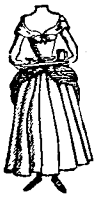

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A Moment in Time

Twyla Tharp is the Nijinska of our time. "Deuce Coupe," an unidealized portrait of American youth in the nineteen-sixties, is her "Les Biches," and "As Time Goes By," an abstract fantasy about individuals against the blank canvas of a tribal society, is her "Les Noces." Of course I'm generalizing, but not, I hope, idly. "As Time Goes By," created this season for the Joffrey Ballet and employing an all-Joffrey cast and Haydn music, is a study of classical dancing. Its "tribal" ethos is that of young, hard-working New York-American dancers, subspecies Joffrey, and its light-speckled fancies and serene inversions of classical principles are as far from the iron wit of "Les Noces" as the heterogeneous home-style social dances of "Deuce Coupe" are from the monolithic encounters of that Parisian salon in "Les Biches." Nevertheless, the parallel persists between Twyla Tharp and ballet's greatest woman choreographer. I think that, like Nijinska's, Twyla Tharp's work exacts a primitive force of expression from its subject, which is classical ballet. It seems to seek out first principles and turn them over with curiosity, finding new excitement in what lies on the other side of orthodoxy. And it gains a secondary kind of raw power from what seem deliberate lapses from ballet decorum and refinement. Sometimes, a classical step is resolved with a new twist; it forms itself and then re-forms itself backward. But sometimes the step itself isn't all there; it seems truncated or only half-quoted; the effect is of a surgical cut, a slash at the fat body of unusable style. The negations and distortions of Nijinska's choreography cut away rhetorical flab. The turned-in toes and obsessive stiff pointwork of "Les Noces" were a radical distortion, necessary if women's feet and not simply their points were to become significant once more on the stage. In much the same way, Twyla Tharp is moving toward a new quality of plain speech in classical choreography. At times, she seems to be on the verge of creating a new style, a new humanity, for classical-ballet dancers. If she doesn't go all the way to a full enunciation of that style, that is probably because the ballet is not long enough. Time, in this ballet, goes by much too fast.

"As Time Goes By" is in four sections, quasi-dramatic in their progression. Beginning with the Individual, it moves on to the Group, then to the Mass, and finally back to the Individual. (These designations are my own; I prefer them to the unevocative titles in the program.) The opening solo is danced by Beatriz Rodriguez in silence. It is a concise statement of the material that will be developed, a ball of string that will be unwound. We see semaphore arms, snake hips, pirouettes stopped in mid-whirl, a paroxysm of flexions in relevé. Rodriguez, who looked childlike in "Deuce Coupe," is transformed again. She is monumental, like a Nijinska iron woman. Three boys and two girls join her (Adix Carman, Henry Berg, William Whitener, Eileen Brady, and Pamela Nearhoof), and the music begins—the Minuet and Trio of Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony. The dance that accompanies it is not one dance but six—one for each member of the sextet. All six dances go on at the same time, now linking up, now separating, and all the while moving from one tight cellular cluster to another. This sextet, which builds up the fascination and the deadpan humor of a clockwork toy, is a classical arrangement of the Tharpian group dance and typically democratic. The multifocal viewpoint makes a special event of the partnering (which keeps changing hands). It also eliminates the conventional hierarchy of the ballet ensemble. No one here is a ballerina; anyone may partner or be partnered. The sextet builds up pressure, too. The little hexagonal unit seems to become more and more confining, but the sweet musicianship of the choreography keeps the scene clear, its density unharrowing.

The music breaks off, and one of the girls does a little walk-around in silence as new dancers enter. The Presto movement of the symphony starts. Suddenly, the stage seems to expand to unbelievable size. Dancers pour on and spread out. The broadened pattern has released us, but the tempo has stepped up the pressure, and we redouble our concentration. Now, against a complex background of moving dancers, solo variations occur; one, for Nearhoof, is galvanically funny, though at this breathless speed the laughs can't keep up with the jokes. Nor can we keep up with the ballet. There is no time to ponder the new logic of the steps—

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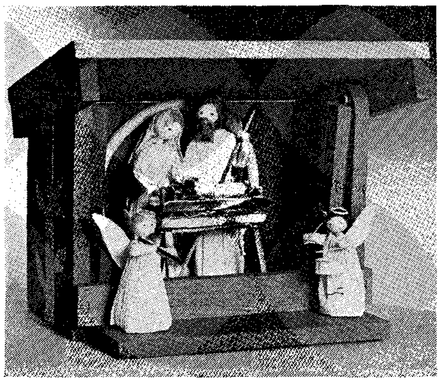

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new in the way they combine close musical fit with a "natural" loose look suited to each individual dancer; there's just time enough to enjoy it. One would like the key to that new logic; what makes it work at this tempo? Whatever it is, the result is a hyperkinesthesia that takes hold of the audience and doesn't let up until, once more, Haydn waves his wand and the dancers stroll nonchalantly away.

The end of the piece is as Haydn would have wished it. To the Adagio finale of the "Farewell"—so called because the instrumentation thins out until only two violins are left—a dancer (Larry Grenier, whose attenuated lyrical style is itself a statement of slackening force) moves alone while others set about disappearing in a fashion that is unpredictable and sometimes chancy. A girl leaves, only to return a moment later. A boy lifts a girl off, turning her twice in the air, so another girl has to duck three times to avoid being hit. Ultimately, Grenier is *all* alone, having spun out the last thin skein of movement.

"As Time Goes By" is not a pretentious enough ballet to make people feel that they have witnessed a heroic new undertaking in choreography. Its fifteen minutes are loaded with interest, but, like all of Twyla Tharp's work, the piece is peculiarly horizonless. Although each work she has made is self-contained and perfectly lucid in its own terms, each seems almost accidentally bound by the rise and fall of a curtain, and to be part of a larger continuity that exists out of time—out of the time, that is, of this ballet we have just seen. Somewhere, perhaps, there are unseen dancers unrolling the patterns and following up every implication, but we in the audience are spared their tortuous zeal. Twyla Tharp makes us feel that a ballet is nothing more than divisions of a choreographer's time. Although she understands cheap sensation and uses it well, there is no gloss, no appeal for attention, no careerism, in her work. It's amusing to think of what a promoter like Diaghilev would have done with her. First, I think, he would retitle the sections of this ballet "Ariadne," "Athens," "The Labyrinth," and "Theseus." Cocteau would write the program notes and design the costumes. (The ones we have, by the Seventh Avenue designer Chester Weinberg, are examples of modest chic in shades of taupe.) Diaghilev would call the whole piece "The Minotaur," because there's no Minotaur in it, and he would proclaim "La Tharp" the herald of a new age. Which she is.

—Arlene Croce

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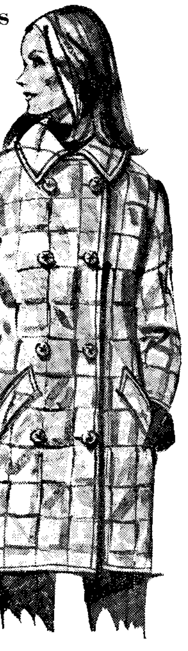

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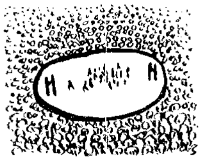
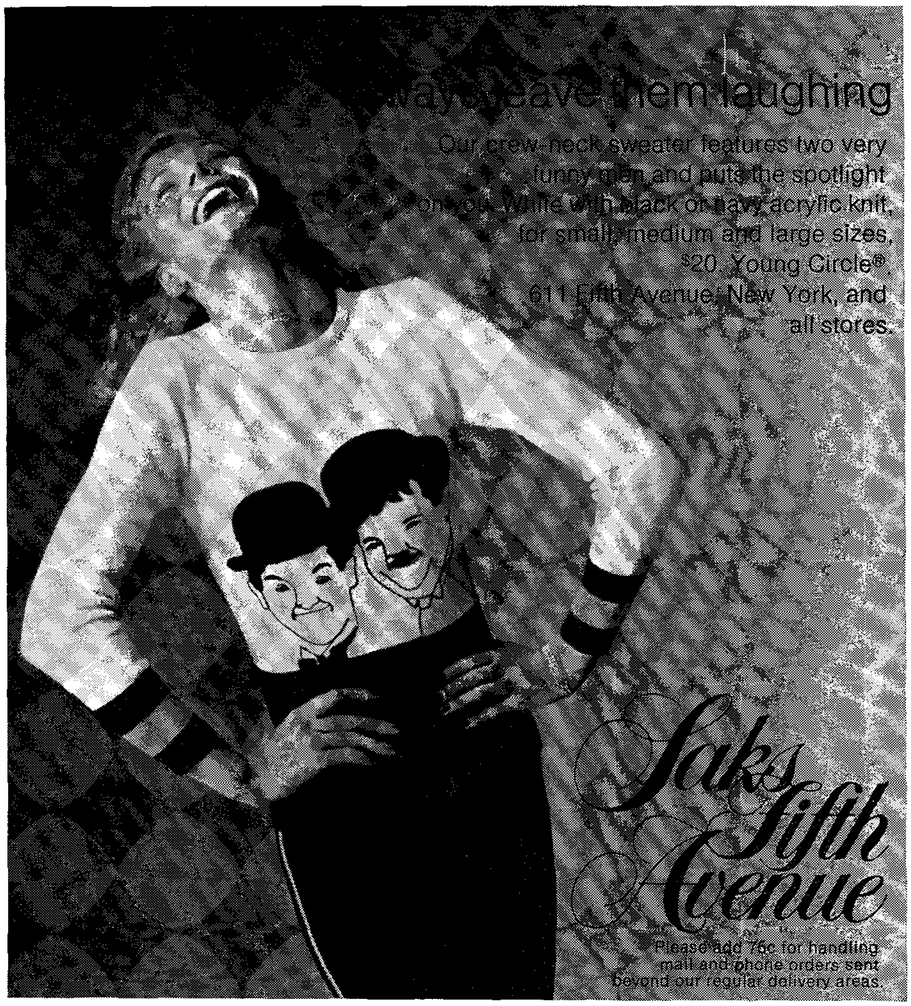


Crowe Magnon, this commentator's roving observer, is typing out—using, as always, only his right index finger—his proposal for a grant-in-aid from the Ford Foundation. His project is this: After the professional season ends (he has inside information that it *will* end), twelve or so of the organisms that have been part of it shall be rented out to him, shall be refurbished in ambiguously tinted uniforms, and shall be set to playing a round robin. This event will be large enough to make it unnecessary for there to be any gap at all in the professional season, though that is not why Magnon thought it up; he further proposes that there shall be assembled a board of reviewers—to be chosen even more randomly than the test group assembled by the Harris-poll investigators—that will be asked to decide, following upon the last roundup, what teams they think they have been watching, and on what days. There will, naturally, be appropriate recompense for the members of the board—a year's free services, with live-in privileges, at an oculists' (or analysts') center, and a three-year holiday in the Republic of South Africa, which has no television. In the more scholarly regions of this national sport, the problem of recognition is not always as severe; the arbitrary removal, by the mere act of commencement, of a third of each task force every year can compel a perpetual readjusting of techniques to suit the skills of what personnel is proffered the coaching staff.

If a sport is to be a sport, then, let there be more offshoots from by-the-book drudgery. Item: Last Sunday, Barkum, lining up at left end for the Jets, crosses over, left to right, meeting Woodall, going right to left, takes the ball from him, and flees down the right side for forty yards before any Patriots can get to him. It is just the old, almost discarded end-around flaring briefly and splendidly into life again. (Let us overlook the annoying fact that a penalty on the maneuver will keep Barkum's sortie off the records.) Item: On Saturday, Yale, which has been in and out of bed this fall as often as a twelve-year-old with the croup, is losing again, now to Pennsylvania, and it is stalled, at fourth down, on Penn's five. What to do? Well, Doyle, at quarterback, takes the ball from center,



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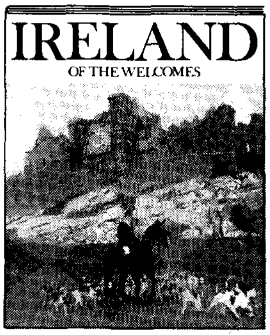

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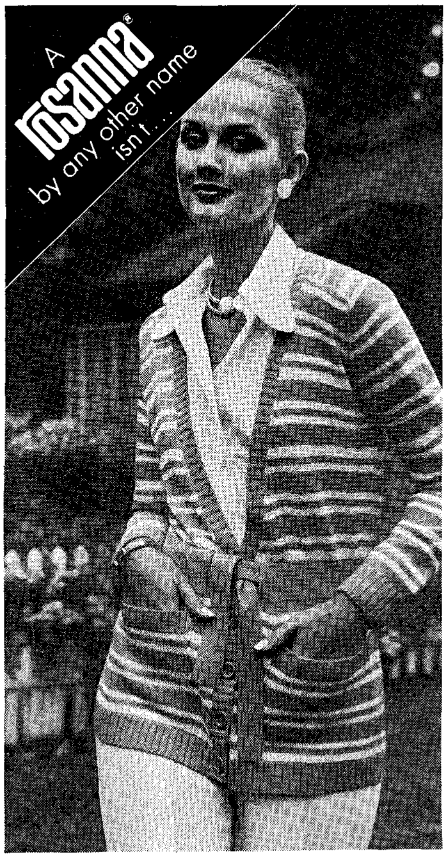
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floats toward Gesicki, at wingback, gives him the ball, and moves, empty-handed, toward the Penn goal. But empty-handed for only seconds: Gesicki fades instead of running, then pops the ball over everyone else's head to Doyle, and Yale knocks Penn off the top shelf in the Ivy League, 24–21. What has been going on? It's a move out of the old, almost discarded single-wing playbook, on public view once more. And as for the Giants, have they not acquired a new identity since Randy Johnson joined up at quarterback to direct Ron Johnson at halfback? The touchdown they worked out against the Cowboys last Sunday seems to prove it. And Rich Glover, the celebrated Nebraskan, showed to advantage in the Giants' defensive line, intent as a sparrow hawk on the action, and following one Cowboy's bouncing ball so alertly that he shut off a practically inescapable enemy touchdown. Cowboys 23, Giants 10, but the home team looked better than it had all season.

Harvard, whose manner of play makes it unique indeed, worked things out, 19–14, against a Princeton that was nearly as troublesome as Dartmouth had been a fortnight before—a Princeton whose alternating pattern of skill and shambles continues to keep it in difficulties. Harvard may not be the Harvard of fifty years ago—the one that overturned Indiana and Georgia and tied Penn State—but it will do for these times. Dartmouth kept step with Harvard at the top of the Ivy League by picking off Columbia, 24–6. And Brown cleaned up Cornell, 17–7; how doth the busy Brown improve (from week to week) its shining hour!

Army (good field, no hit), without its three best fielders—Ward, Miller, and Armstrong—hadn't a chance against puissant, hard-packed Miami but performed as if it didn't know: Miami 19, Army 7. Ah, well. Army's hundred-and-fifty-pounders, though, met Navy's ditto ditto, and, coming up fast on the inside, topped them off, 27–24—the squad's hundredth match and eighty-seventh triumph.—J. W. L.

•

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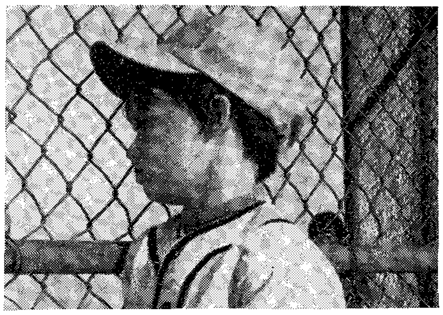

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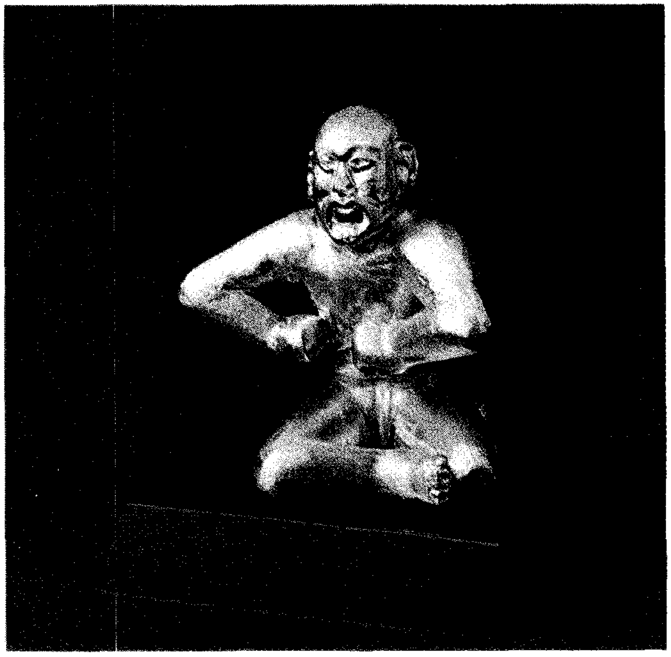

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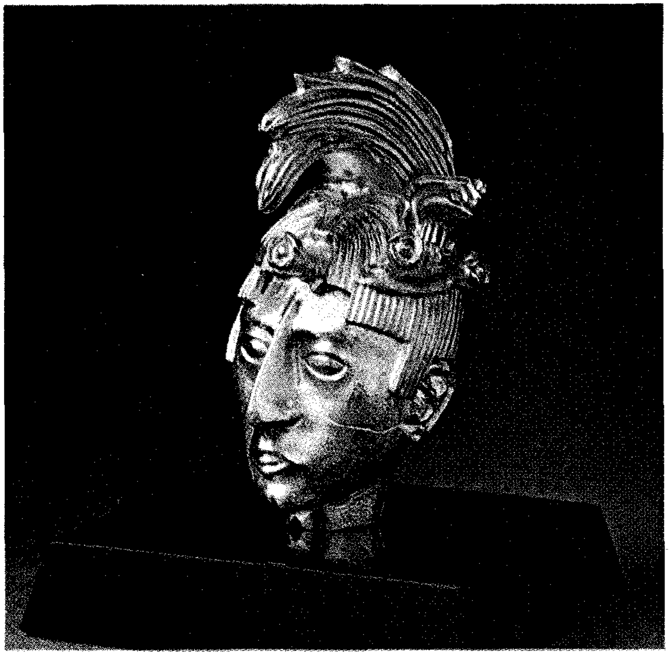

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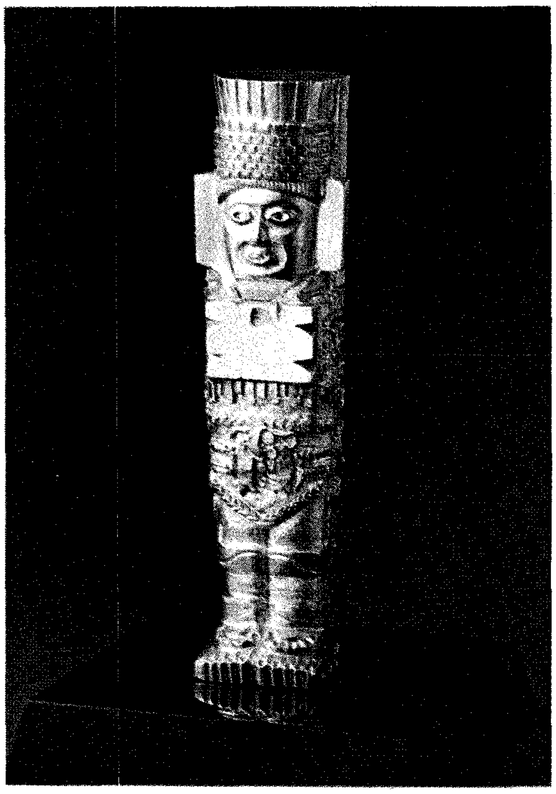

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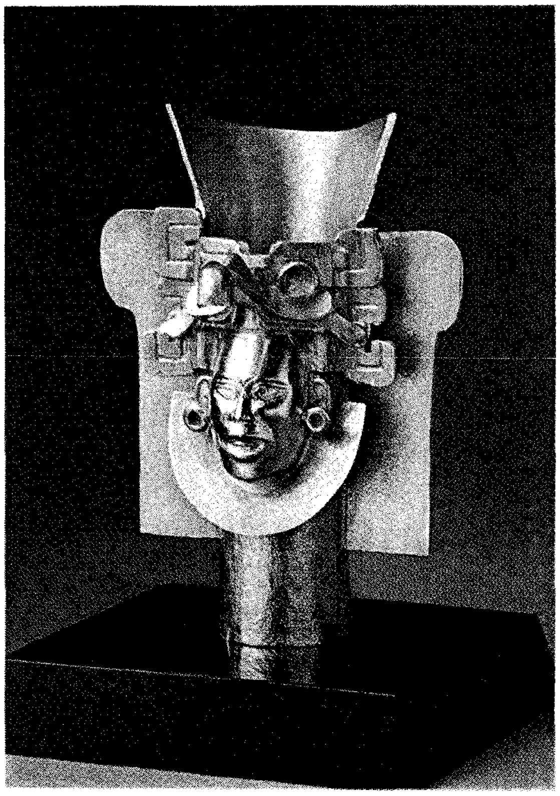

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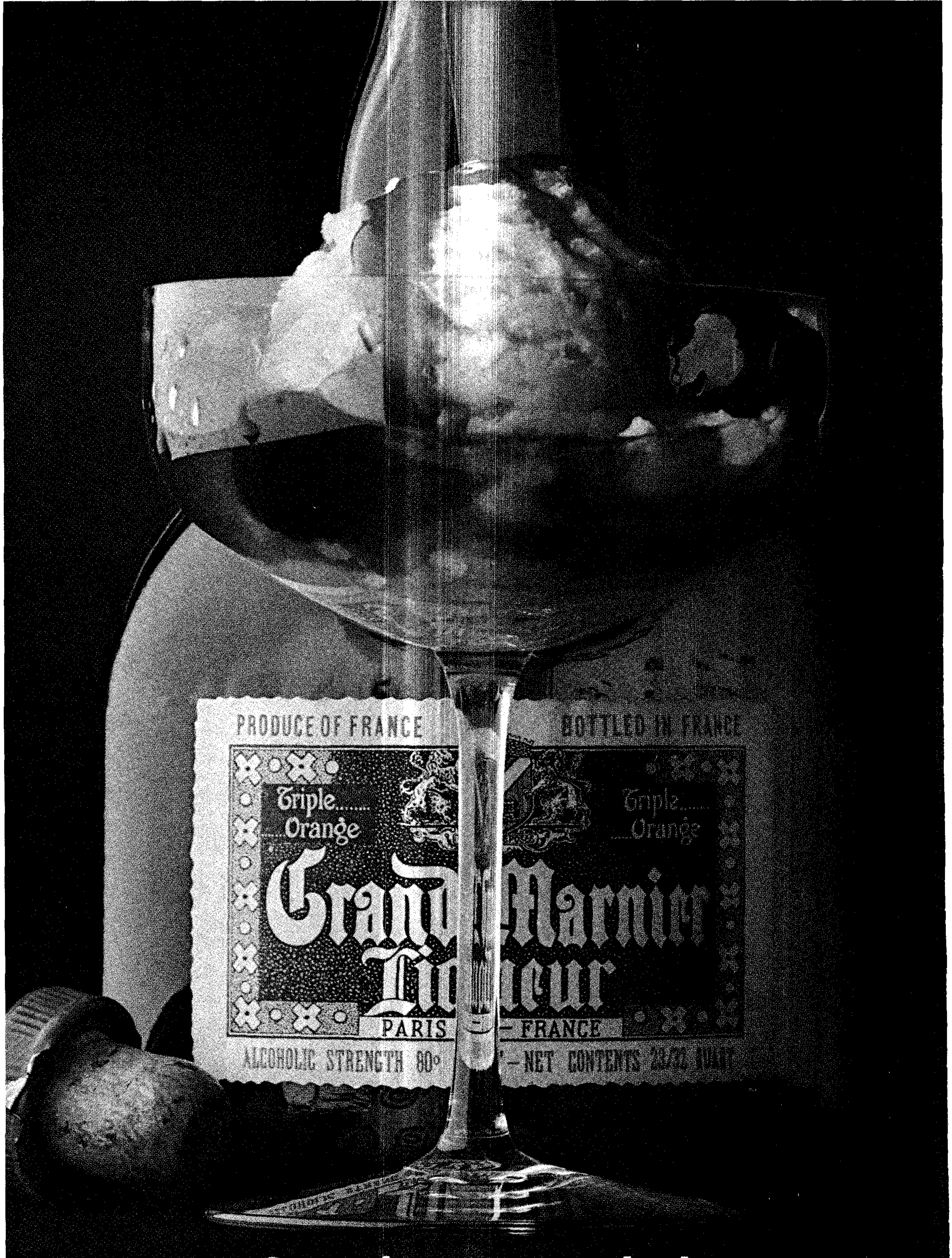
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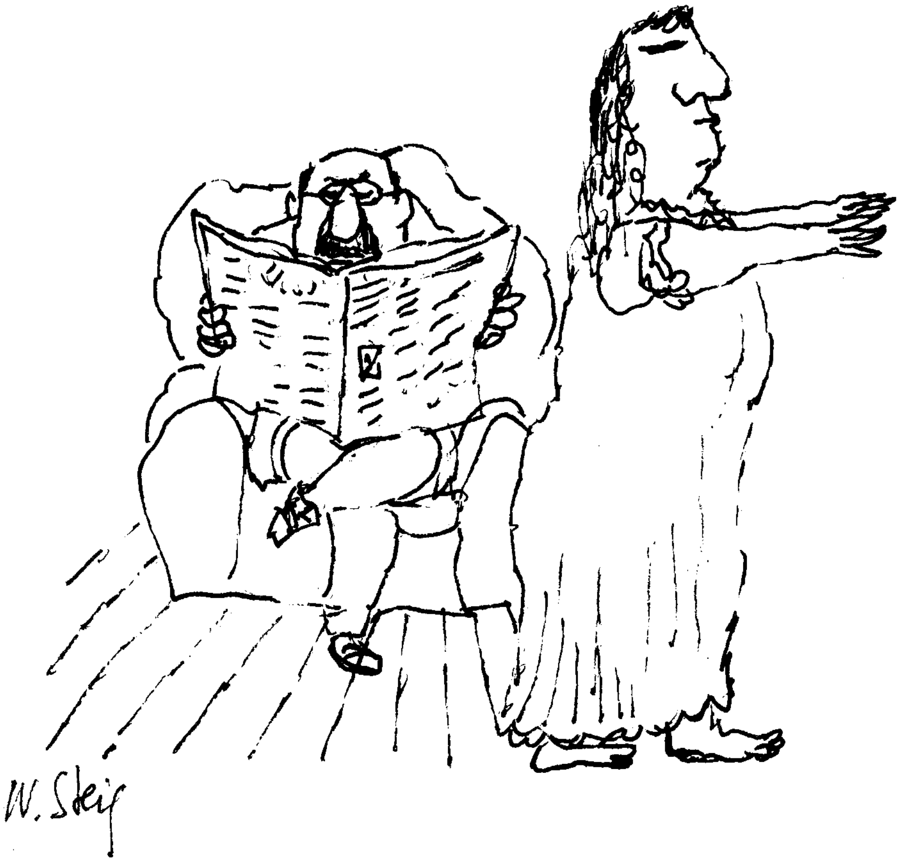
AROUND CITY HALL

IN CLOVER

WHEN John Lindsay arrived at City Hall to take over as mayor, shortly before two o'clock in the morning on January 1, 1966, he found that the outgoing Democrats had cleaned his new office out of supplies, down to the last pencil stub and paper clip, and that on the mayor's desk, which is a copy of the writing table used by President Washington in 1790, when New York was the nation's capital, someone had propped up a photograph of General Douglas MacArthur inscribed "I shall return." The reason Lindsay, who had tentatively settled on the term "Proud City" as the theme of his new administration, was at City Hall in the middle of the night instead of at his Inaugural Ball was the threat by Transport Workers Union president Mike Quill to take his men out on strike at 5 A.M., leaving the city with no subway or bus service. After weeks of negotiation, the outgoing administration of Mayor Robert Wagner had left the problem to the new mayor; Wagner, in fact, had flown off to Mexico City two days earlier. "You are nothing but a juvenile, a lightweight, and a pipsqueak . . ." Quill had shouted at Lindsay that night. "You don't know anything about labor unions." The strike, during which the new mayor had Quill and eight of his lieutenants jailed for a while in the Tombs, lasted thirteen days, getting Lindsay's administration off to a disastrous start, from which, in many respects, it never recovered. Eight years later, in the week Lindsay's successor was elected, it was clear that the outgoing mayor was not going to be allowed to get out of town in time to dump the city's labor problems on the new man at City Hall. Contracts were under negotiation with the city's police, fire, and sanitation unions—the Uniformed Firefighters Association being the most militant of the three, after years in which it had been content to go along with whatever terms were won by the policemen's union, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. Last week, many of the city's eleven thousand firemen, protesting the failure of the city to meet their demands for a two-thousand-dollar raise over their present base pay of fourteen thousand three hundred dollars and other concessions—all of which, the city's Director of Labor Relations said, would increase the annual cost of fighting fires in New York to nearly seven hundred and fifty million dollars—began refusing to respond to fire alarms, a move that they insisted was not a strike but a "withdrawal of dedication." The peril that now faced New Yorkers was not a long walk home but the fire next time. On the same day, which was the day of the election of the new mayor, fourteen hundred employees of the *News* and thirty thousand members of the hospital workers' union were also on strike. Two of these walkouts were short-lived—the *News* strike was settled, and the firemen agreed to submit their demands to an arbitration panel, with the eventual outcome still uncertain. The hospital workers, though, despite a court order, did not go back to work immediately. Meanwhile, the police and sanitation workers' unions were said to be discussing the withdrawal of their dedication if their terms were not met, and no one was betting that on the day John Lindsay left City Hall, as on the day he arrived there, Proud City would not be Strike City.

Lindsay hasn't said whether he will leave any message on his desk as he departs, but the one the Democrats left for him has, of course, proved prophetic. Last week's election made it official that next January 1st the Democrats will return to City Hall. For the most part, they won't be the kind of Democrats who have decided rather far along in life, and after a long non-Democratic career, that the Democratic Party best suits their political philosophy and their own political prospects—as Lindsay did in August, 1971, at the age of forty-nine. The Democrats who will be returning to the mayor's quarters, in the west wing of City Hall, or regularly visiting there, are likely to be lifelong Party members who in many cases started out, like Mayor-elect Abraham Beame, doing odd jobs for district leaders (Beame's political fraternity house was the Madison Club, on Church Avenue, in Brooklyn), and, in some cases, owe to such alliances most of whatever prominence and prosperity they currently enjoy and expect soon to have enhanced. "A job for each member, right after November. A job for each crony, all else is baloney. Patronage is a leader's best friend," sang a frolicsome Party worker at an amateur musical comedy that the Brooklyn Democratic county organization put on as a fund-raiser two and a half weeks before the election. Among the star soft-shoe performers in the show, entitled "Let's Compromise—and Do It My Way," was Stanley Steingut, minority leader of the State Assembly, who, changing the title of "Danny Boy" to "Bobby Boy," sang, "You want the City Council? I'll buy you the Council," to his twenty-seven-year-old son Robert, who



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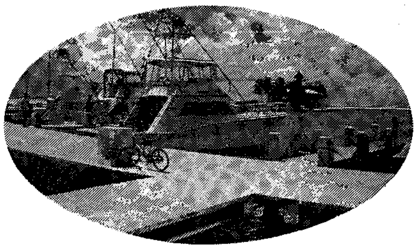
was about to be elected Brooklyn councilman-at-large. Someday, he also promised in song, he would make Bobby mayor of the city—"like I did Abe Beame." Beame did a turn of his own in the show. To the tune of the old number about looking over a four-leaf clover, he sang, "When it's all over, we'll all be in clover, when I am mayor of New York."

Although the soft-shoe routines of the outgoing mayor are famous and his use of the patronage powers of his office may on occasion have been almost as crude as that of Boss Tweed's mayor, Oakey Hall, there is nevertheless a general feeling here that, beginning January 1st, after an eight-year aberration, politics in New York will once again be conforming to a traditional urban American pattern. Fundamental issues that will take up whole chapters in future history books may occupy officeholders in Washington and many state capitals, and in these places it is taken for granted that most influential politicians probably have at least one eye on high national office, including the Presidency. By contrast, the big cities, where at least two-thirds of all Americans now live, or at least spend their working hours, have traditionally been parochial enclaves outside the mainstream of national politics, governed by leaders whose interests rarely extend beyond the city limits and whose political ambitions have also been expected to end there. The fact that down through history being elected mayor of the nation's largest city has meant reaching the end of the political line doesn't seem to be a source of worry to most New York politicians. Many of them, in fact, treated Lindsay's brief pursuit of the Democratic Presidential nomination in the early months of 1972 as not only foolhardy but a betrayal of his obligations to the city (although Governor Rockefeller's three attempts to win the Republican Presidential nomination never caused him to be called a traitor to the state). Abe Beame often got his biggest hand during his campaign appearances this year when he promised that if he was elected he would not let his attention stray from the city's business but would regard being mayor of New York as the ultimate triumph of his career.

During the campaign that mercifully ended last week, with Beame winning by fifty-seven per cent of the vote over his three opponents, it often seemed that local history was being made at an infinitely slower speed than political history elsewhere—at half the turntable revolutions per minute, perhaps. It was in November, 1972, that Albert Blumenthal, a leading Reform

The unhurried uncrowded holiday



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BELO HORIZONTE, BRAZIL - CASEWORKER REPORT
TO FAMILY HELPER PROJECT, SAO DOMINGOS

NAME: MARTA MARIA DA SYLVA

AGE: 4½ YEARS NATIVE PLACE: BELO HORIZONTE

ORDER OF BIRTH: LAST CHILD (LIVING)

HEALTH: FAIR, VITAMIN DEPRIVED WITH POSSIBLE DAMAGE TO HER EYESIGHT. CUTS AND BRUISES ON BACK & LEGS.

CHARACTERISTICS: CHEERFUL, BRIGHT, AFFECTIONATE, SPEAKS WITH SLIGHT LISP.

PARENTS CONDITION:
FATHER: BLIND, ASKS ALMS ON THE STREETS.
MOTHER: DECEASED. DIED IN CHILDBIRTH (INFANT STILLBORN).

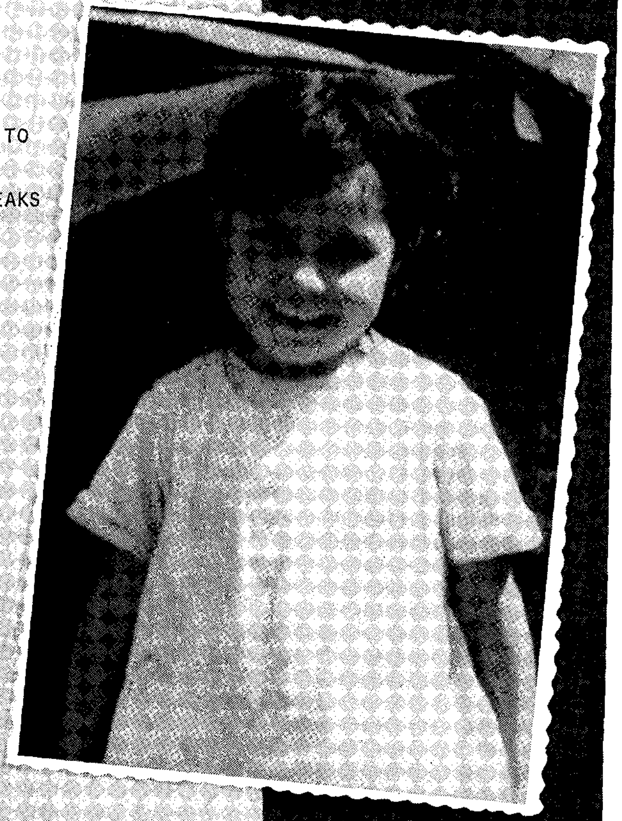
INVESTIGATION REPORT:
MARTA'S FATHER SUFFERED FROM AN ILLNESS SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHICH LEFT HIM BLIND. HE CAN GET ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY FROM BEGGING. HE CANNOT TAKE CARE OF, OR PROTECT HIS CHILDREN. HOME SITUATION BAD. THERE IS LIVING WITH THE FAMILY AN "UNCLE" WHO IS CRUEL AND IS SUSPECTED OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF, AND BEATING THE BOYS (MARTA'S OLDER BROTHERS). SO FAR ONLY PUNISHES MARTA. FATHER PITIFUL IN HIS PLEA THAT WE HELP MARTA. HE IS TERRIFIED AT WHAT MAY BECOME OF HER. BEGS US TO HELP SO THEY CAN MOVE AWAY FROM UNCLE'S HOUSE. (HUT APPEARS TO BELONG TO THIS "UNCLE.")

HOME CONDITIONS:
HOUSE: TWO ROOM HUT OCCUPIED BY MARTA, HER TWO BROTHERS, HER FATHER AND A MAN THEY CALL UNCLE BUT WHOSE ACTUAL RELATIONSHIP TO THE FAMILY IS NOT CLEAR. THE "UNCLE" IS A BRUTAL MAN AND IT APPEARS LIKELY HIS "PUNISHMENTS" ACCOUNT FOR THE BRUISES & CUTS ON MARTA. FATHER FEARS THE UNCLE BUT BEING BLIND IS UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING. HOUSE IS DIRTY - NO SANITATION OR RUNNING WATER.

BROTHERS: ALIMIRO FELIX DA SYLVA - AGE 8 YEARS
ANTONIO ADRIANO DA SYLVA - AGE 7 YEARS

REMARKS: IN SPITE OF BAD HOME LIFE, MARTA IS A TRUSTING, SWEET CHILD. BUT SOON SHE MUST CHANGE IF HELP DOESN'T COME. FATHER IS EAGERLY WILLING TO COOPERATE IN ALL WAYS IF CCF CAN FIND SPONSOR FOR MARTA AND ENROLL HER IN FHP PROGRAM.

URGENT: RECOMMEND IMMEDIATE ACCEPTANCE INTO CCF SAO DOMINGOS FHP.



Every day our workers around the world receive reports like this one on Marta (her real name is not used to protect her future).

And then our staff must make the terrible decision—which child can we help? And which child must be turned away?

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And of course, Marta is only *one* example of thousands of youngsters around the world who desperately need your assistance. Could you turn away such a child, and still sleep at night?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor a child like Marta. Just fill out the coupon and mail it with your first monthly check. In about two weeks you will receive a photo and personal history of the child you are helping.

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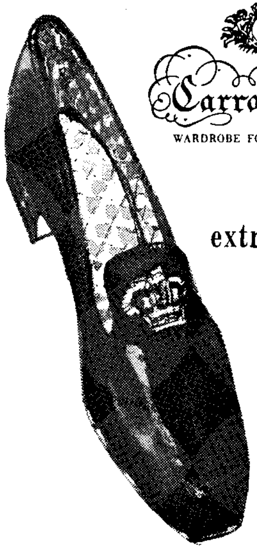

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Democrat and the deputy minority leader of the State Assembly, announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination and thus became among the first to enter the mayoral race. In last week's finale, running as the Liberal Party candidate, he came in third, with sixteen per cent of the vote. The Republican candidate, State Senator John Marchi, came in second, with not quite one per cent more votes than Blumenthal. The Conservative candidate, Representative Mario Biaggi, was last, with eleven per cent. Of the city's three and three-quarters million registered voters, well over two million had not bothered to go to the polls. It was the lowest turnout in a mayoral election since 1929, and Beame's total of about nine hundred and sixty thousand votes, described as a "landslide," was actually lower than the more than a million votes that gave Lindsay a mere plurality in 1969. During the year between the two Novembers, and especially in the months since June, when the Democratic primary and subsequent runoff left the outcome of only a handful of races for municipal office in doubt in this heavily Democratic city, the local campaign would probably have seemed a painfully slow-motion affair even if in the same period on the national scene one political shock hadn't been following another at a headlong rate. On occasion, when there was a brief lull in the staccato announcements out of Washington, the voices of the four candidates for mayor could be heard in the background on the evening news, assuring New Yorkers, almost in unison, that the problems of local senior citizens (among whom the percentage of voters is exceptionally high) were being shamefully ignored, or that scatter-site housing in middle-income areas for low-income residents, meaning blacks (among whom the percentage of voters is exceptionally low), was all right in principle, *but.* Four years ago, one aspect of Lindsay's campaign for reëlection was of sufficient concern to the President of the United States for Mr. Nixon to send H. R. Haldeman a note about it. Lindsay, then a Republican, had got into a dispute with some local Democrats who objected to his strong opposition to the Vietnam war. Of Lindsay's election victory, Nixon wrote, "The press, of course, will try to interpret this as a referendum on Vietnam." It was "vitally important," he continued, that this interpretation "be nailed . . . as strongly as possible" and blamed instead on the "collapse" of Lindsay's Democratic opposition. Even if the President had time for this kind of correspondence nowadays, it is un-

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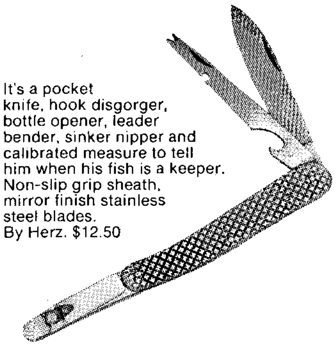

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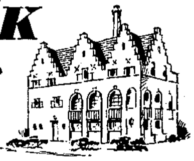

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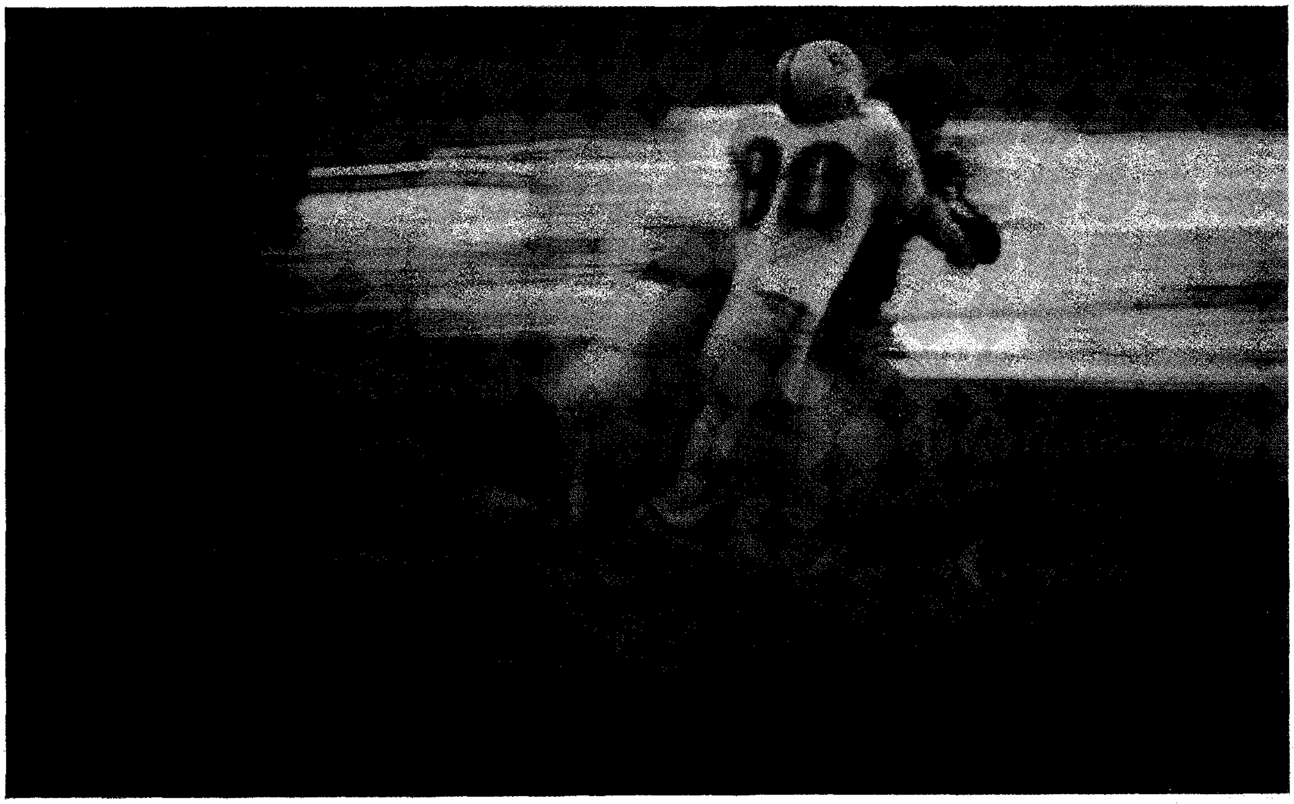

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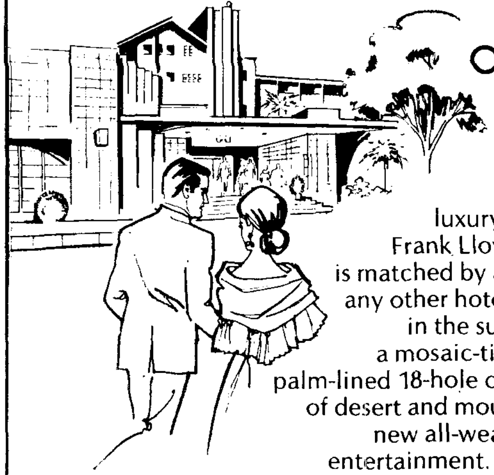
likely that any version of the issues in the 1973 mayoral election would have seemed to him worth nailing. Crime in the streets, sometimes called the campaign's leading issue, was no real issue, since, naturally, none of the candidates came out in favor of it. Biaggi—a tall, hefty man who was once a policeman—tried to out-law-and-order the other candidates by taking a full-page ad in the *News* asking, "If you had to walk down a dark deserted street who would you want walking beside you? Beame? Blumenthal? Marchi? Or Biaggi? Think about that for a minute." To judge from New Yorkers' overwhelming endorsement of Beame, a five-foot-two certified public accountant, none of them thought about it for very long, possibly because the election wasn't for foot patrolman.

AMONG the campaign's few memorable moments were those in which Marchi, ordinarily an amiable and contemplative man, tried to look ferocious on television in order to live up to the slogan assigned to him by his campaign manager—"Getting Tough Because He Cares." Last spring, in an interview in *Intellectual Digest*, Marchi, having discoursed at length on the differences between dialectical materialism, natural law, and divine law, mentioned that in his public statements a politician should never "do violence to well-structured thinking." During the campaign, however, Marchi shook his fist for the cameras as he accused Beame, who has been the city's comptroller for the past four years, of "playing with his ledgers" while Lindsay allowed New Yorkers to be preyed on by "four hundred thousand full-time criminals." He declared that a vote for any one of his three opponents was "a vote for a mugging"—a charge that Blumenthal said was particularly unsuitable coming from the candidate of "the political party whose President has mugged the political process." At one point, Marchi worked up a heavy snarl and told members of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, who are not usually averse to a little exaggeration about the city's criminal element, that, the way things were going, candidates in the next mayoral campaign would have to "broadcast from Sherman tanks." The policemen burst out laughing. Marchi himself seemed to have trouble keeping a straight face during his diatribes, and in the later stages of the campaign he generally abandoned scaremongering in favor of peacemaking during various four-man confrontations among the candidates. "Disagree agreeably, any-



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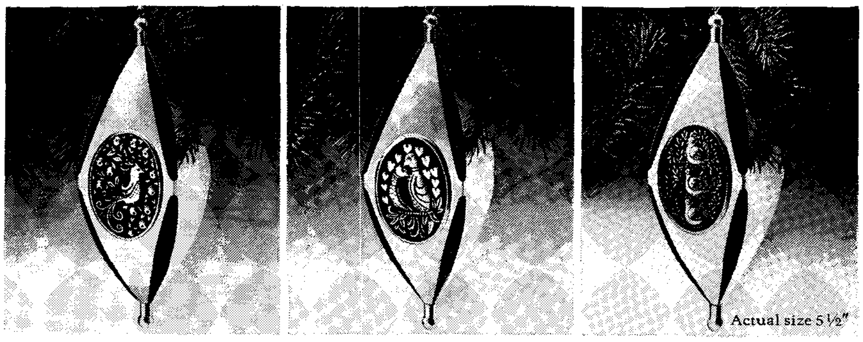

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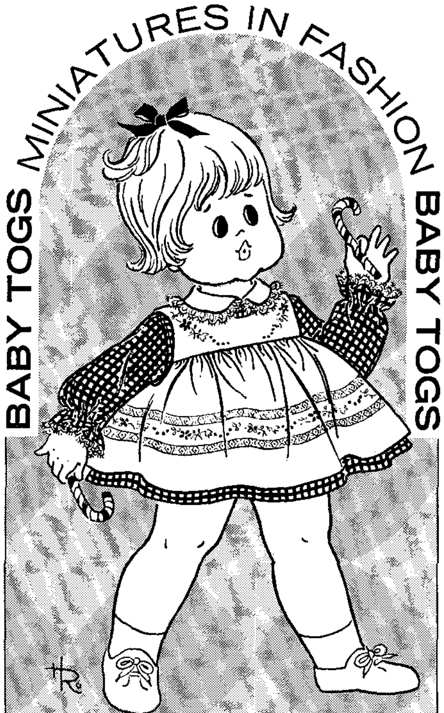

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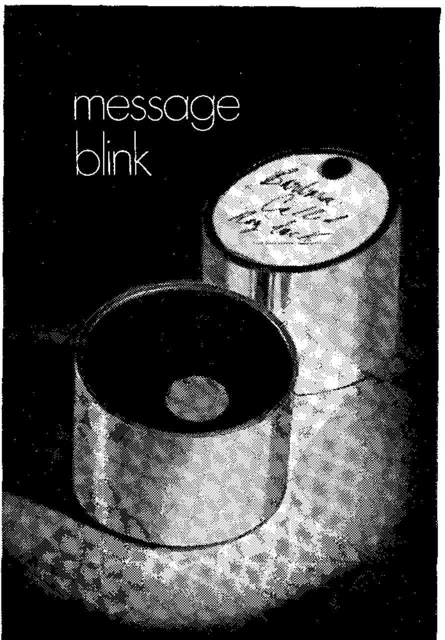
way," he urged his fellow-candidates at one such meeting, held in the offices of the *Times*.

The sharpest exchange during the *Times* session was betweeen Biaggi and Blumenthal. The Liberal candidate suggested that Beame occasionally connived against the public interest with old-style Party bosses such as Manhattan county leader Frank Rossetti. He also complained that Carmine De Sapio, the former Tammany boss who was recently released from a federal penitentiary after serving time for perjury and bribery, had been given a prominent seat at a recent political dinner at which Beame was the guest of honor. Biaggi took immediate offense at the ethnic implications of these remarks, complaining that Blumenthal's version of political skulduggery had involved only men with such names as Rossetti, De Sapio, and Esposito, referring, in the last case, to Meade Esposito, Beame's own county leader, in Brooklyn. (Esposito had recently been quoted as saying, "If you don't quote me right, I'll break both your ankles," by *Post* reporter Judith Michaelson after the "Let's Compromise—and Do It My Way" show.) Blumenthal, however, had not mentioned Esposito, a close ally and business partner of Assembly Minority Leader Steingut—possibly because Blumenthal must have Steingut's support if he is to be reelected deputy minority leader at the next session of the State Legislature. A few minutes later, in the course of a heated denial that he had meant to create "an illusion that only Italo-Americans are responsible for bad politics," Blumenthal found himself getting in deeper by denouncing some deals made by the Republican boss of Manhattan, Vincent Albano. Biaggi commented, "There are subtleties here that are insidious in nature."

In a city where the "white ethnic" vote is believed to constitute as much as two-thirds of the voters in some elections, insidious subtleties against one or another ethnic group can be dangerous to a candidate's political health. In a story published a week before the election, the *News* analyzed the early results of its straw poll, which has correctly predicted the results of mayoral elections since 1933. Blumenthal had only six per cent of the vote of citizens of Italian descent, and although, to no one's surprise, the two Italian candidates had split three-fifths of the total almost evenly, Beame had thirty-four per cent—the votes of more local Italians than any other candidate got. The result, however, was probably less of a tribute to Beame's close connections



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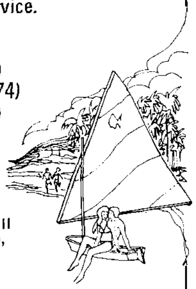

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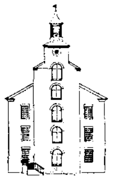

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with certain county leaders than to his tireless attendance at Italian—as well as other ethnic—rallies, protest demonstrations, and festivals of all kinds during his decade-long campaign to become the first Jewish mayor of the city. Ironically, Beame's only competitor for this title is the man who in 1933 was elected as the first *Italian* mayor of New York; Fiorello LaGuardia had a Jewish mother. This fact was of little significance in LaGuardia's political life, however, and he once remarked, "I never thought of myself as having enough Jewish blood to boast about." Richard Croker, the Tammany boss during the nineties, when the Irish had local politics under iron control, once caused a stir in the clubhouses by predicting that "someday an Italian and a Jew will be mayors of New York, and the Italian will come first." He probably did not expect, however, that forty years would separate the two events.

THE year's last large open-air festival of political significance in the city is the Columbus Day parade. The 1973 October celebration was a strictly local affair compared to last year's, when candidates for the Legislature, Congress, and the Presidency eagerly seized the opportunity to demonstrate their active interest in a substantial bloc of New York's registered voters. Among the state and national dignitaries on the reviewing stand just before the 1972 election were Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who was state chairman of the President's reëlection campaign; Tricia Nixon Cox, who had flown up from Washington to represent her father; and Democratic Presidential candidate George McGovern, who had made a special trip from the Middle West for the event, and who briefly fell in with the Italian-American marchers, to the audible disapproval of other politicians on hand. On the edges of the crowded stand last year, several dozen local politicians who were already laying plans to become candidates for one office or another in the 1973 municipal election gave only passing attention to the parade as they concentrated on trying to elbow each other out of camera range. This year, in the absence of political visiting firemen, most of them were in the front row on Columbus Day, and this year no one grumbled when all four of the mayoral candidates joined the marchers. As Beame left the parade line and walked briskly up the steps of the reviewing stand, past hawkers of "Kiss Me, I'm Italian" and "Italian Is Beautiful" buttons, there was a sudden shifting of position among the politicians on the platform, and in

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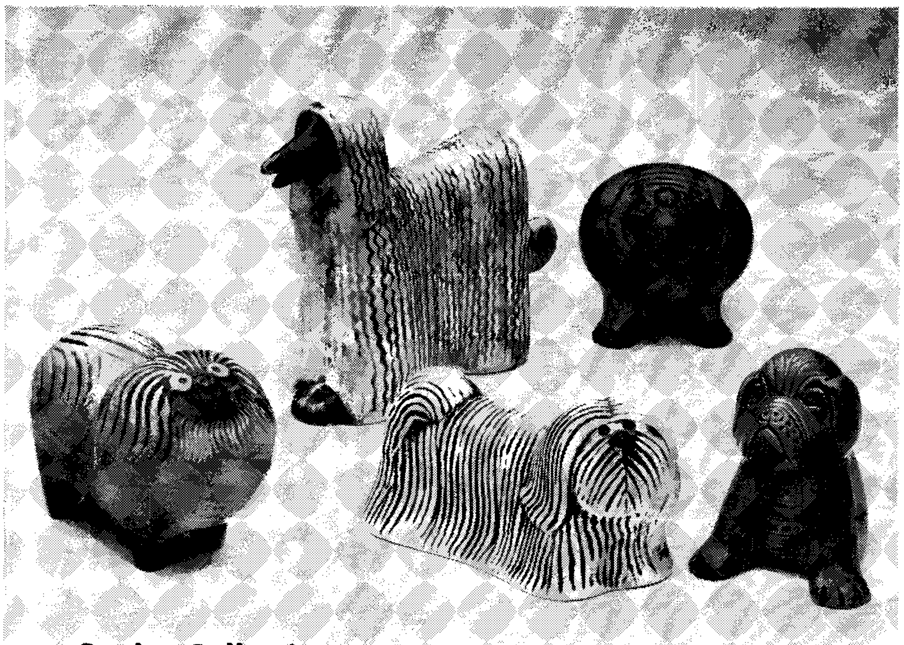

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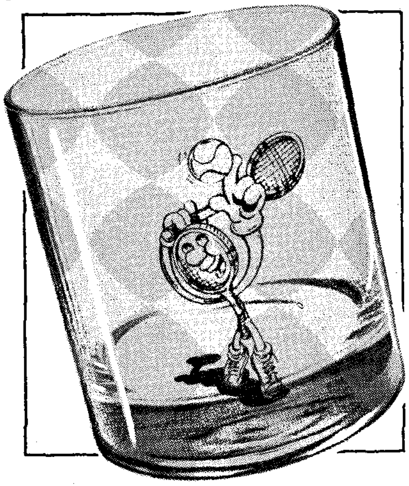

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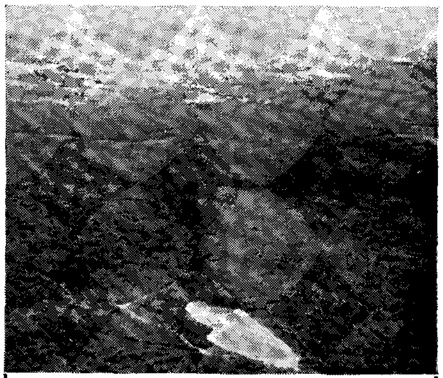
no time at all the point where Beame stood, on the far right side of the front row, seemed to become the center of the crowd. Only a little less deference was paid to the two other Democratic candidates for citywide office who were also regarded as certain winners: Harrison J. Goldin, candidate for comptroller (who beat his two opponents last week, taking sixty-four per cent of the vote), and Paul O'Dwyer, the candidate for president of the City Council (who won with sixty per cent of the vote over his two opponents). Observing the reviewing-stand shift in Beame's honor, O'Dwyer remarked, "Wherever MacDonald sits is the head of the table," which he identified as an old Irish saying (although the Scots also claim it). In any case, the use of this Celtic metaphor to describe a Jewish politician at this Italian-American event was a small reminder that, despite the profusion of "Italian Is Beautiful" buttons, there will be no Italian-Americans holding citywide office in the next administration (Goldin, like Beame, is Jewish), just as there are none now, and that the fortunes of local Irish-Americans have sharply diminished since the old Tammany days. Except for Frank O'Connor, elected City Council president in 1965, O'Dwyer is the first Irishman to be elected to citywide office since his older brother William was reëlected as mayor in 1949.

To no one's surprise, the 1972 Democratic Presidential candidate did not attend this year's Columbus Day parade. Nelson Rockefeller was also absent—a circumstance that was interpreted by some of those present as evidence that he had made up his mind not to run for a fifth term as governor but to concentrate on long-range plans for the 1976 Presidential race. As the Columbus Day floats rolled by, reporters discussed with Marchi, the mayoral candidate of Rockefeller's party, the fact that the Governor still had not made a financial contribution to the Marchi campaign. Clearly, he had not forgiven Marchi for insisting on running for mayor on the Republican ticket, thus spoiling the original Rockefeller plan to choose the next mayor of the city by running a popular Democrat—former mayor Robert Wagner—as a combined Republican-Liberal candidate. A few days after the parade, Rockefeller finally sent five thousand dollars to Marchi—exactly the amount that his brother David had given to Beame. The following week, the Governor told a reporter that he thought Beame would make a pretty good mayor, although Marchi was his "official" candidate. Marchi, who is fifty-two,



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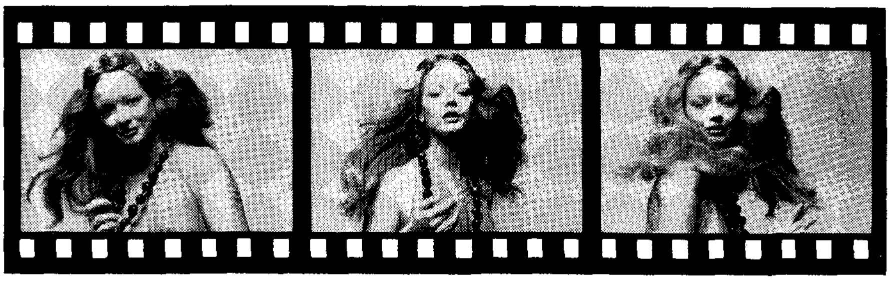
probably made a permanent enemy of the sixty-five-year-old Governor—whose staff likes to say that in spirit and energy he is "going on thirty-five"—by remarking that the preference of Rockefeller for Beame, who is sixty-seven, was just a case of "rapport between senior citizens."

As in 1972, Lindsay was on hand for the Columbus Day parade, although this year the event conflicted with the ceremony marking the opening of Lyndon Johnson's papers on urban affairs in Austin, Texas—a chance for out-of-town exposure which would have taken precedence over everything else in the days when Lindsay's ambitions were openly national. In these last months, however, he has stayed close to the city, wringing the last measure of advantage out of the local supremacy that an incumbent mayor can't easily be denied. (As it happened, Mayor Richard Daley, of Chicago, who was to have been a featured speaker at the Austin ceremony, ultimately made the same decision Lindsay did. Daley will face a primary fight next year, and at the last minute he cancelled his appearance at Austin to stay home and attend Chicago's Columbus Day parade.)

Tricia Nixon Cox was present again for New York's parade, but she didn't have to make a special trip this year, since she and her lawyer husband are now local residents. Wearing a pink dress, a pink sweater, and a pink hair band, she was escorted to the reviewing stand by the parade's grand marshal, Manhattan Surrogate Samuel DiFalco. Some thought they saw DiFalco's step quicken as he steered her past Paul O'Dwyer, who had beaten DiFalco's thirty-four-year-old son, Anthony, in the primary contest for the Democratic nomination for the presidency of the City Council after young DiFalco spent, it was said, nearly half a million dollars on the race—three hundred and seventy thousand of which, O'Dwyer had charged, was raised at one luncheon attended by numerous acquaintances of the candidate's father who had not been entirely unaware of the rich patronage possibilities of a surrogate's court. While the President's daughter watched the parade, a member of the parade committee gave a running commentary on the distinguished Italian-Americans in our nation's public life, though he did not mention United States District Judge John Sirica. A reporter asked Mrs. Cox if she had heard the rumor, published in an encyclopedia—he thought it was the Encyclopædia Britannica—that Columbus was Jewish rather than Italian. Mrs. Cox was spared from having to



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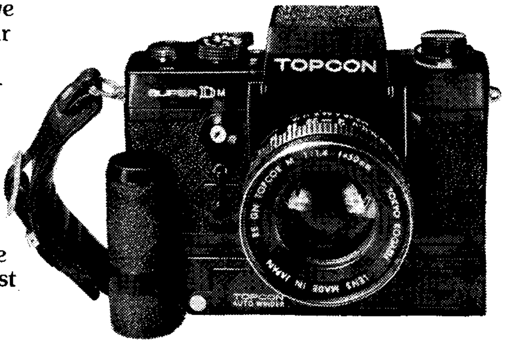

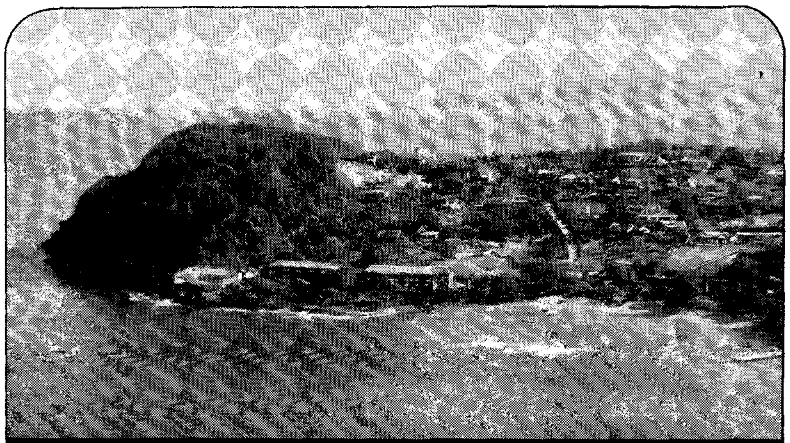

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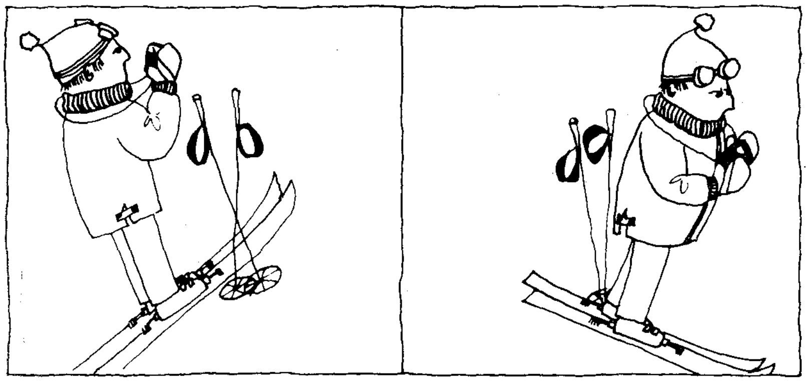
take a position in this ethnic controversy by Mayor Lindsay, who broke in to say, "In New York, he's Italian. Never rely on a book that was published in Chicago."

The Mayor left the parade early, to deliver a speech to the opening session of the constitutional convention of the Transport Workers Union, which included a lighthearted discussion of the problems of packing up and leaving Gracie Mansion (he thought he might have a rummage sale, saying, "You should be able to get a pretty good deal on a used draft of a speech seconding the nomination of Spiro Agnew") and a serious discussion of the state of collective bargaining in the city. At the end, the union members gave him a standing ovation. When the ovation ended, the present T.W.U. head, Matthew Guinan, who had been one of the men Lindsay had put in jail in 1966, hailed him as a man who had "done a good job" as mayor and "learned fast" about the collective-bargaining process. Lindsay's understanding of the collective-bargaining process would soon, of course, be put to another severe test.

LONG before the mayoral campaign ended, most New York politicians had shifted their professional attention to other elections, in other years, starting with the 1974 race for the governorship. The only question remaining about the 1973 vote was whether the defeat of a referendum authorizing a three-and-a-half-billion-dollar transportation bond issue, which Rockefeller had insisted on placing on this fall's ballot at a special session of the Legislature last summer, would seriously damage the Governor's political prestige. The new bond issue was rejected by a larger percentage of the voters than was the two-and-a-half-billion-dollar transportation bond issue he tried to get through two years ago. It failed despite the fact that this time the public-relations men in charge of promoting it did not make the mistake of thinking that the voters would be persuaded, rather than infuriated, by news pictures of Rockefeller and Lindsay standing side by side and exchanging crocodile smiles as they posed as concerned straphangers on the I.R.T. This year's transportation referendum also failed despite the fact that it had the support of Theodore Kheel, the influential labor mediator, who had led the opposition to the 1971 bond issue. Early in August of this year, he was borne off by helicopter to spend some time with the Governor at the family estate in Pocantico Hills. When he announced his support for the bond



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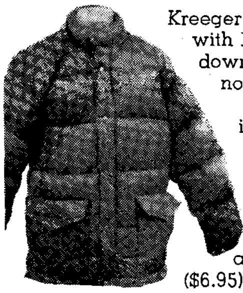

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issue a few days later, an angry opponent of the proposition diagnosed his change of heart as "Pocanticoitis," which he defined as "a virulent political disease most commonly contracted by visitors" to the Rockefeller compound. The man who had persuaded Kheel to take the helicopter ride was a comparatively new Rockefeller ally, Jerry Finkelstein—the millionaire publisher of the *Civil Service Leader*, a former chairman of the New York City Democratic Committee, chosen by the five Democratic county leaders, and a co-chairman of the Governor's committee to put over the bond issue. Win or lose, the bond-issue conflict had at least one beneficiary. Soon after Kheel's visit, Rockefeller appointed Finkelstein's son, State Assemblyman Andrew Stein (whose first campaign for the Assembly, in 1970, when he was twenty-five, cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars), the head of the new Temporary State Commission on Living Costs and the Economy, which has a one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar annual budget and promises to be rich in publicity value for a rising young politician. Last week, Stein began holding hearings on rent-control problems, particularly as they affect senior citizens. He and his father are now said to be trying to make up their minds whether Stein should run next for mayor or for governor.

Howard Samuels, the head of the city's Off-Track Betting Corporation (who was on the reviewing stand on Columbus Day and did a creditable soft-shoe in "Let's Compromise—and Do It My Way"), has already made up his mind: he will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor in 1974. Wagner might decide to make the same trip. Lindsay says he won't, but he could change his mind. Rockefeller, meddling among the Democrats again, has announced that Assembly Minority Leader Steingut would be a fine Democratic candidate—possibly because he would be the easiest for any Republican to beat. Representative Ogden Reid, former Ambassador to Israel and former Republican, who is now also intent on being the Democratic candidate, has been making the other would-be candidates nervous by addressing bond rallies for Israel in excellent Hebrew. At least half a dozen Republicans are also working behind the scenes to succeed Nelson Rockefeller, who hasn't yet told them whether he is ready to be succeeded. Unless the city burns down first, there will be a crowded reviewing stand at the next big parade, on St. Patrick's Day.

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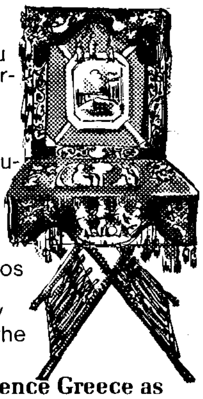

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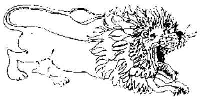

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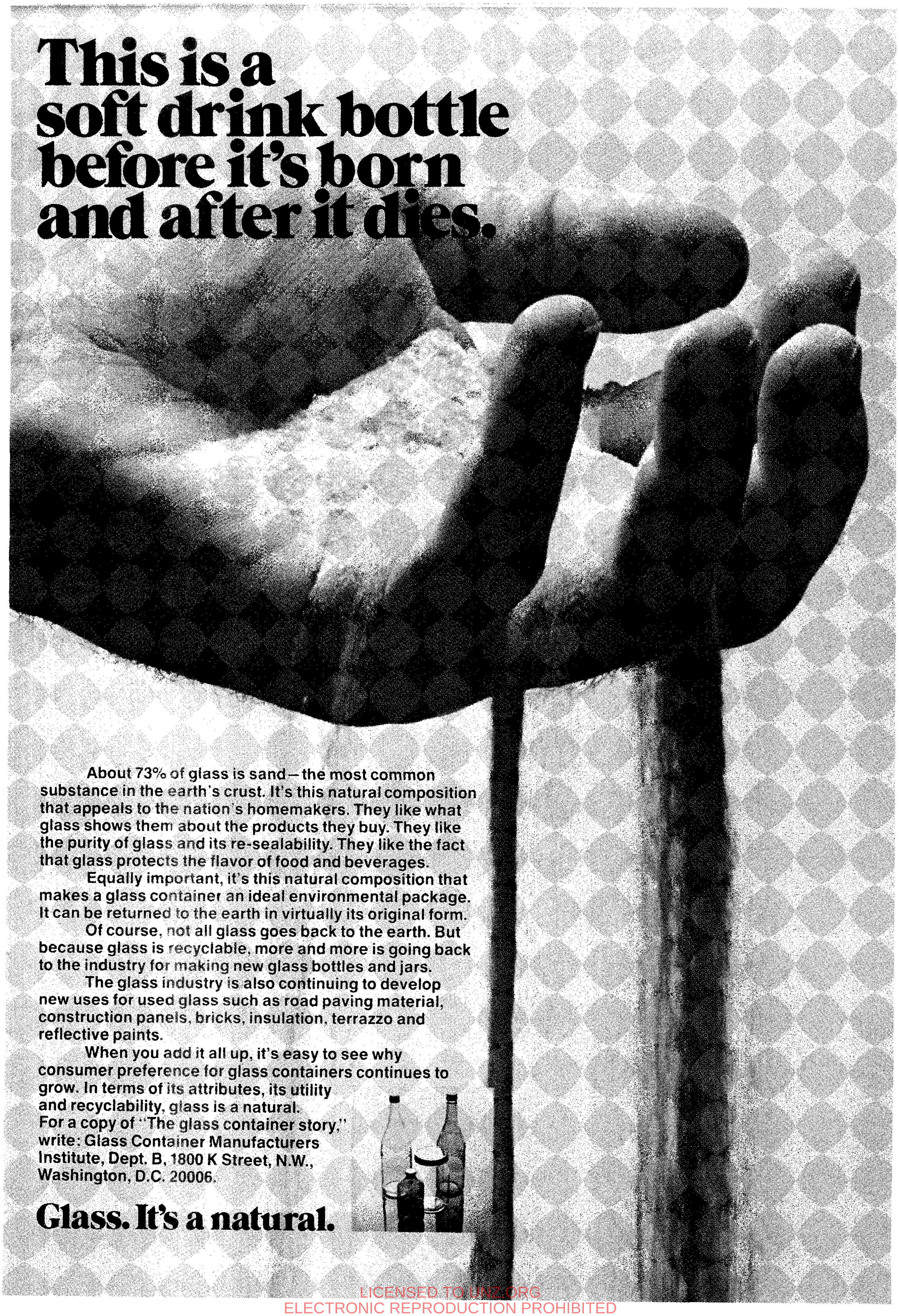

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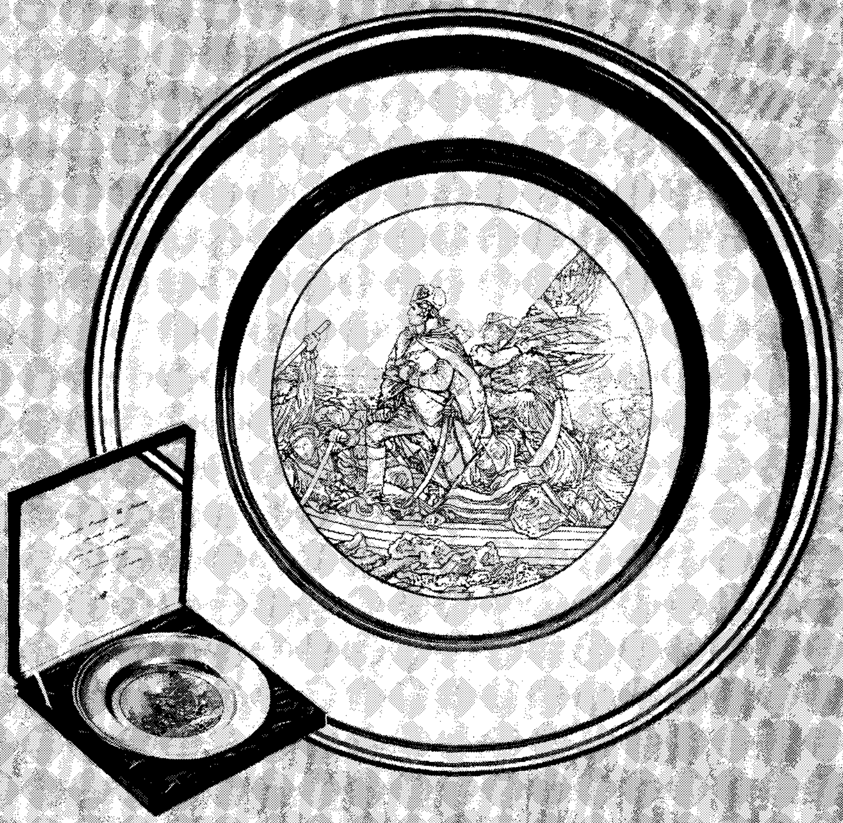
THE RACE TRACK

Dahlia's Day

IT was Dahlia by three lengths in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel, in Maryland, last Saturday afternoon. After trailing the seven other runners for nearly a mile, she came storming round her field in the last furlong of the mile and a half to become the first of her sex to win John Schapiro's showpiece in its twenty-two runnings. Behind her as she went under the wire were Big Spruce (he was also second, a fortnight before, to Secretariat in the Canadian International Championship Stakes), England's Scottish Rifle, France's Card King, and Tentam, the favorite. It was a thrilling, well-contested race, and fascinating to watch on television. As had been expected, Tentam set off in front, but London Company, an American entry, quickly passed him and led for a turn of the field. Though the track was fast, the early pace was slow—the first half mile was run in fifty and four-fifths seconds. Then the pace quickened, with Hurry Harriet, the Irish filly, coming up to take command, and she was going so well that she might have been in the first three at the end if her saddle hadn't slipped. As it was, Cruguet, who rode her, was hard put to it to stay on her back, and she quickly dropped out of contention. After that, Tentam regained the lead, but he wasn't the flier-on-the-grass he had been earlier in the season. It seemed to me that the farther he went the less he liked the distance. (Anyhow, it was his last start; he now goes to the Windfield Farms of E. P. Taylor, who bought him recently from the Cragwood Stable.) As the field neared home, it bunched up, and it looked like anyone's race until Dahlia swept past everybody into the stretch for an easy victory.

Dahlia, who is owned by Nelson Bunker Hunt, a Texas oilman, is an elegant medium-sized three-year-old chestnut filly by Vaguely Noble out of Charming Alibi. She was foaled in Kentucky and sent abroad as a yearling, and she reached the height of her fame there last July, when, after winning the Irish Oaks, she won the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot by six lengths, easing up, from as good a field of males as the race has had in years. She hurt a leg when Allez France beat her in a prep



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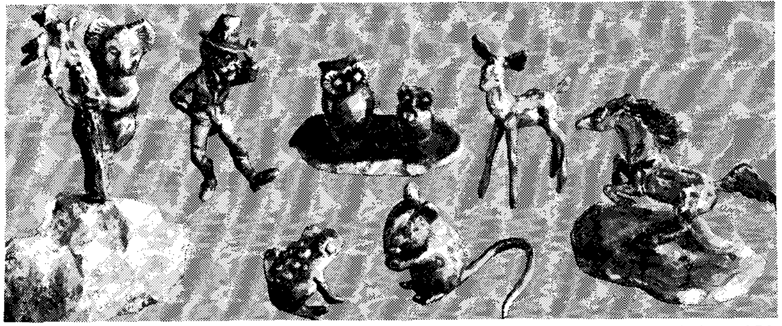

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for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, and she didn't go well in the Arc, either, but Maurice Zilber, her trainer, got her back to something like top form for the International.

What surprised me most about the International was the small size of the crowd. The weather was fine, if a bit cool; there was all the glamour of past Internationals; and there were as many personages in the Turf Club as there had been in the past. Yet attendance was only 20,389. Also, the pari-mutuel handle for the day was under two million dollars—$1,964,083. Wonder why.

SECRETARIAT made his final farewell public appearance at Aqueduct on Election Day. There was a presentation ceremony, with a letter from Governor Rockefeller to Mrs. John Tweedy, who directs the Meadow Stable, thanking her for all that Secretariat has done to increase interest in racing. There were plaques for Mrs. Tweedy, for Lucien Laurin, the colt's trainer, and for Ron Turcotte, his rider, and there were watches for Eddie Sweat, his groom, and Charlie Davis, his exercise boy. Then Turcotte rode Secretariat up and down past the stand for the last time (he seemed to be still just full of run), and I don't think he was ever cheered more warmly than he was by the crowd of nearly thirty-three thousand. On Sunday, he and Riva Ridge were taken to their new home—Claiborne, the Hancock farm, near Paris, Kentucky. Secretariat's first sons and daughters will appear in 1977, and if they have even a part of the qualities that made him the horse he was this season, he will have done much for racing.

FOR the record: Claiborne Farm, which, in addition to being a stud farm, races a small stable, won the Long Island Handicap on Election Day with a filly named Tuerta. On Saturday, the Big A had a four-million-dollar day, with a crowd of 28,108 betting $4,020,808 on the program, which consisted of the Knickerbocker Handicap, won by William Haggin Perry's Astray, and eight other races. —AUDAX MINOR

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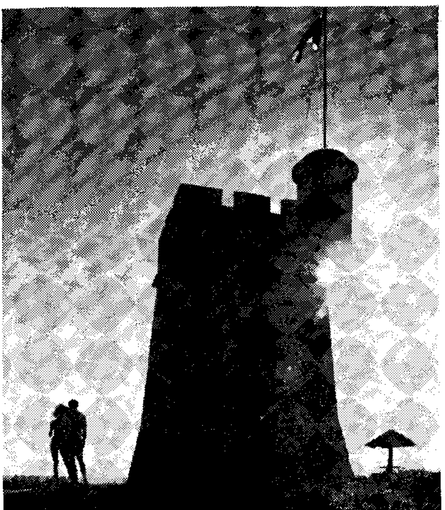

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Another Castaway

AFTER the Trojan hero beguiled by the amorous Queen of Carthage, another operatic castaway has beached on the African shore: the brisk Italian lady who dazzles and outwits the Bey of Algiers. Whether by design or chance, the Metropolitan Opera has provided its patrons with an apt and joyous sequel to the Berlioz epic—just as the Athenian theatre would round off one of its grand mythological trilogies with a lively satyr play.

Stendhal calls "L'Italiana in Algeri" the most purely and delightfully Venetian of Rossini's operas; it is certainly one of the most spontaneous and youthful. But was Rossini ever anything but youthful? Are not even those innumerable odds and ends that he scribbled in the albums of admirers, performed at parties, and lumped together under the generic title "Sins of My Old Age" imbued with all the zest and irreverence of youth? Yes; but his operas (before, in middle life, he suddenly withdrew from the theatre) do show a progression from early freshness and frivolity through an increasingly ornate and elaborate style (as displayed in the tragedies that he wrote mostly for Naples and for his first wife, Isabella Colbran), to the climax of that manner in "Semiramide"—and thence to the brief final period in which he caught the very different tone of Paris. "Le Comte Ory," as lively and diverting a comedy as he ever wrote, contains many novel harmonic and orchestral refinements; and "Guillaume Tell," the last of his stage works, is a brilliant and impressive attempt to master the newly emerging French style of historical grand opera. If the Metropolitan management is eager to follow up its big "Troyens" success with something similarly ample and neglected in a future season, it might do worse than try "Guillaume Tell."

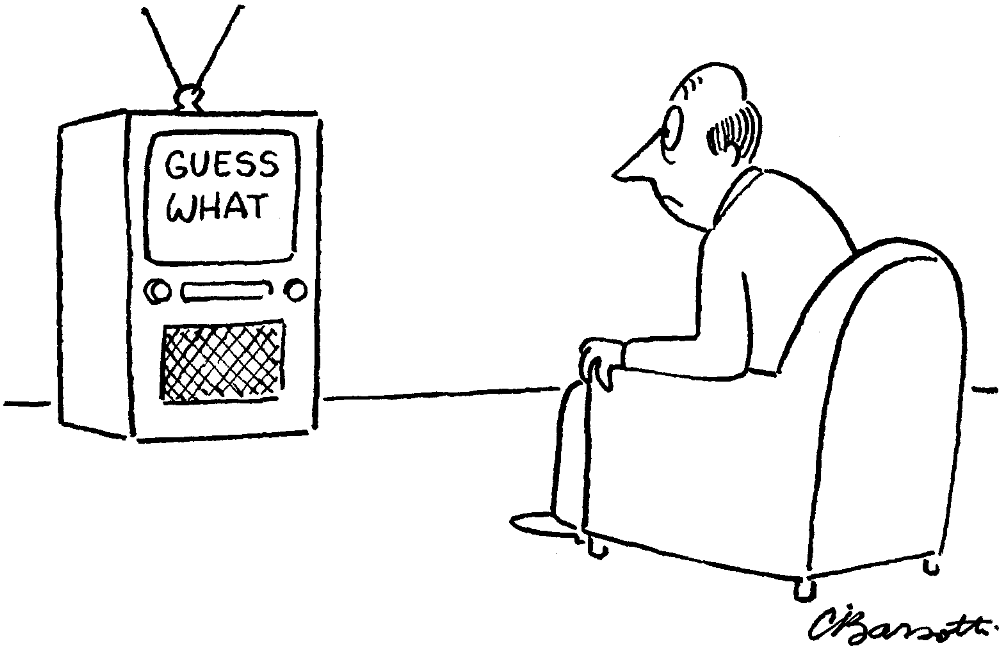
In the big Lincoln Center house, "Tell" might even prove a simpler proposition than "L'Italiana in Algeri." The chief problem in presenting an unfamiliar *opera buffa* in so large a theatre is that of communication and intimacy. A vivid and convincing picture is given by Stendhal of the atmosphere, and the quick interplay between stage and audience, that prevailed in those sociable opera houses in the quite small Italian cities of the early nineteenth century, where most of the audience knew one another, and the comings and goings in the boxes were followed with interest and sometimes with malicious glee by the rest of the house, including the singers. Mimicry and local allusions flourished on the stage, where a spirit of perpetual improvisation kept the fun fresh night after night.

How different are conditions in the large, impersonal formal spaces of the Metropolitan and Covent Garden, where few people are able to follow the dialogue and relish the jokes in the original text! What is to be done? Many will say translate; but in a field as utterly Italian as *opera buffa* that too involves loss. And so there has grown up a tendency, understandable but deplorable, toward complicated, overfussy direction, with visual gags and gimmicks superimposed from above, in place of the humor that ought to spring straight out of the acting and the words. We had a bad example of this style last season at Covent Garden, in Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's treatment of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale"—all stuffed cats and washing on the roof and a troublesome, unwanted duenna for the heroine.

When I heard that the selfsame Mr. Ponnelle was to design and direct the Metropolitan "Italiana," I feared the worst—and found myself, in the event, considerably reassured. By and large, the director had kept his head and stayed his hand from excess; the dodges were few, and mostly harmless. Near the start, it is true, the Bey's habit of scratching his back with a strigil aroused serious apprehensions, and later on he took a Turkish bath; on either side of the stage, moreover, there were a pair of sliding platforms which every now and then advanced or withdrew, in what seemed a completely pointless manner, the performers who were standing on them. But these things were little more than stray clouds in a summer sky. For the most part, the artless high spirits of composer and librettist were conveyed to the big house with ingenuity but without serious distortion; and the designs, executed in shades of pale coffee and pale blue, were consistently pleasing.

Everything therefore revolved, as was right, around the immensely self-assured heroine for whom Algerian bluster and tyranny are no match. In the role of Isabella, Marilyn Horne is entirely at home. The moment she steps ashore in her smart tartan travelling outfit, the audience sits up in eager anticipation, as though at the entrance of Ethel Merman. Short of the late Conchita Supervia's irresistible charm, she has all the qualities demanded by the role: the vocal precision and projection, the keen sense of fun and of rhythm, and the plump self-confidence—for a skinny Isabella is unthinkable. Her scales and arpeggios are clean; she can fine down her voice to a delicate mezza voce, as in the reprise of "Per lui che adoro;" and she is equally capable of the volume required for the surprising, and rather touching, episode toward the end of the opera in which this heroine of farce suddenly turns serious and delivers a resounding lecture on Italian patriotism.

The rest of the cast, although welded into musical as well as dramatic unity under the decisive beat of Gabor Ötvös, is not on Miss Horne's level. Luigi Alva, the Lindoro, articu-



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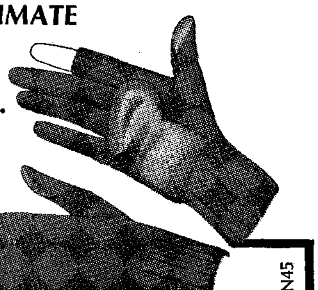

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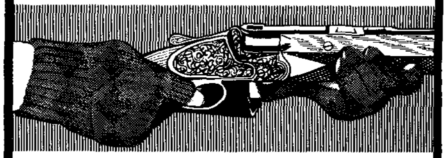

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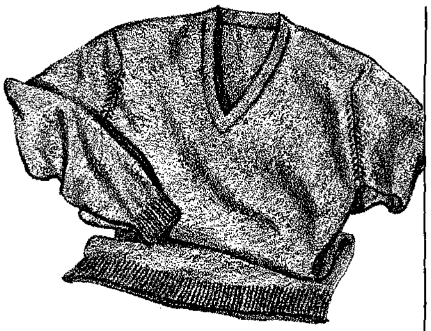

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lates beautifully and knows all that there is to be known about the *tenore-di-grazia* heroes of such operas as this; but his voice has become so dry that the pleasure he now offers is mainly that of style. Fernando Corena, another highly experienced artist in the *buffo* repertory, made much of the bass role of the infatuated Bey, but was insufficiently solid of person and of voice, as well as insufficiently in command of a florid technique, to bring out its full possibilities. Theodor Uppman, looking rather like the young Bernard Shaw in flustered attendance on Mrs. Patrick Campbell *en voyage*, did well as Isabella's doting admirer, Taddeo. And the orchestra, especially the first oboe in the overture, charmed our ears.

Earlier in the week, I revisited "Les Troyens" in order to see Miss Christa Ludwig in the role of Dido, which illness had prevented her from singing on the first night. She added lustre and enchantment to the already strong cast. Her reading of the part differed in many respects from that of Miss Verrett, who at the opening had doubled the role with that of Cassandra. Miss Ludwig's voice is naturally warmer, more rounded and ripe, than that of Miss Verrett; and this more romantic and voluptuous vocal color set the tone of her whole interpretation. She presented a Dido already languorous and almost swooning with amorous desire even before the arrival of the Trojan fugitives: a plum, one felt, so ready to drop from the tree that the strong arm of an Aeneas was hardly needed to shake the bough. This notion is of course adumbrated in Berlioz' libretto (though it is not to be found in Vergil) as the "vague unrest" mentioned by the Queen to her sister in that meltingly tender duet when they are first left alone—a duet that was ravishingly sung by Mignon Dunn and Miss Ludwig—but I felt that it was being made altogether too obvious. Miss Ludwig also exaggerated the director's unhappy notion of showing the Queen as instantly transfixed by the sight of Aeneas while the latter is still disguised as a mariner: unhappy, not just because it is without textual support but because it is bound to weaken the effect of the big moment when the hero throws off his incognito with the great cry "*Reine, je suis Énée!*"

These doubtful features, however, were more than offset by the warmly human quality conveyed by Miss Ludwig's every gesture and vocal inflection, as well as by the desirable (and previously obscured) contrast between the severity and grandeur of most of Cassandra's music and the more flowing

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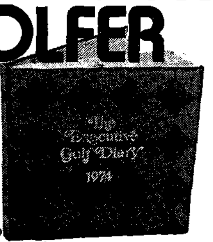

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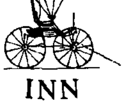

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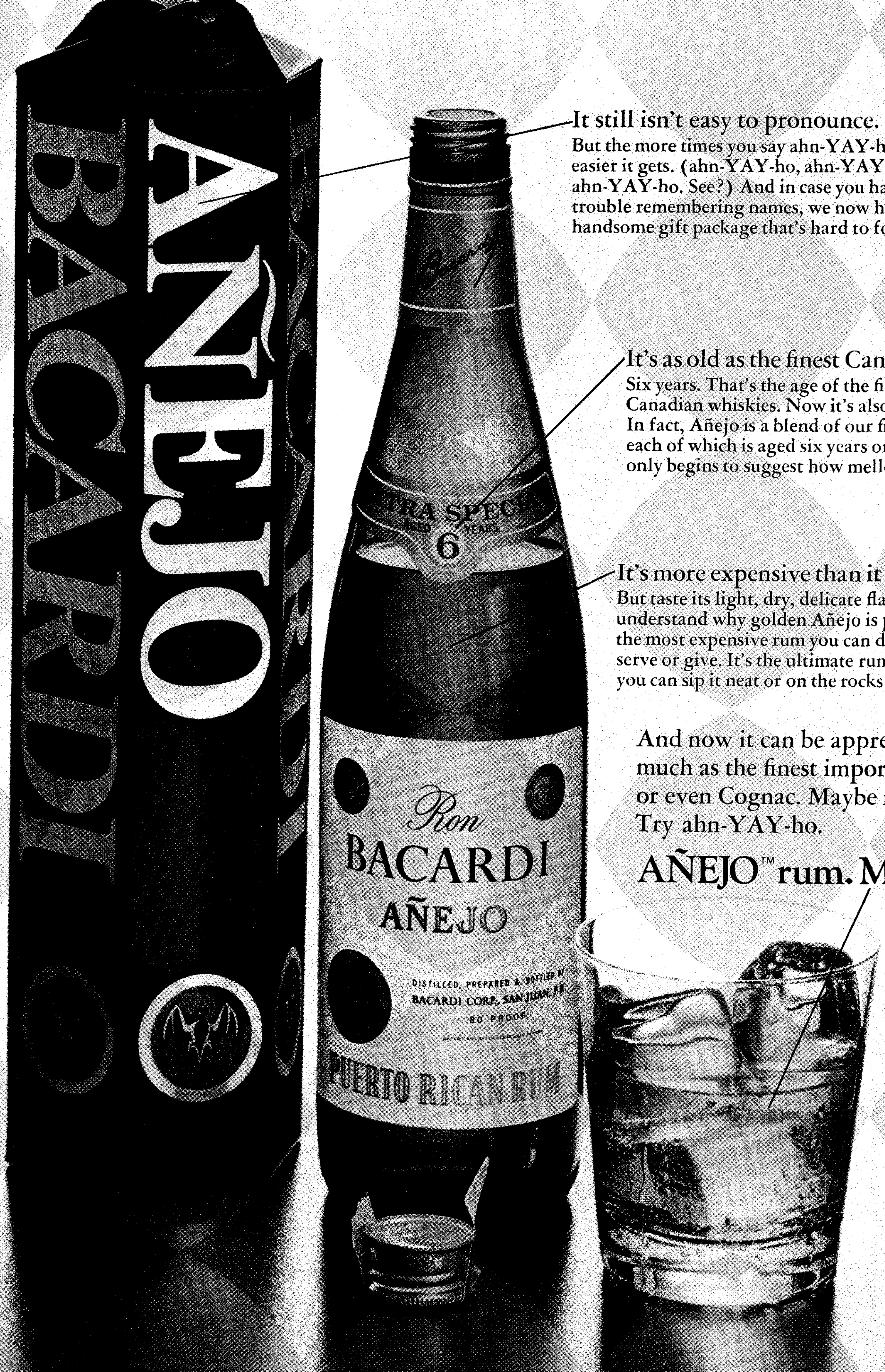
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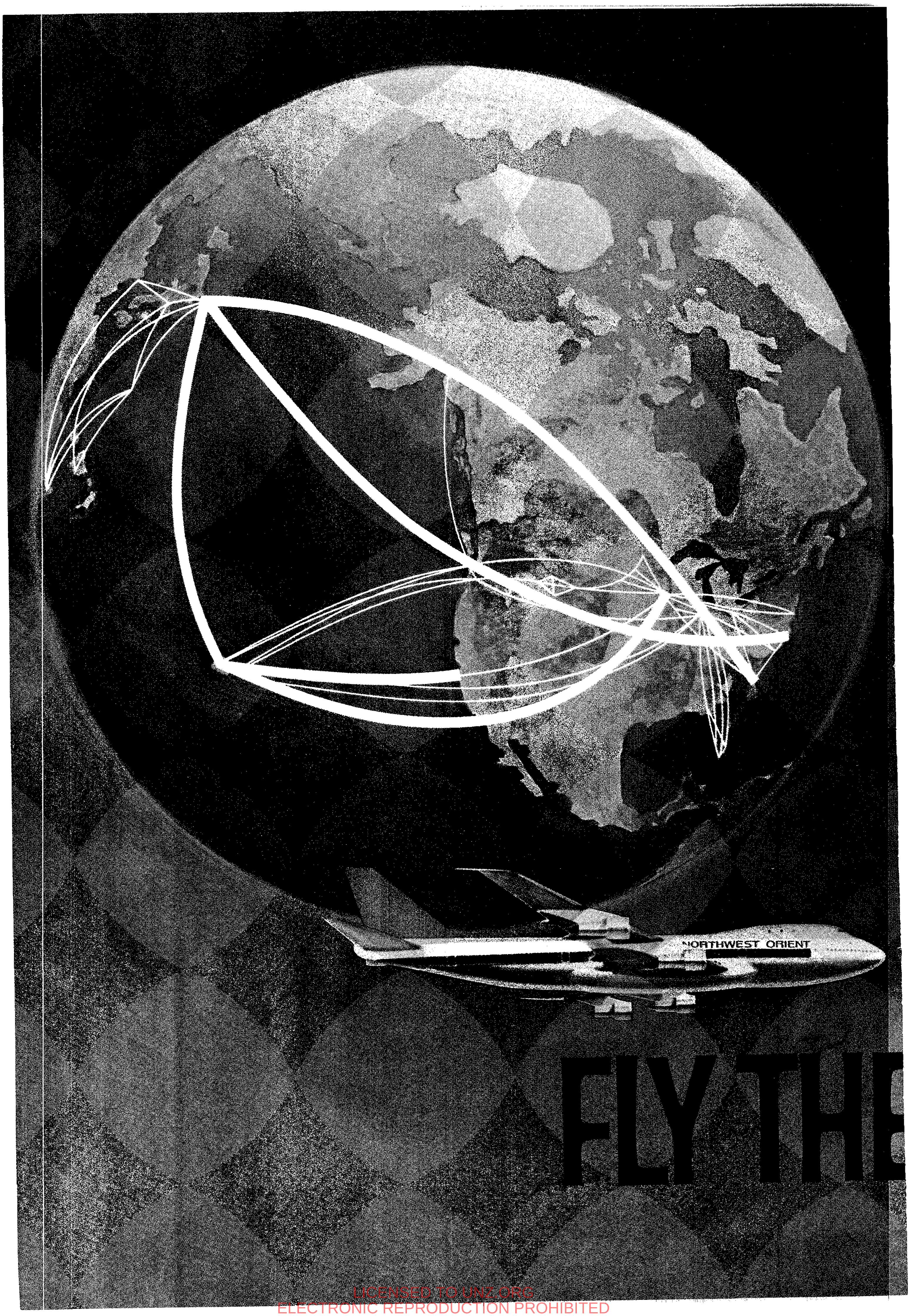
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and feminine contours of Dido's. Moreover, her presence appeared to inspire Jon Vickers; although on this occasion his upper notes were somewhat less secure than on the first night, his command of the role of Aeneas seemed more certain, his big scenes more unmistakably heroic, than before. Almost everyone seemed to have grown into his or her role with experience: Miss Dunn, for one, and still more so John Macurdy as the sage old Minister of State, Narbal, whose rocklike tones, descending to a pure and sonorous low E, prompted the thought "Now, *that* is surely the quality America yearns to recognize once more in her men of affairs and elected representatives!" Narbal for President!

On this evening, Rafael Kubelik resumed the musical direction that fatigue had caused him to relinquish for a couple of performances to John Nelson. In the two Trojan acts, Mr. Kubelik did not seem as yet fully recovered, or fully himself; there was something hectic and insecure in his handling of these scenes. But in the romantic glow of the Carthaginian acts he excelled even his own previous achievements; to give but one instance out of many, the delicate accompaniment to the song of Iopas could hardly have been more finely realized.

FOR the rest, I have been sampling the wide variety of chamber music and chamber-orchestral music that New York has to offer at this time of year. The Metropolitan Museum of Art programs have proved so alluring that I am becoming quite an expert on the Egyptian antiquities that surround the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. The Beaux Arts Trio, one of the most musical and reliable chamber groups now before the public, recently gave there the first concert in what is called a Brahms-Dvořák series, although their own contribution contained no Brahms and introduced two of Dvořák's trios with a delightful specimen by Haydn in A major, in which (unless there had been some discreet retouching of the layout) the cello lived a rather more independent life than usual in these Haydn works. The ever-welcome Dvořák turned up again next evening, in one of Frederic Waldman's Musica Aeterna series, in which Rudolf Firkusny delighted us with his performance of the G-Minor Piano Concerto; although as far below the great Dvořák Cello Concerto in merit as in popularity, this work does not deserve the neglect into which it has fallen, and it came to vivid life under Mr. Firkusny's fingers.

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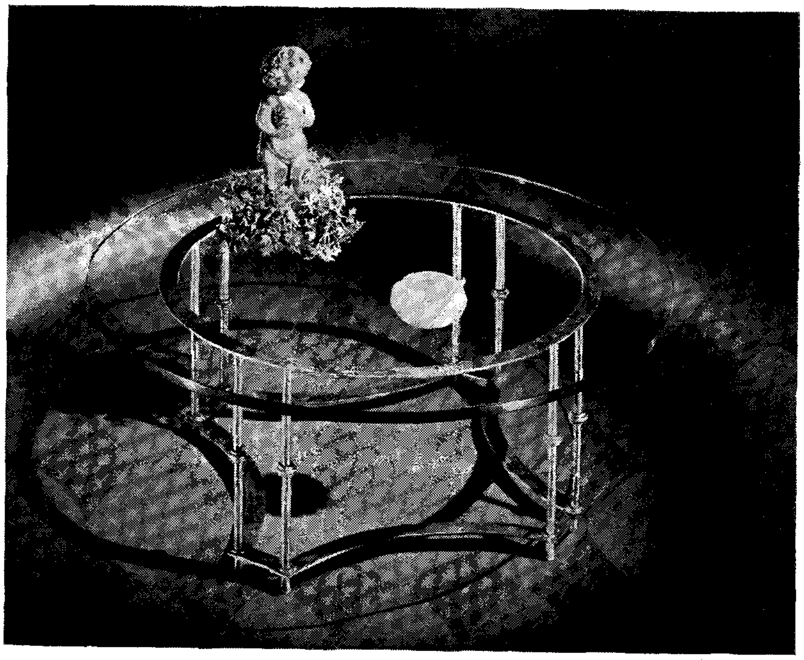
Lastly, deprived of the promised recitals of Sviatoslav Richter, I went to Hunter College Assembly Hall to hear a young Soviet pianist, Alexander Slobodyanik, who has established himself in the course of several American tours, but had not hitherto come my way. He has a striking personality and a remarkable talent. His program contained only the Brahms F-Minor Sonata and the four Chopin Ballades. Though the Brahms was good (a shade careful, perhaps), he seemed more at home in the world of Chopin, so the afternoon offered a crescendo of enjoyment. His large hands easily encompassed the technical problems of the four Ballades, and he got to the heart of their emotional content. He offered a single encore—an account of the Chopin Polonaise in A Flat which must be called sensational, in the best sense; his absolutely dry and precise articulation of the repeated descending figure in the bass of the central E-major section was electrifying.

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

ROCK, ETC.

Frankenstein at the Waldorf

NEW YORK hasn't been doing so well lately. The Mets lost the World Series, and the Dolls' first album languishes in the nether regions of the L.P. charts. No matter that "New



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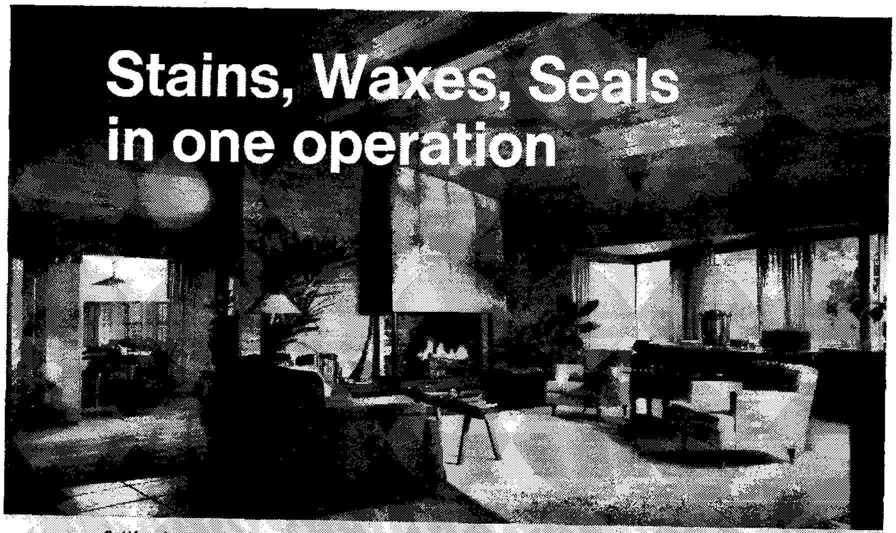

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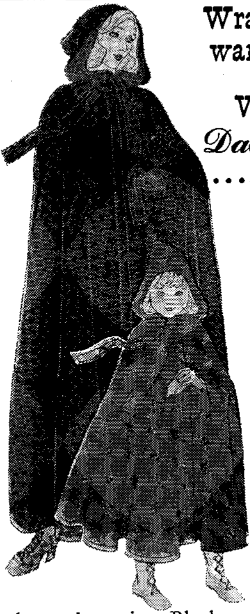

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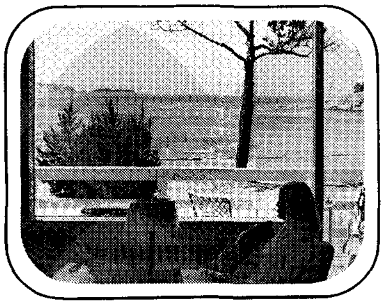

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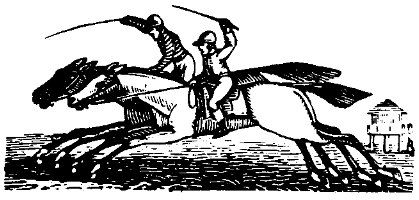
York Dolls" (Mercury SRM-1-675) has virtually no competition as the most exciting hard-rock album to come out this year, or that more than half the cuts are or should be instant classics. ("Frankenstein," "Looking for a Kiss," "Subway Train," "Bad Girl," and Bo Diddley's "Pills" are only great; "Personality Crisis" and "Trash" are transcendent.) The people are all buying "Goat's Head Soup" instead. The chief complaints I hear from the unconverted are that the Dolls aren't good musicians (they should maybe drown Johnny Thunders and hire Mick Taylor?) and that they are one of those decadent glitter bands. Anyone who has seen the Dolls in the past year knows that makeup and transsexual cavorting are not all that crucial to their act, but the album cover—a picture of the band in drag, "New York Dolls" autographed in lipstick—does its best to perpetuate a stereotype that is at best limiting, at worst misleading. This piece of reverse public relations could be attributed to either stupidity or monumental chutzpah, and since the Dolls have never struck me as stupid, I'd bet on the latter. In any case, it seems clear that the real source of anti-Dolls sentiment is their aggressive lower-middle-class, Queens Boulevard-*cum*-lower-East Side (and proud!) identity. Your average American rock-and-roll fan can stand the Dolls' brand of high-strung urban grunge only if it comes from somewhere besides New York—preferably England. I'm convinced that David Johansen's poignant question "Do you think that you could make it with Frankenstein?" was first addressed to some blond California surfer.

Locally, of course, the Dolls' unabashed nativism—together with their talent and energy—has given us all something to occupy our souls besides Watergate, health foods, survival on the street, and the quest for the hundred-dollar-a-month apartment. So it is entirely fitting that their most recent gathering of the tribes, a midnight Halloween costume party at the Waldorf-Astoria, resulted in a small riot. The doors were supposed to open at eleven, and by ten-forty-five more than a thousand people, many of them elaborately costumed as everything from King Kong to Todd Rundgren, had gathered at the entrance to the Grand Ballroom, in a relatively narrow space between a wall and a bank of elevators. As crowds do, they began to push. It was very hot. I wondered how, in the face of this ravening mob, the guards expected to separate the seven-fifty-a-



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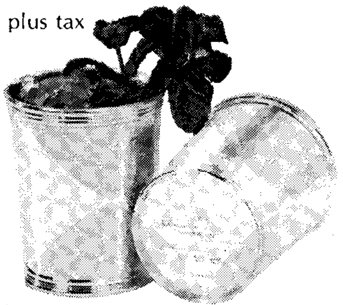

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ticket customers from the crashers. The management may have been wondering the same thing; half an hour later, the doors were still closed and the crush was getting worse. A kid in a clown suit pinched a girl who had squeezed in front of him; she tried to kick him in the groin and missed. An argument developed between the stand-patters and the activists: "Wad-dya mean, stop pushing? You wanna be out here another hour in this heat?" At that point, someone opened a lone door at the side. Where I was, the surge was successfully contained, but later I heard that there had been at least one fight and that a number of ticket holders had been turned away.

The rest of the party was a bit of an anticlimax. For one thing, it was badly paced. Everyone was keyed up to hear the Dolls, who had been away for three months on a national tour, but the program began with a costume contest. The panel of judges was announced and prizes were enumerated (my favorite was second prize, a weekend for three at the Newark Motor Inn); the contestants paraded onstage in their peacock feathers, Christmas-tree lights, and horse heads. The judges took an inordinate amount of time picking the winners, and then there was a long intermission. When the Dolls finally came on, it was almost 2 A.M., and a certain edge was off the evening; two hours of beer and dope had begun to cool out the crowd. If time was one problem, space was another. There were too many tables near the stage, cutting into dancing room and making it impossible for anyone who wasn't standing on a table to see.

The concert itself was an equivocal success, mainly because it included only one new Dolls song, "Lone Star State" ("For Janis Joplin and another Texan we won't mention, 'cause it might incriminate him"). To know the Dolls' repertoire is to love it, but I've already heard it live half a dozen times (not to mention on the record, which I play compulsively), and some fresh material would have been nice. The Dolls' next album, according to Johansen, is tentatively titled "Too Much Too Soon." I hope so, but one new song per set is more like too little too late.

—ELLEN WILLIS

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About 57 per cent of the Norwegian population lives in Norway.—*Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

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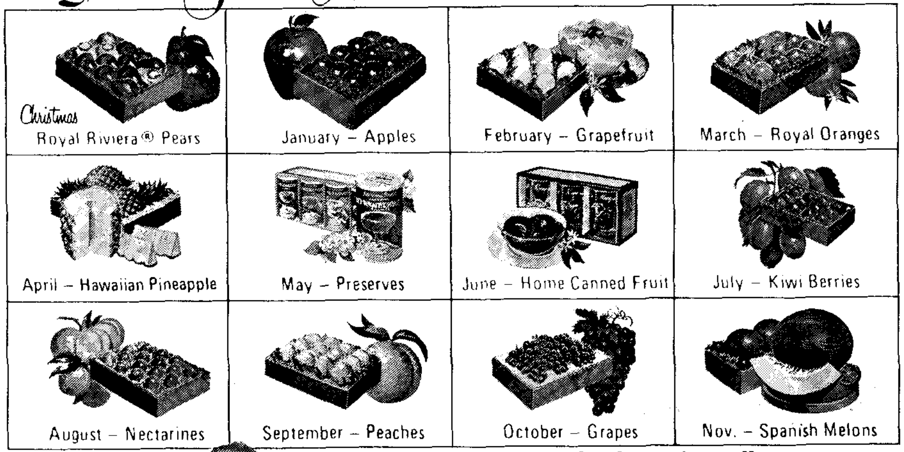

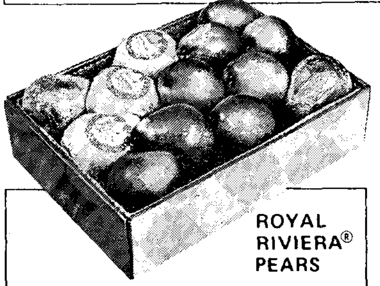

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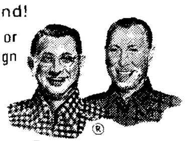

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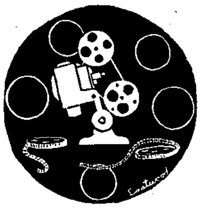
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Politics and Thrills

GIAN MARIA VOLONTE, a great actor, is a political star the way Germaine Greer, with her Gypsy Rose Lee smile and her Bankhead bravura, is a political star. When Volonte as Vanzetti in "Sacco and Vanzetti" marched to his death, you felt that it would take a lot of juice to kill him. Mastroianni can play a good man but can't play a great man. Volonte can; he isn't smoothly handsome—he's so full of life he's beautiful. As Mattei in "The Mattei Affair," he had those Laurence Olivier-James Cagney zingy-lion eyes and the foxy intensity that Martin Kosleck patented in his Nazi roles. His Mattei even had a bit of Ralph Nader in the facial contours; in other roles, such as the megalomaniac chief of Rome's homicide squad in "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion," Volonte often recalls the Paul Muni of "Scarface" and "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." The man is a chameleon-star, a fiery Italian Olivier, with the suggestion that he might have Olivier's impudent wit, too. But from a movie like "The French Conspiracy," how will we ever know? Volonte plays Sadiel, the hero-victim—a character based on the Moroccan revolutionary Ben Barka—and he has the commanding presence for it; he has conscious magnetism, and the ability to project intelligence. (The absence of this ability has often made Hollywood actors grimly pathetic when they impersonated men of historical significance. I don't know anything at all about the late Robert Taylor's intelligence—it may have been enormous—but as an actor he couldn't project brains. Paul Newman has the same incapacity; so has Steve McQueen, and so had Clark Gable.) But in this movie Volonte, with the virile curly white hair of a people's leader, speaks heroic hogwash, while his enemies, smiling their thin, slimy smiles and plotting in their fur-collared overcoats—as if Cecil B. De Mille had coached them in intrigue—are fully aware of the dirtiness of their deeds. They know they're the villains, just as the mustache-twirlers in two-reelers did, and they know that Sadiel is honest and dedicated and incorruptible, and that that's why they have to kill him. This is politics? No, it's show-business politics. "The French Conspiracy" takes the revolutionary political thriller backward about as far as it can go—to the Hollywood historical movies in which the sinister-high-and-powerful (Douglass Dumbrille, in all his evil splendor) schemed against the poor-and-virtuous. The title "The French Conspiracy," with its echoes of "The French Connection" (Roy Scheider, Popeye's police partner in that, is a C.I.A. agent here), is an attempt to cash in on other movies' success; the original French title is "L'Attentat"—that is, "The Assassination." The method of this picture could stand as a textbook demonstration of how not to make a political movie.



THE other new assassination film—"Executive Action," a fictionalization of how President Kennedy *might* have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot—is so graceless it's beyond using even as a demonstration of ineptitude. The failures of "The French Conspiracy" are the result of commercialization and so are instructive; the failures of "Executive Action" might be the result of sleeping sickness. In this account, the big, big businessmen who plot Kennedy's death find an Oswald look-alike in order to frame Oswald—for reasons no one will ever understand. The picture, written by Dalton Trumbo from a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane, and directed by David Miller (the low-budget Richard Fleischer), ends in perhaps the most ludicrous dénouement in thriller history. We are presented with the faces of eighteen "material witnesses" who, we are told, have died, against odds of "one hundred thousand trillion to one." But the movie has failed to introduce those witnesses into the action; we haven't discovered what a single one of them witnessed or how he happened to get involved, so the end is as flat as the beginning and the middle. It's a dodo bird of a movie, the winner of the "Tora! Tora! Tora!" prize—in miniature—for 1973, with matchlessly dull performances from a cast that includes Burt Lancaster (looking very depressed), Robert Ryan, and Will Geer. "Executive Action" could hardly be called a thriller, and it's so worshipful of Kennedy (while treating him insensitively) as to seem to have no politics. David Miller, whose direction is merely halfhearted traffic management, has made a couple of dozen movies (such as "Love Happy," "Captain Newman, M.D.," "Hail, Hero!," and, with Trumbo, the thickly ironic, overrated "Lonely Are the Brave"), so he doesn't even have the freshness of amateurism. His approach appears to be low-key not by choice but by default; he gives no inkling that he has seen what other directors have been doing lately in the political-thriller form. "The French Conspiracy" is bad, but it isn't stone-dead on the screen; it's bad because it's an ersatz political thriller. One can at least perceive what it aspires to be.

THE first wave of revolutionary politics on film came from the newly formed Soviet Union; its masters were Eisenstein, Dovzhenko, and Pudovkin. The second wave broke in 1966, with Gillo Pontecorvo and "The Battle of Algiers," probably the most emotionally stirring revolutionary epic since Eisenstein's "Potemkin" (1925) and Pudovkin's "Mother" (1926). After him have come Costa-Gavras—with the modern classic political thriller "Z," in 1969, and then "The Confession," and "State of Siege," all three starring Yves Montand—and Pontecorvo again, with "Burn!," in 1970, and Francesco Rosi, with "The Mattei Affair," in 1973. Approaching film-making as a political act and trying to reach a large audience by putting political material into popular forms, the writers and directors have found themselves sacrificing meaning to thrills, or thrills to meaning. Yet their work has had a potency that ordinary films haven't; their subjects were new to the screen and made restorative contact with the actual world. And even though most of the films weren't imaginatively satisfying, they raised political and aesthetic questions, and showed the intelligence of directors aware of the problems they'd got into.

Like "Potemkin," "The Battle of Algiers" is an epic in the form of a "created documentary," with the oppressed, angry masses as the hero. The imperialist enemy and class enemy of the Algerian National Liberation Front—the hyperintelligent French colonel played by Jean Martin—isn't really a character; he represents the cool, inhuman manipulative power of imperialism versus the animal heat of the multitudes rushing toward us as they rise against their oppressors. Pontecorvo and his writer, Franco Solinas, were almost too clever in their use of this device of the colonel—yet it works, and brilliantly. The revolutionaries forming their pyramid of cells didn't need to express revolutionary consciousness, because the French colonel was given such a full counter-revolutionary consciousness that he said it all for them. He even expressed the knowledge that history was on the side of the oppressed colonial peoples, who would win; he himself was merely part of a holding action, preserving imperialism a little longer but bound to fail. To put it satirically but, in terms of the movie, accurately, the Algerian people were spontaneously turned into revolutionaries by historical events, and if they hadn't studied Marx, the counter-revolutionaries had, and knew they were on the wrong side and were doomed by history. In Eisenstein's revolutionary "documentaries," his technique—the formal design of the images, the dynamics of their interaction—had visceral impact, but the films were like giant posters in motion, and the harshly simplified contrasts (the inhumanity of the officers versus the generous camaraderie of the common sailors and soldiers) made one completely aware of the loaded message. In "The Battle of Algiers," the movie hardly seems to be "saying" anything, yet the historical-determinist message seeps right into your bones. As a propaganda film, it ranks with Leni Riefenstahl's big-game rally, the 1935 "Triumph of the Will," and it's the one great revolutionary "sell" of modern times.

"The Battle of Algiers" has a firebrand's fervor; it carries you with it, and doesn't give you time to think. Since the colonel provides the Marxist ideology of the picture, the revolutionaries are spared any taint of ideology (even though you observe how the N.L.F. leadership serves as a spearhead), and the inevitability of the ultimate victory of revolution is established to your—almost ecstatic—emotional relief. You may even accept the movie's implicit message that the N.L.F.'s violent methods are the only way to freedom. Pontecorvo's inflammatory passion works directly on your feelings, saying that both sides kill in a revolution and that it's unavoidable, saying that the bombs set in a city by revolutionaries—resulting in the death of men and women and children—are regrettable but justified, because this movement toward freedom is natural and unstoppable and good. The special genius of Pontecorvo as a Marxist filmmaker is that, though the masses are the hero, he has a feeling for the beauty and primitive terror in faces, and you're made to care for the oppressed people—to think of them not as masses but as people. Pontecorvo—the most dangerous kind of Marxist, a Marxist poet—shows us the raw strength of the oppressed, and the birth pangs of freedom. He gives us a portrait of a revolution that explains it and justifies whatever is done in its name, and serves as the most

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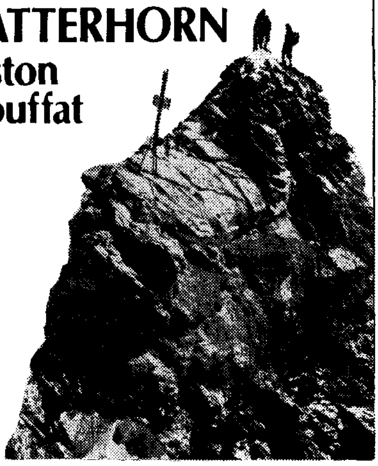

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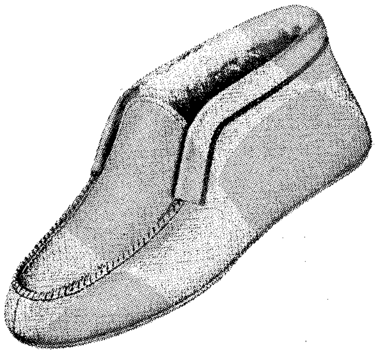

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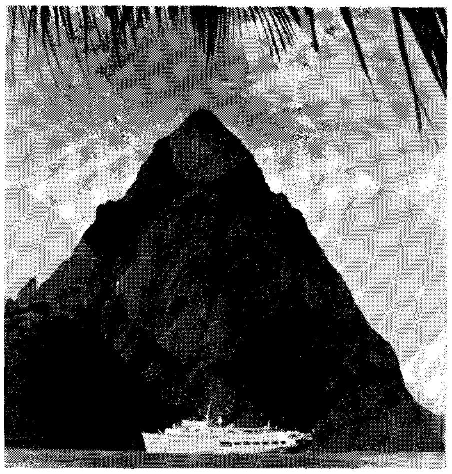
impassioned, most astute call to revolution ever. (The film, an Italian and Algerian co-production, is said to be the first feature ever made in Algeria; born in Italy, Gillo Pontecorvo is a younger brother of the famous Bruno Pontecorvo, the atomic physicist, part of Fermi's team, who worked in this country and then at Harwell, and disappeared into Russia in 1950, subsequently winning the Lenin Prize.)

No one has carried "immediacy" farther than Pontecorvo—neither Rossellini, from whose post-Second World War films, such as "Open City" (1945) and "Paisan" (1946), he learned so much, nor Francesco Rosi, who had experimented in a similar direction in "Salvatore Giuliano," a 1962 political "created documentary" that Franco Solinas worked on. "The Battle of Algiers" is probably the only film that has ever made middle-class audiences believe in the necessity of bombing innocent people—perhaps because Pontecorvo made it a *tragic* necessity. In none of the political melodramas that were to follow from his epic is there any sequence that comes near to the complex overtones of the sorrowful acceptance with which each of the three bomb-planting women looks to see who will be killed by her bomb. Pontecorvo produces these mixed emotions in us and *still* is able to carry most of us with him. I think people's senses are so overwhelmed by the surging inevitability of the action that they are prepared to support what in another context—such as newsprint—they would reject. It's practically rape of the doubting intelligence. In "The Battle of Algiers," music becomes a form of agitation: at times, the strange percussive sound is like an engine that can't quite start; pounding music gives the audience a sense of impending horror at each critical point; the shrill, rhythmic, birdlike cries from the Casbah tell us that all life is trilling and screaming for freedom.

"The Battle of Algiers" has been the inspiration for other filmmakers—and they have been influenced by its techniques—but it was Costa-Gavras's "Z," a French and Algerian co-production, set in Salonika but also shot in Algeria, that updated the brutal American thriller of the forties and put it to new—and easily imitable—political use. Jorge Semprun, who adapted "Z," had written an earlier political film, "La Guerre Est Finie," with Yves Montand as a Spanish Communist in exile, but that was reflective, elegiac. "Z" is a victimizers-and-victims crime thriller in which the Greek government is the crime ring—and, despite one's queasi-



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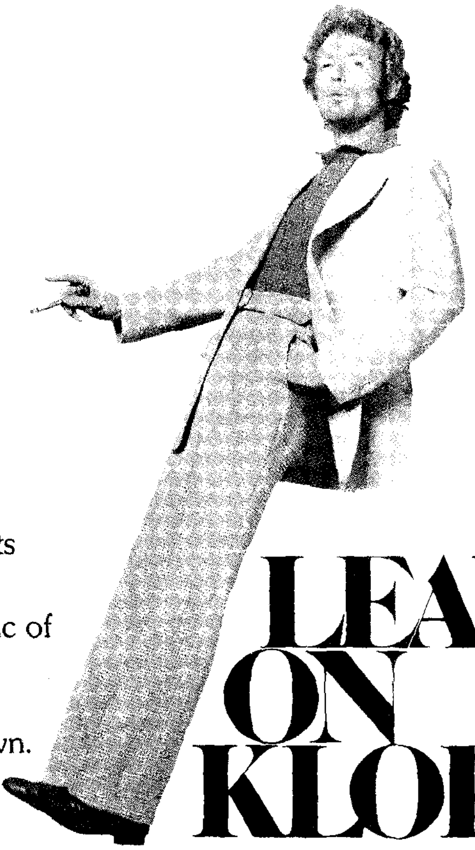

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ness about the thriller techniques, in its own terms "Z" works. Maybe it works so well because we could respond to the high-pressure urgency of the Greek situation which had dictated the daring method, and also because Costa-Gavras, born in Greece, must have felt that the Lambrakis case (on which the film was based) took place on the blood-and-fear-and-bribery level of corrupt politics—that it was the stuff of conspiratorial thrillers.

Costa-Gavras, the suspense storyteller as investigative journalist, uses the form of melodrama to dramatize political injustice as speedily and vividly as possible, in a way that can't be ignored. But a moviemaker who tries to deal with ongoing political situations antagonizes just about everybody in one way or another (and, when he doesn't provide thrills, bores the rest). Probably the more sensitive he is to the problems the more difficulties he faces—and this seems to be what has been happening with Costa-Gavras. Filmmakers who try to combine serious content with a popular form land in trouble. ("Z" only *feels* like an exception.) When Pontecorvo and Solinas carried their French-colonel idea a step farther, in the historical-adventure film "Burn!," by having Marlon Brando, as a British *agent provocateur*, embody and express the imperialist manipulative role throughout colonial history, they pushed their brilliant ploy over the edge; this cynical oppressor, so conscious of his role that he seemed to have studied Frantz Fanon, became as unconvincing as the villain in an antique swashbuckler. The message was again that revolution was inevitable and that freedom is worth all the suffering it takes—and, in addition, that black men should never trust white men (a message one hopes blacks will extend to the white men who made the movie)—but the didacticism kept sticking out. Pontecorvo was romantic in "The Battle of Algiers" and it worked; here he became obviously romantic. Costa-Gavras is a less gifted artist—his talents appear to be rather shallow—but he's probably a more thoughtful man. He moved away from explosive, morally questionable technique in "The Confession," and then, moving back—though only part way—in "State of Siege," with a script by Solinas (Semprun, his collaborator on "Z" and "The Confession," being busy on "The French Conspiracy"), he was caught in several splits.

At the outset of "State of Siege," Costa-Gavras worked up so much ingratiating comedy and ominous excitement about the mechanical details of

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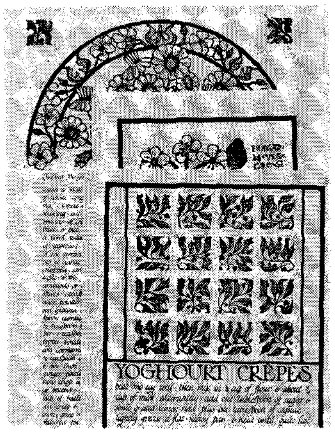

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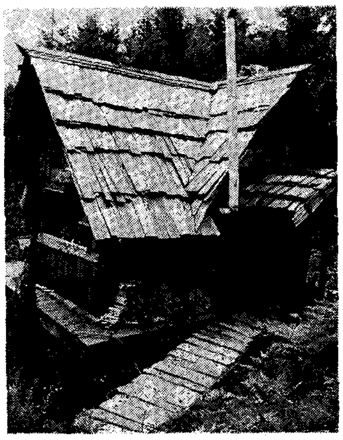

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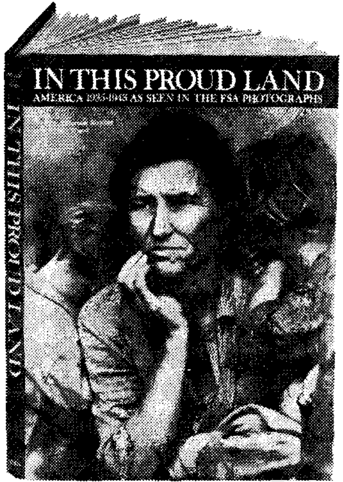

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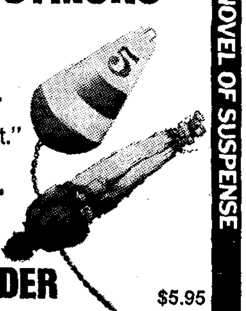

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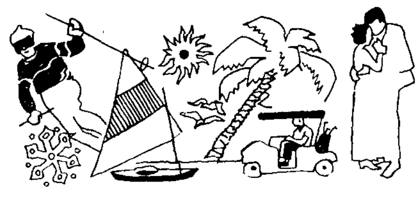

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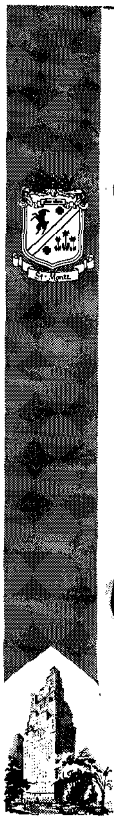
how the Tupamaros (urban guerrillas in Uruguay) kidnapped some officials that those who were turned on felt let down and bored when the film got into its subject—the political meaning of these kidnappings and a demonstration of the why and how of terrorism. For American audiences, the crux of the demonstration was our complicity in the repression that brought on the terrorism. According to the film, Santore, the character Montand plays—which is based on Dan Mitrione, the American A.I.D. official executed by the Tupamaros—was there as a police technician training the native police in torture and counter-revolution. "State of Siege" had a mixed form, and the part of the audience that enjoyed the early action didn't care for the rest, and vice versa. And it had a mixed consciousness, too: the picture succeeds in most of its political intentions—despite those who complained that it was "tiresome" (as one TV reviewer called it), it broke through public indifference to Latin American affairs—but emotionally it doesn't add up right. I think that Solinas is using the unprincipled Santore as he used Jean Martin's colonel and Marlon Brando's *agent provocateur*, to represent imperialism abroad, while Costa-Gavras sees the situation in more specific terms, and perhaps doesn't see the United States' role as so monolithically imperialist throughout Latin America. And Costa-Gavras seems too skeptical to achieve the cumulative power that Solinas is driving toward. Costa-Gavras's theme is justice. He's more tentative than Pontecorvo, perhaps because of his doubts about whether Party-spearheaded movements achieve "freedom." After all, he made "The Confession," which Solinas has condemned as anti-Communist. Costa-Gavras is full of reservations, and even in the thriller form of "State of Siege," in which the youthful, idealistic Tupamaros and the old fat-cat government men and businessmen are almost cartoons of good and evil, he presents the political argument on a conscious level. His movies can be as confused as political arguments usually are (and we come out and continue the argument), and so it's easy to pick quarrels with him—and easy to disparage the films because of those quarrels.

Pontecorvo celebrates the proletarian strength of Third World faces; the Algerians and the black slaves in "Burn!" are figures of love and nobility. When he needs to introduce some French troops in "The Battle of Algiers," the documentary texture falls apart and everything looks set up; the French



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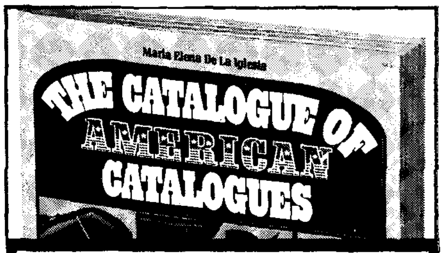
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who man the roadblocks are well handled, but they leave no imprint on one's memory. Pontecorvo's passion vitalizes the scenes of oppressed natives and makes the people seem "real" in a way that the French troops aren't "real." In "Burn!" the treatment of the colonial masters and the mulattoes who side with them is as stilted and visually dead as in a standard swashbuckler. We respond emotionally to the revolutionary message in Pontecorvo's films because even his erotic-aesthetic sense is unified with his revolutionary purpose. Costa-Gavras, not a poet of the masses and hence not an ideal collaborator for Solinas, has a respect for those consciously caught in political dilemmas, even if they're middle-class or professional people, and a respect and sympathy for ineffectual people. It's no accident that Montand, with his sagging, tired face, is Costa-Gavras's hero, and is used even for Santore-Mitrione; that game but already defeated face is the key to the mood. In Costa-Gavras's films, people talk politics. In Pontecorvo's films, people talk history; that is, destiny. Costa-Gavras makes melodramas with thin characters, but he works on the pragmatic short-run political situation as he sees it, and his melodramas are tragic. Pontecorvo works on the visionary's long run and makes heroic epics—triumphant, blinding, incendiary myths.

THE world of political movies has been incestuous—partly, I imagine, because some committed actors have been eager to work on these projects, and partly because the actors could confer their own movie backgrounds on the shorthand storytelling methods of these fast, complicated, information-packed thrillers. The actors have commuted from one revolutionary situation to another, and to other kinds of political films, and to commercial thrillers. "The French Connection" borrowed its villain, Marcel Bozzufi, from "Z;" "The Day of the Jackal" took for its right-wing Algerian agent Jean Martin, the French colonel of "The Battle of Algiers;" "The Inheritor" put Charles Denner, from "Z," in a similar role; and so on. "The French Conspiracy," directed by Yves Boisset, raids them all—the borrowers and the originals. It is a colossal job of vandalism. In a sense, it does what Hollywood did in the late forties and early fifties: after the Italian neo-realists had shot their films on the streets, Hollywood "discovered" the documentary look and shot cloak-and-dagger movies on location. What "The French Con-

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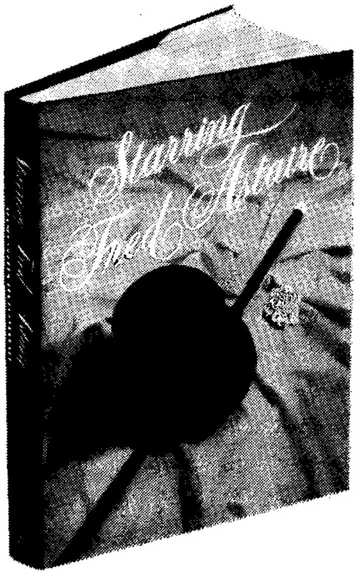

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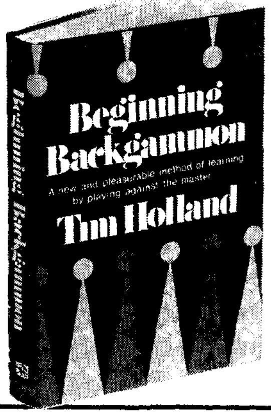
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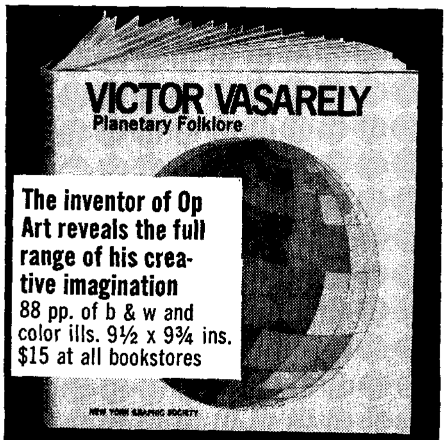

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spiracy" does is what that television reviewer who was bored by "State of Siege" really wanted. "Z," by its success in combining thrills and politics, worked against Costa-Gavras when he attempted the morally more complex "The Confession" and "State of Siege;" some of the audience now regards a political film as a failure if it isn't as thrilling as "Z." "The French Conspiracy" separates the thrills from the politics. That is, it uses the politics as a stage set for the thrills, and it uses all those other political thrillers as part of the stage set. The Ben Barka kidnapping, which took place in Paris in 1965, also figured in the events dramatized in "The Battle of Algiers," and Boisset simulates the sense of urgency of "Z;" the score (a muddy hype) is by Ennio Morricone, who did the hypes for "Sacco and Vanzetti" and "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion;" Jorge Semprun is one of the writers (the script is almost worthy of Trumbo); Jean-Louis Trintignant, the investigator of "Z," is the journalist caught in the plot here; Jean Bouise, from "Z" and "The Confession" and "La Guerre Est Finie," is the vicious cop; Michel Piccoli, from "La Guerre Est Finie," is the political villain; François Périer, the public prosecutor from "Z," is the Paris chief of police. And in the middle of this echo chamber there's the great Left hero-star, Volonte, burning with indignation and revolutionary fervor. The actors bring so many associations that it's almost a satire: Trintignant twists his face to look cowardly, and grimaces at Jean Seberg's glazed, inexpressive, non-actress face, while Michel Bouquet twitches his pursed lips and connives with Philippe Noiret. All the film's energy must have gone into meeting the payroll.

It's got everything and everybody, and it's totally empty—not just because Boisset is a mediocre director, and not just because the concentration of attention on the high-level plotters turns the movie into silly melodrama, but because it has no real political content. One can forgive a political thriller a lack of thrills if the picture has something to say. (By now, many of us may prefer the absence of thrills—the razzle-dazzle beginning of "State of Siege" was a little insulting, a lollipop offered to the audience.) But when politics becomes decorative—when revolutionary heroes are used because they're commercially à la mode—then the filmmaker has to be a damned good director to hack it. If you haven't anything to say, you sure as hell better know how to say it. "The French Conspiracy" hasn't and doesn't. —PAULINE KAEL

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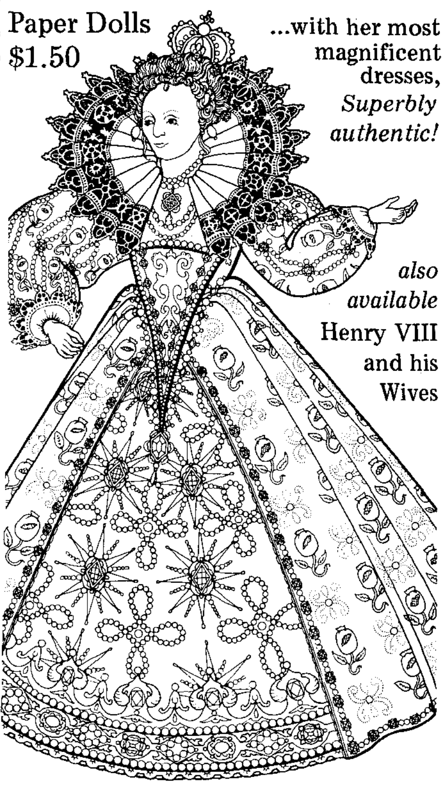

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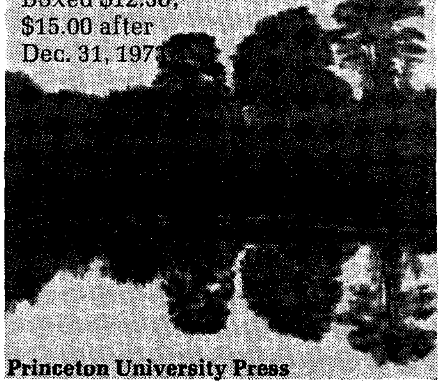

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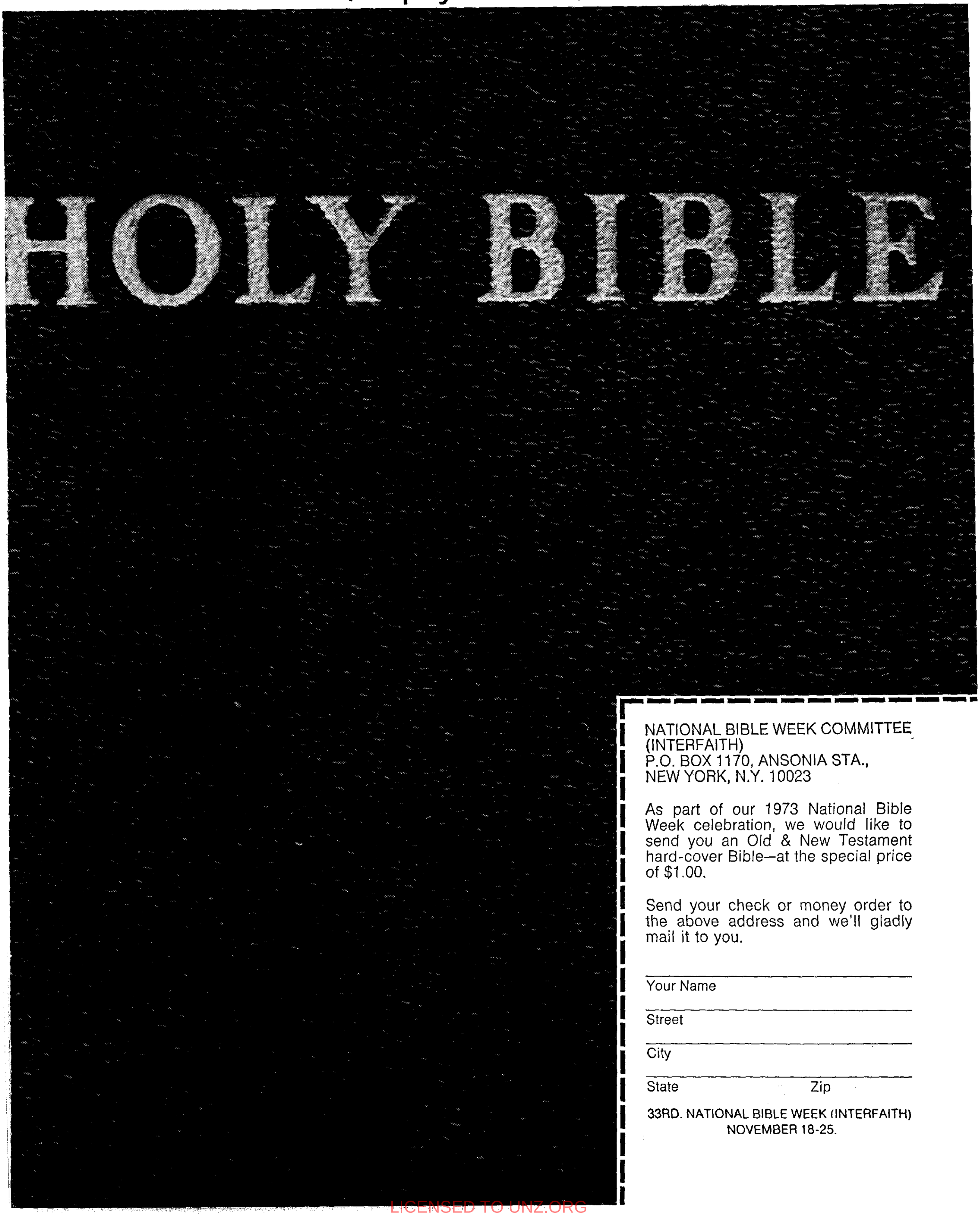

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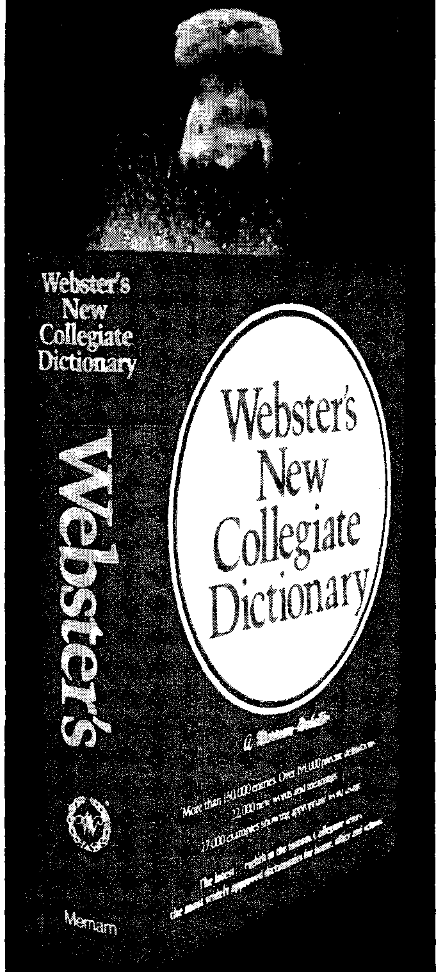

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OTHER MEN'S DAUGHTERS, by Richard Stern (Dutton). This book about an older man's affair with a young girl comes off far better than you'd expect it to, largely because of the grace and wit of Richard Stern's writing. But despite Mr. Stern's obvious desire to show us that this is *not* just another middle-aged-professor-falls-in-love-with-eternal-youth story, it ends up being just that anyway. The infighting and quirks of academia and the leafy walks around Harvard are described beautifully, as are the professor's loveless marriage and the chafing ties that bind him to his family and home. The affair itself, however, is about as interesting as cottage cheese. You never learn who the girl really is (beyond her physical description and a few hints about her good marks and fastidiousness), and, what with her "special pair of red and green woolen socks up to her knees" and "her Teddy bear, one-eyed, earless Muggsy," you find yourself frequently wishing that the professor had kept at least one toe in his former nemesis, the "sea of skepticism."

EXTERMINATOR!, by William Burroughs (Viking). More violence, moral outrage, and degradation from the witches' brew that is William Burroughs' imagination. Burroughs doesn't sort out much for the reader from this great junk heap of fantasies and memories—many of which relate to events of the sixties—and there is no compelling reason to try to pick one's way through the debris. For those who are able to connect at all with Burroughs' dark, libidinous style, however, there are the usual discombobulating rewards that come from entering the recesses of any dream world, and the occasional pleasures of Burroughs' utterly bizarre sense of humor.

GENERAL

THE DEVIL AND JOHN FOSTER DULLES, by Townsend Hoopes (Atlantic-Little, Brown). This biographical study is mainly devoted to its subject's public career as a Republican spokesman on foreign policy and then as Secretary of State. (Dulles was born in 1888, joined the Eisenhower Administration in 1953, and resigned shortly before his death, in 1959.) Mr. Hoopes finds little to praise in Dulles's policies or personality, seeing him as a man dominated by a severe handicap in dealing with his fellows—a formidable, practically impenetrable insensitivity. The book makes sad reading as we follow Mr. Dulles insulting his country's allies, bluffing her enemies, and toadying to a little band of Republican congressmen who believed that the preceding Administrations' foreign and domestic policies were inventions of Communists. Sadder still is Mr. Hoopes' insistence that President Eisenhower usually knew better but, except on a very few occasions, lacked the energy or the will to overrule his cocksure, calamitous subordinate.

MY PAST AND THOUGHTS: THE MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER HERZEN, translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett, revised by Humphrey Higgens, with an introduction by Isaiah Berlin; edited and abridged, with a preface and notes, by Dwight Macdonald (Knopf). Alexander Herzen (1812-70) was a Russian political thinker whose work, mostly published abroad (he lived in Western Europe after 1847), attracted and influenced the left of his time. More to the point now, he is a remarkable writer—a necromancer, really—who brings alive everything he writes about: government offices in such out-of-the-way places as Perm, or a Paris restaurant crammed with would-be revolutionaries, or a London dinner given by the American consul and attended by James Buchanan, the American Ambassador and future President, in honor of such genuine revolutionaries as Kossuth, Garibaldi, and Mazzini. Herzen also attracts by his honesty; his criticisms of himself and others—his second and third thoughts—display a mind that kept on thinking.

ROSE, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RED?, by Kenneth Koch (Random House). This is a sequel to Mr. Koch's innovative "Wishes, Lies, and Dreams: Teaching Children to Write Poetry," and it is, if anything, an even more unorthodox book. The poetry to which children are conventionally introduced in school is "children's" poetry—poetry that is childish in vocabulary, form, and thought. Mr. Koch, experimenting

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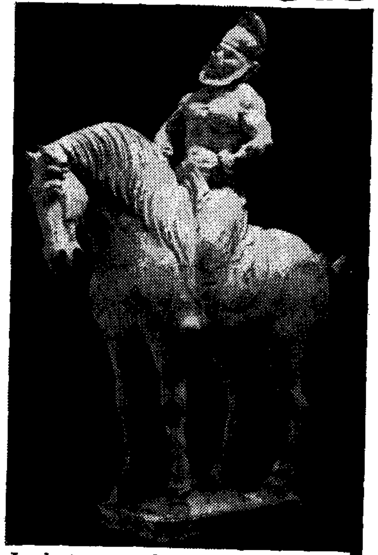

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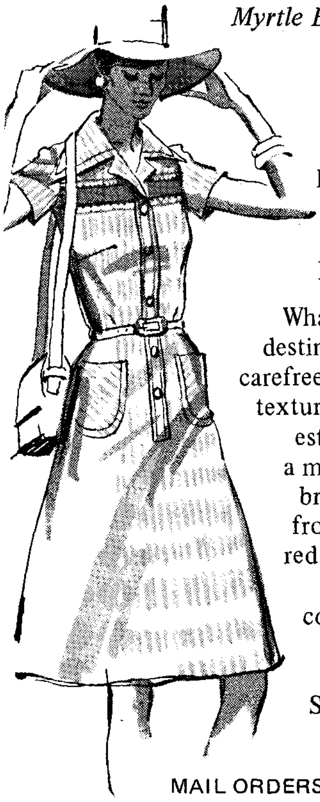

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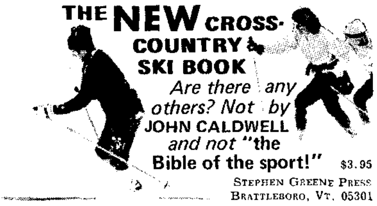

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with children in the middle and upper elementary-school grades, came to class with work by a range of adult poets. He read his students Blake's "The Tyger," some of Shakespeare's songs, some Donne, some Herrick, some Whitman, Wallace Stevens' "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird," and other poems. "My students," he says, "learned new words and new conceptions in order to play a new game, or to enable them to understand science fiction in comics or on TV, so why not for poetry, which they liked just as much?" The result was a *stretching of mind, of imagination,* an outburst of genuine creativity, and Mr. Koch appends many classroom poems to prove it, in one of which appears the splendid line that gives his book its title.

MAHLER: VOLUME I, by Henri-Louis de La Grange, with a preface by Irving Kolodin and an introduction by Karlheinz Stockhausen (Doubleday). This vast book ends in January, 1902, on the eve of the wedding of the middle-aged maestro (Mahler was born in 1860) to a beautiful, egocentric siren of twenty-three, Alma Schindler. It is the first definitive biography of Gustav Mahler, and it is a model; its length is due to the immense amount of detail the author has uncovered, and its achievement is the transmutation of all these facts into fascinating reading. In telling Mahler's story, de La Grange also conjures up the illustrious figures (Bruckner, Brahms, Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss) involved in Mahler's life or work, and offers a panorama of musical life in the German and Austrian empires through the career of an ever more celebrated conductor who was (as of 1902) still a "modern," "difficult," and infrequently performed composer.

•

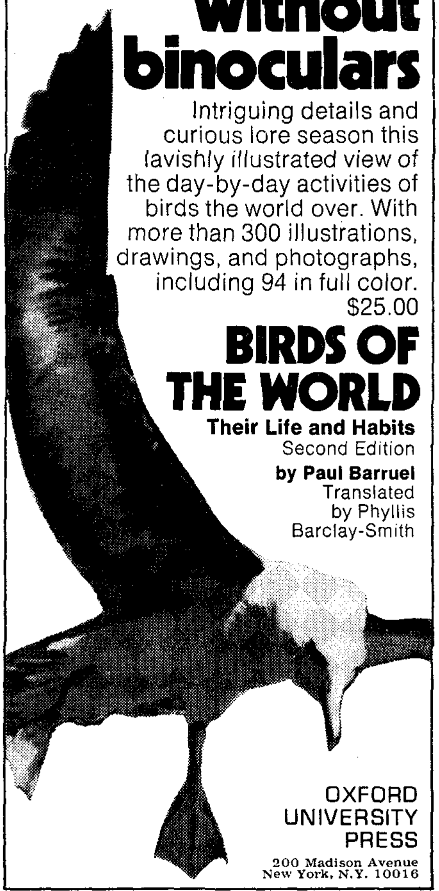
Miss Bellinger is also officious. She receives all phone calls, weeding the mill from the floss, but most of all, she acts as an impenetrable buffer between the 87-year-old dowager and all that is not Glencairn.—*Philadelphia Magazine.*

Well, it *takes* an officious woman to weed the mill from the floss. A retiring woman just can't manage it.

•

The stock market lost ground today as pathetic investors remained on the sidelines awaiting some new developments to brighten up the cloudy economic scene.
—*Trinidad (W. I.) Guardian.*

If you're trying to make the tears come, you're not succeeding.



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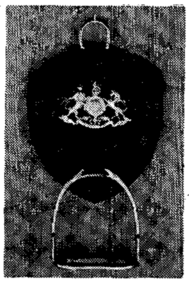

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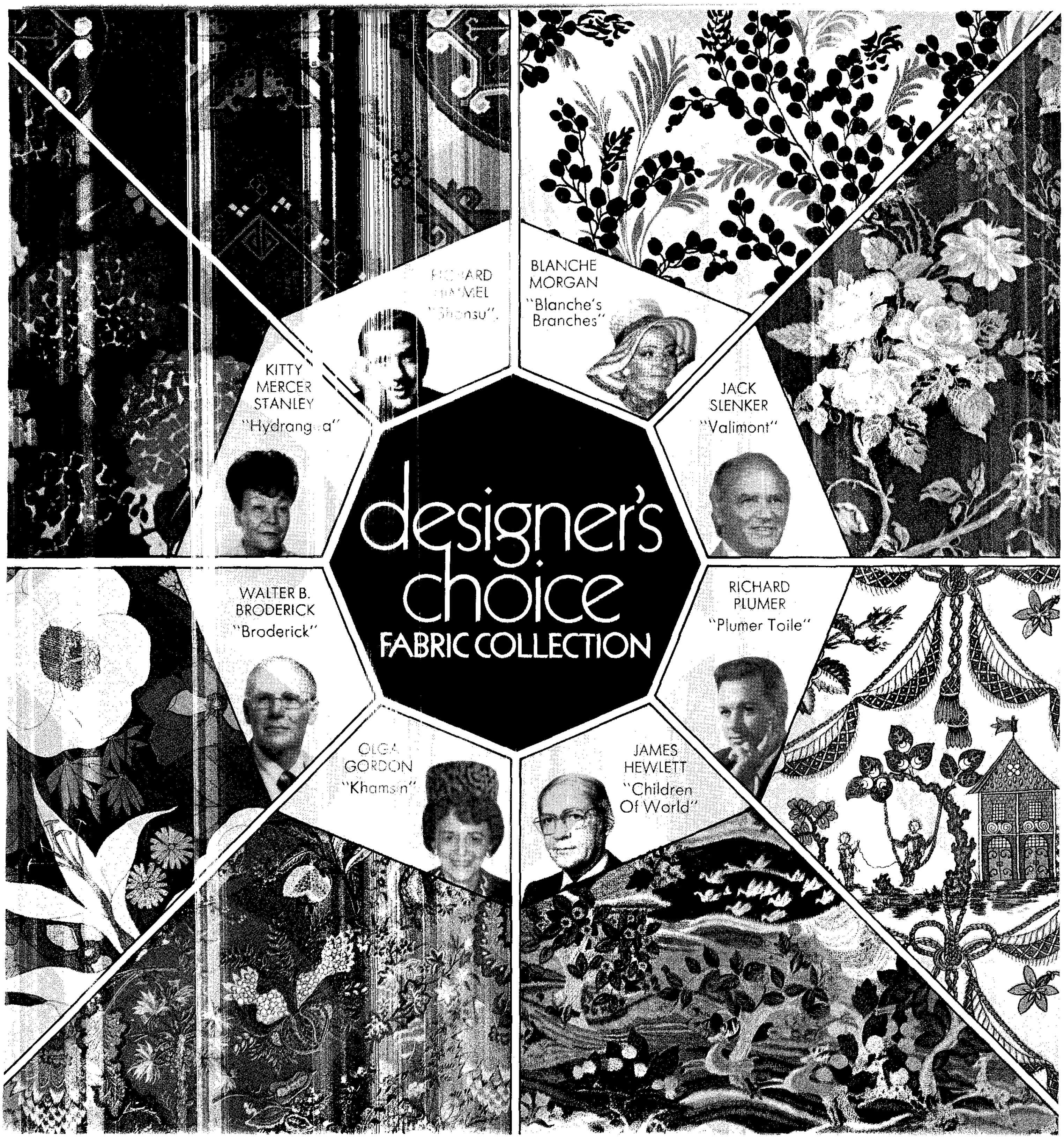
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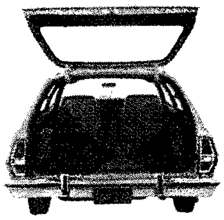
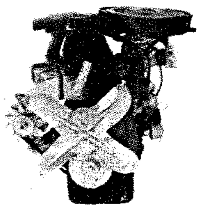


The economy: First and foremost, the Pinto Wagon is an economy car—low in price, easy on gas, low on upkeep.

The space: Put a Pinto Wagon's rear seat down, and you've got over 60 cubic feet of cargo space. To maximize cargo space, the spare tire is carried under the floor.

Other basics: A rugged 2,000cc overhead cam engine is standard. It's been developed for good gas mileage. And for those of you who want even a bit more pep, there's an optional 2,300cc engine.



Front disc brakes are also standard—for efficient and fade-resistant braking and little pedal effort.

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